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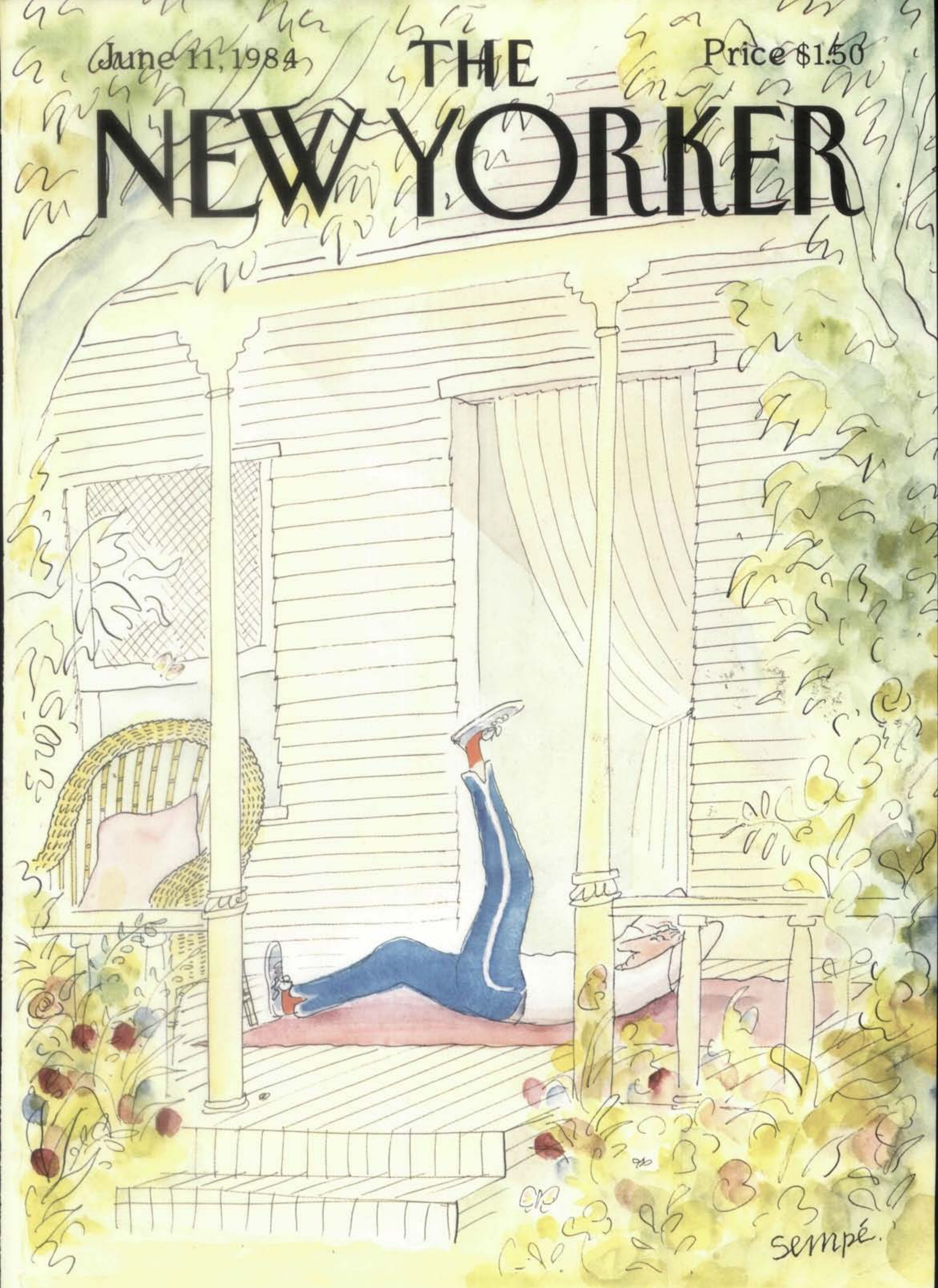

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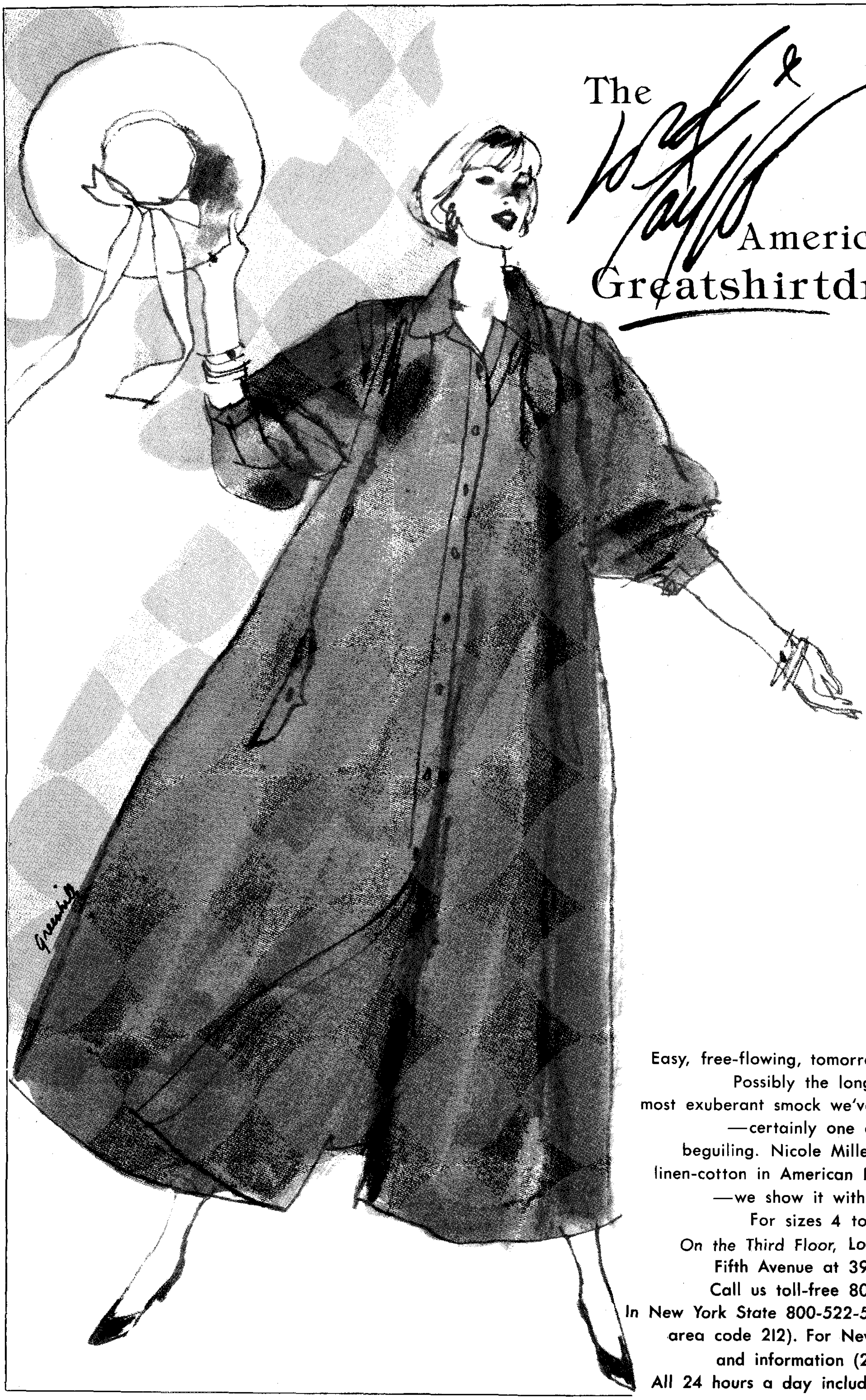

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a cheering musical for doctors if not for lay people. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's future work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is dynamic, to say the least. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

Brownstone—A musical composed by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins. Mr. Rubins also wrote the lyrics and, with Andrew Cadiff, the book. Preview Wednesday, June 6. Opens officially on Thursday, June 7. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—A play by John Patrick Shanley, with June Stein and John Turturro making up the cast of two. Opens Wednesday, June 6. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "Saxophone Music," by Bill Bozzone; "I Have a Dream," an adaptation of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s speech; "Ariel Bright," by Katharine Long; and "Raving," by Paul Rudnick: Wednesday evening, June 6; Saturday evening, June 9; Sunday matinée, June 10; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 13-14; and Saturday evening, June 16. . . . ¶ "Jazz," by Elizabeth Albrecht; "Been Taken," by Roger Hedden; "A Sense of Loss," by Mark Malone; and "Vermont Sketches," by David Mamet: Thursday and Friday evenings, June 7-8; Saturday matinée, June 9; Sunday and Monday evenings, June 10-11; Friday evening, June 15; and Saturday matinée, June 16. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Monday, June 18.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 17: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—John Patrick's **THE HASTY HEART** is the current production in a season of revivals. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mr. & Mrs.—The remarkable Peter Friedman is Mr., and the delightful Polly Draper is Mrs. in Kevin Wade's light-fingered farce. David Trainer was the deft director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 10.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill wrote this ramshackle melodrama in the forties, but it has the ring of a much earlier time. Kate Nelligan and Jerome Kilty make something of their awkward, stage-Irish roles, but Ian Bannen is miscast as poor, drunken James Tyrone, Jr. (5/14/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few,

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LX, No. 17, June 11, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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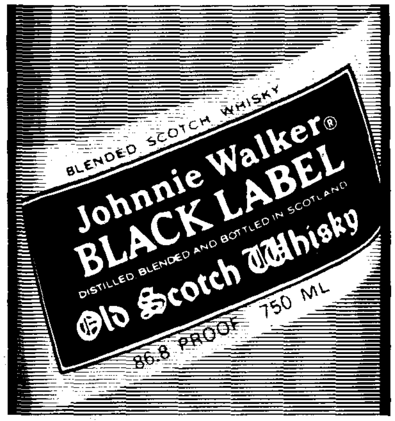
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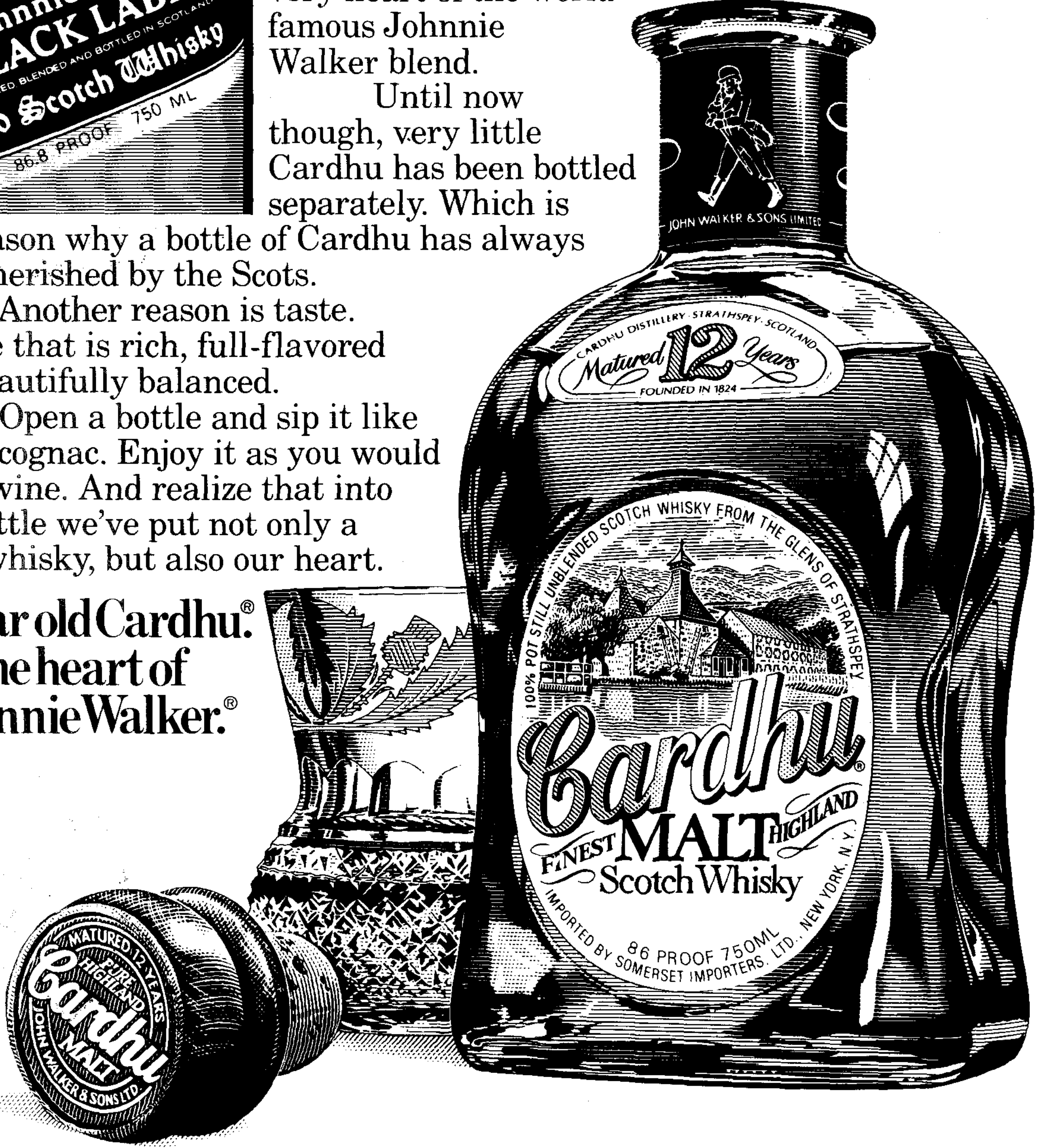
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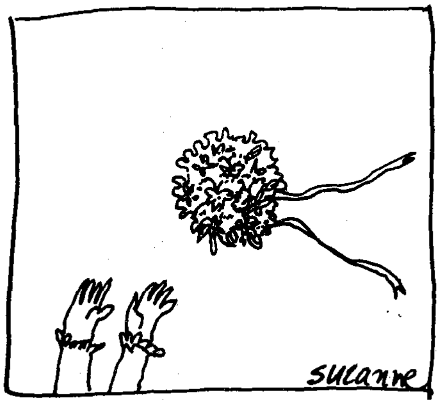

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brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Oh! Obesity—A musical by Gerald W. Deas. Opens Thursday, June 7, and will run through Sunday, June 24. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A lavishly produced musical that unwisely devotes itself not to its agreeable songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb) but to the bickering of an estranged mother and daughter—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli—and the imminent destruction of an old roller-skating rink. Peter Larkin designed the superb scenery. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Robert Frost: Fire and Ice—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Split Second—A play by Dennis McIntyre. Preview Wednesday, June 6. Opens officially on Thursday, June 7, at 6:45. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Mandy Patinkin is Seurat to the life and Bernadette Peters is lovable as Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. An oddly woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,032 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, June 8, at 8; Saturday, June 9, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 10, at 2 and 7.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. Opens Friday evening, June 8. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, June 6: A preview of "Brahms/Handel" and other works to be announced. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: "Concerto Barocco," "In G Major," and "Brahms/Handel" (première). . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Opus 19 / The Dreamer," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 9: "Concerto Barocco," "Opus 19 / The Dreamer," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 10: "Scotch Symphony," "In G Major," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 10: "Raymonda Variations," "Agon," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 12: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Ballade," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 13: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Antique Epigraphs," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 14: "Mozartiana," "Ballade," "Concertino," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 15: "Raymonda Variations," "Antique Epigraphs," "Concertino," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 16: "Mozartiana," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 16: "Raymonda Variations," "Antique Epigraphs," "Concertino," and "Episodes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 24.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances—Wednesday matinée, June 6: "Les Sylphides," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 6, and Saturday evening, June 9: "Les Sylphides," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Triad" (company première), and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: "Paquita," "Les Noces," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "Les Sylphides," "In a

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Country Garden," "Triad," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "Raymonda," "Les Noces," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 9, and Monday evening, June 11: "Les Sylphides," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Triad," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 12, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 13: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 14: "Les Sylphides," "Les Noces," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 15: "La Sonnambula," "Les Noces," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 16: "La Sonnambula," "Pas de Deux," "Other Dances," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 16: "Raymonda," "Amnon V'Tamar," and "Graduation Ball." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet-Theatre Joseph Russillo—Presenting three full-evening works—"Shakespeare": Wednesday through Friday, June 6-8, at 8, and Sunday, June 17, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ "Court-Metrage": Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, at 2 and 7:30, and Saturday, June 16, at 8. . . . ¶ "Requiem Maledictions et Lumières": Tuesday through Friday, June 12-15, at 8, and Saturday, June 16, at 2. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Ritha Devi—In a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, June 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Jill Becker and Dancers—"Action Drive," "Dream Planet Rock," "Four Lonely Guys," and "Storytelling." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, at 8, and Sunday, June 10, at 3.)

Pina Bausch Wuppertaler Tanztheater—A German company in the opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 24. Tuesday, June 12, at 7, and Wednesday, June 13, at 8: "Café Müller" and "Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16, at 8: "Bluebeard." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company—"Secrets of Flowers" and "A Crack on the Ceiling." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.

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(242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, will belong to the **JOHN HICKS** trio, and Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, will be claimed by **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, June 6, Shadow Theory, Peter Bliss, and Left Hook; Thursday, June 7, Jersey Jo A-Go Go, Sway, Heartbeat, and Vinyl Virgin; Friday, June 8, Dean Friedman, the Few, Richard X. Heyman, and Boys with Toys; Saturday, June 9, Dean Friedman, the Adults, Right of Way, and Ortho-Rocco; Sunday, June 10, Castle Browne; Monday, June 11, Truc of America, Siam, and Sutton Thomas; Wednesday, June 13, Lewis Robinson & the Voices, Y Fly to London, and Nekron 99; Thursday, June 14, Essra Mohawk & E-Turn, Wired, Day One, and the Gyros; Friday, June 15, Troia/Greer, Earthrise, and Yahoo Yahoots; and Saturday, June 16, Igloos, Murch, and Piledriver. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Tenor-sax buddies **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** co-pilot a combo through Sunday, June 10; on Monday, June 11, singer-pianist **JANET LAWSON** will trade sets with Carol Chaikin & Laura Dreyer; and on Tuesday, June 12, **RAY BARRETTO'S** band will move in, with guest flutist **HERBIE MANN.** Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Thursday, June 7, Ralph McTell and Suzanne Vega; Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, the Fugs, with Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg; Wednesday, June 13, the Bellamy Brothers; Thursday, June 14, pianist Frank Ferrucci's sextet—**RANDY BRECKER, PAQUITO D'RIVERA, SLIDE HAMPTON, DANIEL PONCÉ,** and **DAVE VALENTIN;** and Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, pianist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: through Saturday, June 9, **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY;** Sunday, June 10, **HOD O'BRIEN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ;** and starting Monday, June 11, **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **EDDIE GOMEZ.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** whose piano style was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, June 6, Holy Cow & the Calves, the I.C.B.M.'s, and Wendy Ray; Thursday, June 7, Rat at Rat R, the Balls, and Hit by a Truck; Friday, June 8, 10,000 Maniacs, Moot, and Venus 2; Sunday, June 10, Virus, S.D.P., Of a Mesh, Sonic Youth, Soviet Sex, and Modern Clix; and Tuesday, June 12, the Children's Playground and the Blau Punks. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Irish music on Mondays; Fridays, Conway & Ryan; Saturday, June 9, Cloud Valley; and Saturday, June 16, Diamonds in the Rough. Music from eight on Wednesdays, and from nine on Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday, June 10, the Ali Ryerson quintet will be present. Mondays and Tuesdays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet. Music from eight-thirty to two. The Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs during the same hours. Dining.

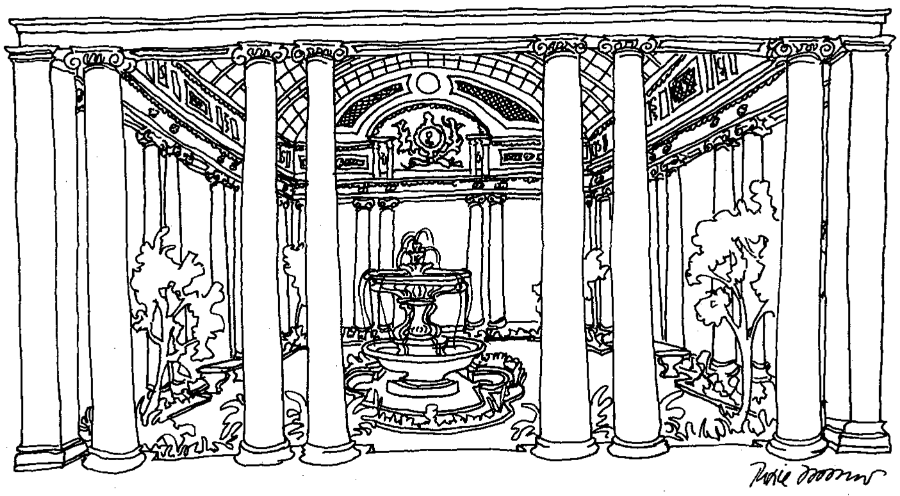
Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** sings until Sunday, June 10; then, on Tuesday, June 12, the daring jazz singer **BETTY CARTER** will bring in her trio. **LES PAUL,** who has a guitar named after him, presides over a trio on Monday nights. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, June 6, **DAVID JOHANSEN** and John Collins & Friends, at nine and eleven; Thursday, June 7, Betsy Rose and Fred Small, at nine and eleven; Friday, June 8, **JOHN FAHEY,** at eight and eleven; Saturday, June 9, **GEORGE GERDES,** at eight and eleven; Wednesday, June 13, the Cucumbers and the Red Buckets, at nine and eleven; Friday, June 15, **ALLEN GINSBERG,** at eight and eleven; and Saturday, June 16, John Stewart, with Chuck McDermott, at eight and eleven. Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** through Thursday, June 7; singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** Friday and Saturday, June 8-9; Sunday and Monday, June 10-11, Eunice Newkirk; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 12-13, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** and Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER.** Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Joe Derise sings at the piano with accompaniment from bassist Frank Tate; Mondays



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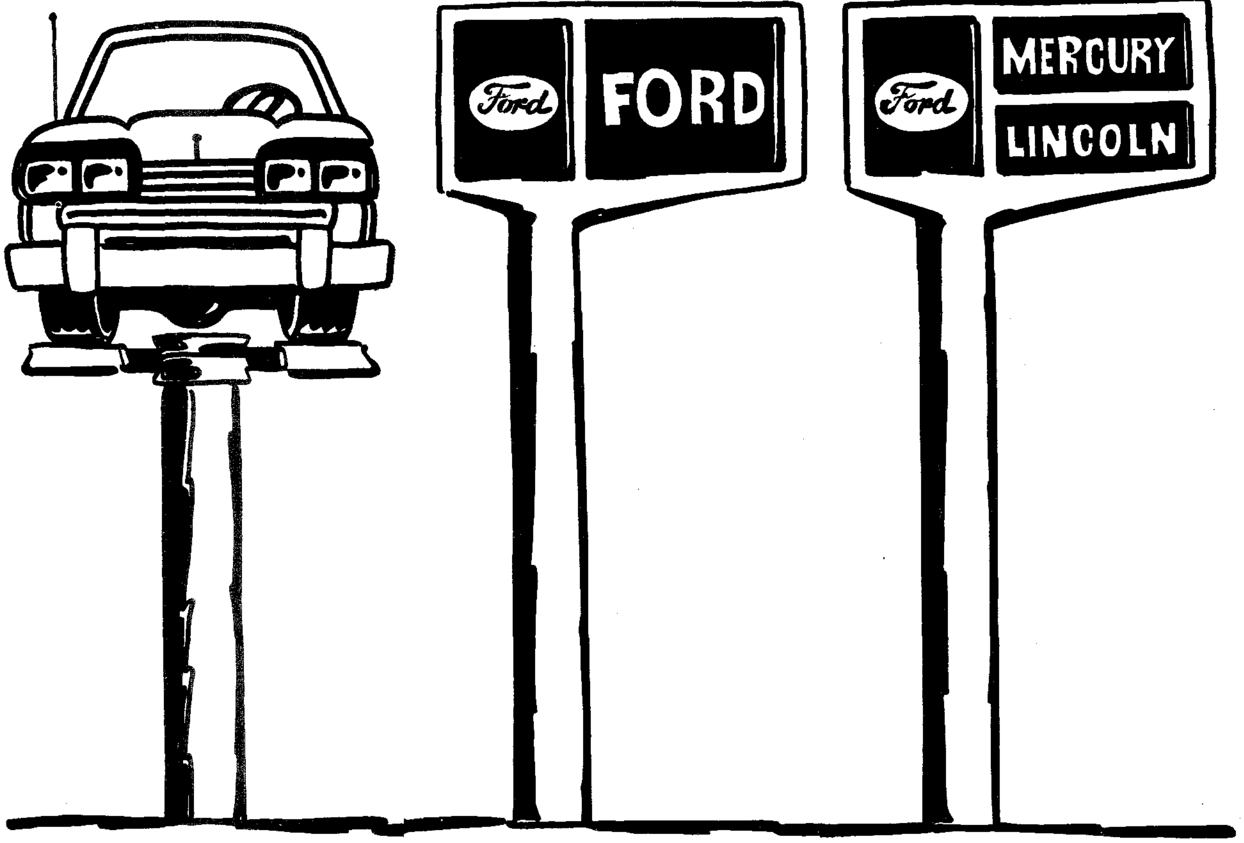

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singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten, and the same hours on Sundays are devoted to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Keith MacDonald is at the dining-room grand through Saturday, June 9, and on Tuesday, June 12, the pumping, swirling **DAVE MC KENNA** will take charge. On Sundays and Mondays **JIMMY LYON** is at the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. The piano-bass teams: **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, June 9, and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** starting Tuesday, June 12. Music from ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, June 6, blues singer and blues-harp soloist **PAUL BUTTERFIELD;** Thursday, June 7, **COMMANDER CODY & THE LOST PLANET AIRMEN;** Monday, June 11, blues singer and guitarist **SON SEALS;** Wednesday, June 13, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT;** and Thursday, June 14, folkies Livingston Taylor and the Aztec Two-Step. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Guitarist **EMILY REMLER,** a fine young Wes Montgomery disciple, heads up a combo through Sunday, June 10, and on Tuesday, June 12, singer **ABBEY LINCOLN** will arrive with her backing crew. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY** perform some refined honky-tonk piano duets and solos Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday and Thursday, June 6-7, Joe Cool, with **CHRIS PARKER;** Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, June 8, Urban Blight and Trigger & the Thrill Kings; Saturday, June 9, the Neats and Crossfire Choir. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S** band backs up singer **JOHNNY DESMOND** as they pay tribute to Glenn Miller through Sunday, June 10. On Tuesday, June 12, **PANAMA FRANCIS,** a smooth, wily drummer, and his band will begin a salute to Chick Webb. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, June 7, Thomas Dolby; Wednesday, June 13, a benefit for the St. Mark's Poetry Project, with Lenny Kaye, Jim Carroll, and other rock poets; and Thursday, June 14, the Washington Squares. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, June 6, Michel Camilo & Undercover; Thursday, June 7, pianist Vladimir Shafranov, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **AL FOSTER;** Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, Diane Green; and Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his Latin-jazz quintet. The music runs from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, June 6, **JORGE DALTO** & Super Friends; Thursday, June 7, Nigerian music with **SONNY OKOSUN & THE OZZIDDI BAND;** Friday, June 8, **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Saturday, June 9, Sweet Talks; Tuesday, June 12, Mario Toledo & Choros of Brazil; Wednesday, June 13, conga wizard **DANIEL PONCÉ;** Thursday, June 14, African Heritage Dancers and Drummers; and Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** heads a quintet through Sunday, June 10, and on Tuesday, June 12, tenor saxophonist and occasional vocalist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will arrive with a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues hangout. Thursday and Friday, June 7-8, and Monday, June 11, Loup Gurou; Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Tuesday, June 12, the Drivers; and Thursday through Saturday, June 14-16, Buster Poindexter. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on June 11, **TITO PUENTE & HIS LATIN-JAZZ ENSEMBLE,** the **BAD STREET BOYS,** and trumpeter Terrance Blanchard will all share the stage. . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **RAY BRYANT** and a bassist perform every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK'S ALL-STARS—JOE HENDERSON, LENNY WHITE, BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and **KENNY BARRON**—are here until Sunday, June 10. On Tuesday, June 12, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will team up with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music after ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Wednesday, June 6, Frank Jolliffe and Joe Ruddick; Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10, Joel Forrester; Monday through Wednesday, June 11-13, Samir Safwat; and Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17, Ted Chavis. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday and Thursday, June 6-7, *and* Monday through Thursday, June 11-14, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE;** Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, Phil's Blue Rhythm Band; Sunday, June 10, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ;** and Friday through Sunday, June 15-17, Victor Lesser's band. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. The pianists and bassists: Michael LeDonne and Phil Flanigan through Saturday, June 9, and Jane Jarvis and Milt Hinton starting Tuesday, June 12. Mondays are reserved for pianist Jim Roberts. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Frank Sinatra—With Buddy Rich and his band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Nightly, except Monday, June 11, at 8. Through Sunday, June 17.)

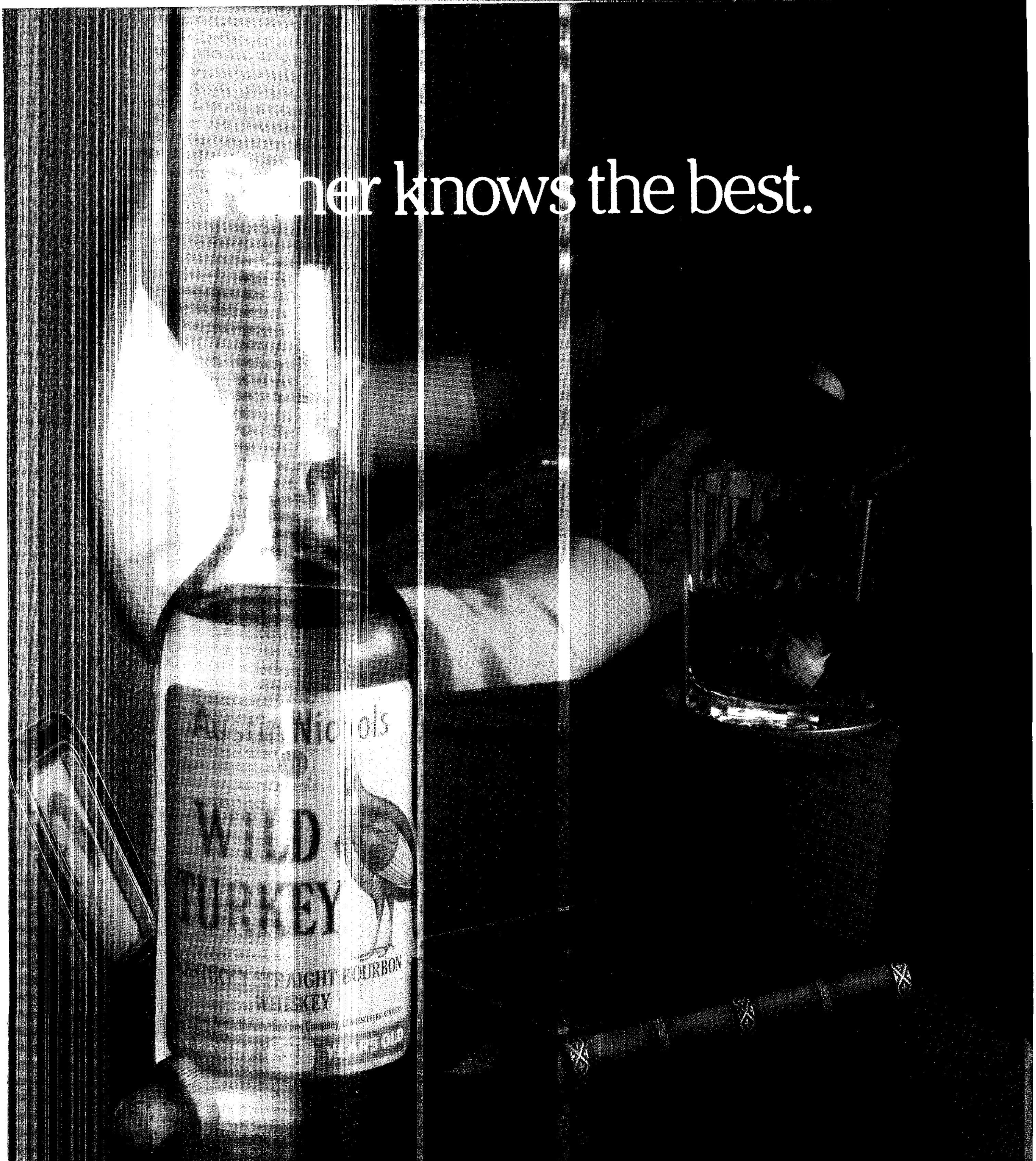
Engelbert Humperdinck—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Friday, June 8, through Sunday, June 17. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.

Scorpions—With Bon Jovi. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, June 7, at 7:30.)

Highlights in Jazz—Scott Hamilton, Warren Vaché, Norris Turney, Doc Cheatham, Barbara Lea, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, June 8, at 8.)

New York Women's Jazz Festival—Friday, June 8, at 9: Jeanne Lee. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 9 and 10:30: The Harp Band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 13, at 9: Mr. Spats. . . . ¶ Friday, June 15, at 9 and 10:30: Carmen Lundy. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 9:30 and 11: Deuce. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. Through Saturday, June 30. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.)

Vortex—With Daniel Poncé. (Soundscape, 500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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Saturday, June 9, at 9.)

Yehoram Gaon, Naomi Shemer, and Yossi Banai—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, June 9, at 10, and Sunday, June 10, at 2:30 and 8. For tickets, call 246-4500.

Montego Joe and His Latin Jazz Sextet—Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Sunday, June 10, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 722-8223.

Grupo Aymara—In a program of Bolivian music. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Sunday, June 10, at 7.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Nearly a dozen small sculptures executed in Venezuela in 1955, and on view here for the first time. Through Saturday, June 16. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.) . . . ¶ The Whitney Museum has mounted some Calder pieces, at 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.

Willem de Kooning—Woman is still the main theme in these new paintings, but the lines are broader and clearer and the color bolder than in the past. There are also new charcoal drawings and enlargements of his bronze sculptures. Through June 23. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Brisk watercolors and drawings, notably of top-hatted *turfistes* at Ascot, and the good life in the South of France. Through Saturday, June 9. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and even a couple of abstract paintings, but most of all his cool-eyed circus women in their showy uniforms. Through June 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Natkin—Abstractions, yes, but the colors are heightened and the usual grid nearly absent. Through Saturday, June 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Wesley—Recent gouaches and acrylics by a Pop artist who believes that the comics have a lot to say. Through June 23. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Christopher White—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through Saturday, June 9. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Tod Wizon—Surrealist landscapes in which bodies of water collide with bodies of land and an occasional volcano erupts. Hints of figures and architecture can also be discerned. Through June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—A retrospective of paintings in oil and watercolor. Through July 14. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **cds gallery**, 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exercise involving fourteen painters and sculptors, two works by each. Susan Rothenberg chose Albert York, for instance, and Jedd Garet chose Lucas Samaras. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **diamond**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: About sixty Americans (abstractionists, chiefly), among them George Ault, Elsie Driggs, I. Rice Pereira, and William Zorach, are represented by paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **hoffeld**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small-scale paintings by Calder, Chia, Albers, Matisse, and others. Through Saturday, June 9. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by the artists who make up the gallery's stable. Through June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A tender Modigliani portrait of a young woman, several pen-and-ink sketches by Matisse, and a vintage Utrillo are included in an all-star show. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **spanierman**, 50 E. 78th St.: A painting of the Posilipo harbor that was Childe Hassam's entry in the 1913 Armory Show, a glowing still-life by Thomas Hart Benton, and New York City scenes in the twenties by Guy Wiggins are in the current exhibition. Through June 29. (Open Mondays.)

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Sculpture—Works in stone by Max Bill, Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen, and Masayuki Nagare. Through July 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Anthony Caro—The artist's sixtieth birthday is the occasion for a two-gallery exhibit of his recent output. Massive steel sculptures and small painted-lead-and-wood table pieces. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Large-scale free-standing bronzes, plus smaller works in steel. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through June 29.

Trudi Frank—Watercolors. Through June 30. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Hollweg and Hitch Lyman—Landscapes in watercolors by both artists. Through July 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Paintings. Through Saturday, June 9. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marisol—New works centered on a marvellous rendition of "The Last Supper," which is thirty feet long and carved from old telephone posts, beams salvaged from demolished buildings, and plywood, all touched up with paint. The figure of Christ is in brownstone, and the table settings (plywood cutouts) are faithful to da Vinci's original, down to a slice of lemon recently revealed in a cleaning of the work. Through Friday, June 8. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mock—Large, vigorous Expressionist paintings with a wild variety of themes—African music, duck hunting, Mickey Mouse, and so on. Through Saturday, June 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller / Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Acrylic color-field paintings. / Paintings and drawings (landscapes, seascapes, interiors, portraits) in a show that coincides with the Porter retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through June 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sigmar Polke—New paintings. Through Saturday, June 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

François Rouan—Paintings made up of countless slips of paper, each covered with an abstraction, and all fitted together in mosaic patterns. Representational figures of men and beasts occur in some of them. Through Saturday, June 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

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Jerald Silva—Outsize watercolors, most showing a young female nude painted with virtuoso realism, who is accompanied by a semi-abstract figure of evil aspect. Through Saturday, June 9. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Landscapes, street scenes, and portraits (paintings, chiefly) done in Santa Fe during the summers the artist spent there from 1916 to 1947. Through June 22. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Among the works on paper are studies for a project he left unfinished called "The Underground Cathedral." Through Friday, June 15. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings in which varnish is a principal medium. Through Friday, June 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Thornton Willis—A dozen watercolors in a group succinctly entitled the Zigzag series. Through June 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman—A two-gallery show of wall pieces, ranging from small, bright-colored paintings to huge polystyrene reliefs. Most of the smaller works are at the Washburn gallery at 42 E. 57th St., and most of the big ones at the downtown Washburn, at 113 Greene St. Through Friday, June 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through July 27. . . . **borgenicht**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: An invitational exhibit of works by seven artists, including a diving figure by Scott Richter, made largely of beeswax, wire, and foam; and abstractions in raw sanded wood by John Monti. Through June 22. . . . **deutsch**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by American abstractionists, primarily from the first half of the twentieth century, among them O'Keeffe, Bolotowsky, Diller, and Gorky. Through July 18. . . . **herstand**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists, including Ernst, Magritte, Man Ray, and Motherwell. Through June 30. . . . **pearl**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **holly solomon**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Unconventional landscapes by sixty artists, among them Claes Oldenburg, Judy Pfaff, Saul Steinberg, and David Hockney. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **wunderlich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and bronzes on the subject of the American West, by Thomas Moran, Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

James Biederman—Colorful drawings by this Constructivist sculptor, vestiges of whose three-dimensional work can be seen collaged onto a couple of the drawings. Through Saturday, June 16. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—Two installations, plus works on paper. Through June 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Phyllis Gaughran / Martha Bjoza Reinken—Abstract paintings and collages on paper pairing simple forms and warm and cool colors. / Large-scale collages incorporating calligraphy. Through June 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Pencil drawings of nature sketched out-of-doors. Through June 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Kathryn Halbower—Paintings in which simplified athletic figures are shown adapting themselves to a given space—a cube, say, or a circular float in a swimming pool. Through Saturday, June 16. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Halina Rusak—Acrylic paintings interpreting rugs and other textiles of Byelorussia. Through

June 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Grace Bakst Wapner / Sharon Gold—An eight-panel teak-and-copper screen. / Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joan Witek—Elegant, formal repeat patterns applied to raw canvas with black oil stick and rubbed-in graphite; the works seem to take Minimalism into new territory. Through June 23. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Handmade Furniture—Some shows by contemporary artisans who make furniture. At **henoch,** 80 Wooster St.: David Ebner, John Dunnigan, and Richard Scott Newman. Through June 17. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **meisel,** 141 Prince St.: Eleven practitioners, including Judy Lictenstein, Andy Pawlan, and Dakota Jackson. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **milliken,** 98 Prince St.: Wendell Castle, Wendy Stayman, and others. Through July 6.

Group Shows—At the **bonnier,** 420 West Broadway: James Rosenquist, Jim Dine, Christo, and Julian Schnabel are among the thirteen artists represented by paintings. Through July 28. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **kind,** 136 Greene St.: The one permanent fixture in an otherwise revolving summer show of gallery regulars is a wall covered with seventy-two paintings on seventy-two different subjects by the painter and sculptor Martin Johnson. Through July 27. . . . **soho center for visual artists,** 114 Prince St.: Paintings by Mark Kostabi, Bruce Wall, Joel Handorff, and Rick Prol. Through July 21. (Opens at noon.) . . . **sonnabend,** 420 West Broadway: One new work each by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Mel Bochner, Robert Morris, and Barry Le Va. Through June 30. . . . **thorp,** 103 Prince St.: New paintings by David True, David Deutsch, and Anton van Dalen, including, respectively, a precariously balanced landscape with overturned car, a menacing cloudscape, and a Silver Wyandotte hen of enormous dignity. Through Saturday, June 16.

Sculpture—A row of stainless-steel boxes lined with amber Plexiglas by Donald Judd; a row of copper plates about twenty-eight feet long laid out on the floor by Carl Andre; and a grouping of nineteen black rectangular wood forms which looks like a city skyline by Tony Smith. Through June 22. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Clyde Connell—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by an eighty-two-year-old wisp of a woman who lives on the banks of remote Lake Bistineau in Louisiana and listens to the swamp sounds, which she transcribes into private hieroglyphics and puts down on paper. The sculptures, dedicated to the victims of Central American violence, include a rustic shrine made of cedar boards topped with Spanish moss and strung with figures made of pebbles. First solo show in New York. Through June 23. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Guy Goodwin—Drawings and paintings in which cityscapes are compacted into abstractions. Through July 6. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

Robert Loughlin and Austé—Portraits of tough-looking guys by the former and paintings and drawings of fanciful, frilly dolls by the latter. Through June 23. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Owen Morrel—Preparatory drawings for sculptures, most of them for a monumental outdoor piece that is currently on view ten blocks southwest of the gallery, at the intersection of West Broadway, Varick, and Franklin Streets. Through June 28. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Ted Rosenthal / Gregory Botts—Painted-steel sculptures. / Paintings. Through June 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Norman Tuck—Sculptural works that move, by motor or clockwork or a hand crank; they are hard to distinguish from machines, except that their motion is for looks only. Through Saturday, June 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

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Ursula von Rydingsvärd / Georgia Marsh—Recent large-scale architectural sculptures in cedar. / Bannerlike abstract gouaches. Through June 30. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St., and a new, additional location, at 223 West Broadway: This enterprise is giving itself a pat on the back on its tenth anniversary with a show of sixty-five artists who got a start here. Each painter and sculptor is represented by an early piece and a recent one. Troy Brauntuch, Stephen Frailey, Rebecca Howland, Tom Otterness, Christy Rupp, and others. Through June 30. . . . **bouckaert,** 100 Hudson St.: Artifacts by tribal West Africans mixed with paintings and sculptures by an indigenous downtown tribe; among the latter artists are Alex McFarlane and Gilles Jean Giuntini. Through Saturday, June 16. . . . **city gallery,** 2 Columbus Circle: Recent works (primarily paintings) by artists who worked for the W.P.A., including Chaim Gross, Peter Agostini, and Alice Neel. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **oil & steel,** 157 Chambers St.: Drawings and a painting completed in the early seventies by Alfred Leslie, four charcoal drawings by Myron Stout, and a single sculpture in steel by Mark di Suvero. Through Saturday, June 16.

PHOTOGRAPHY

William Clift—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a photographer from Santa Fe; first one-man show in New York. Through June 30. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

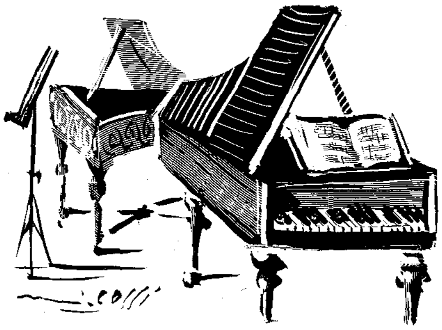
Eileen Cowin—A four-by-five-foot black-and-white mural, and other prints that show the photographer and her family. Through June 30. (Manès, 177 Prince St.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Photographs that appeared in *Fortune* or in the Museum of Modern Art publication "American Photographs," including many of the original exhibition prints made by Evans. Through July 4. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lotte Jacobi / Tom Baril—Photographs of Germany between the wars. / Prints of local diners. Through June 23. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

György Kepes / Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A full-scale retrospective by a photographer-painter usually identified with experimental work in light and abstraction; large-scale Polaroids made this spring are his latest contribution. / Photographs from a 1936-37 W.P.A. project, which aimed to study working conditions in factories and mines. Through July 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Sheila Metzner—Color portraits and still-lifes that have been seen on the pages of, for instance, *Vogue* and *House & Garden.* Through June 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



Judy Seigel—Tourist-type photographs (views from the World Trade Center, or in Monet's garden at Giverny) developed in such a way that some sections have an iridescent, metallic quality. Through June 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Ted Victoria—Eye-level frames enclosing various objects that are reflected by a lens, light, and mirror system; also, a darkened-room installation on the same principle, only here viewers can walk around the objects. Through July 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Weber—Recent photographs of athletes at Olympic training camps in Texas and Los Angeles. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Marion Post Wolcott / Sonia Gechtoff—A selection of F.S.A. prints (some vintage, some recently reproduced by the photographer). / This artist professes an affinity for the old buildings near her lower Manhattan studio, and that interest is evident in most of these new colored drawings, done from her photographs. Through June 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Note—Tuesday, June 12, is the annual **museum mile festival,** when an open-door policy (admission free, with the exception of the Metropolitan Museum) is traditionally the order of the evening, which runs from 6 to 9, at the museums, galleries, and various other institutions along upper Fifth Avenue, from Eighty-second Street to 105th. No vehicular traffic above Eighty-sixth Street.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. Through Aug. 28. . . . **photography:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld have been mounted in the department's new home on the second floor. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages from throughout the artist's brief career. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Complementing the Gris show is "Painting in Paris 1909-27," which has thirty-six works (from the museum's collection) by some of his School of Paris contemporaries—Braque, Picasso, Léger, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter, a realist who had his first one-man show at the age of forty-four, in 1951, at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St., where a complementary exhibit of paintings and drawings is currently on view. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated

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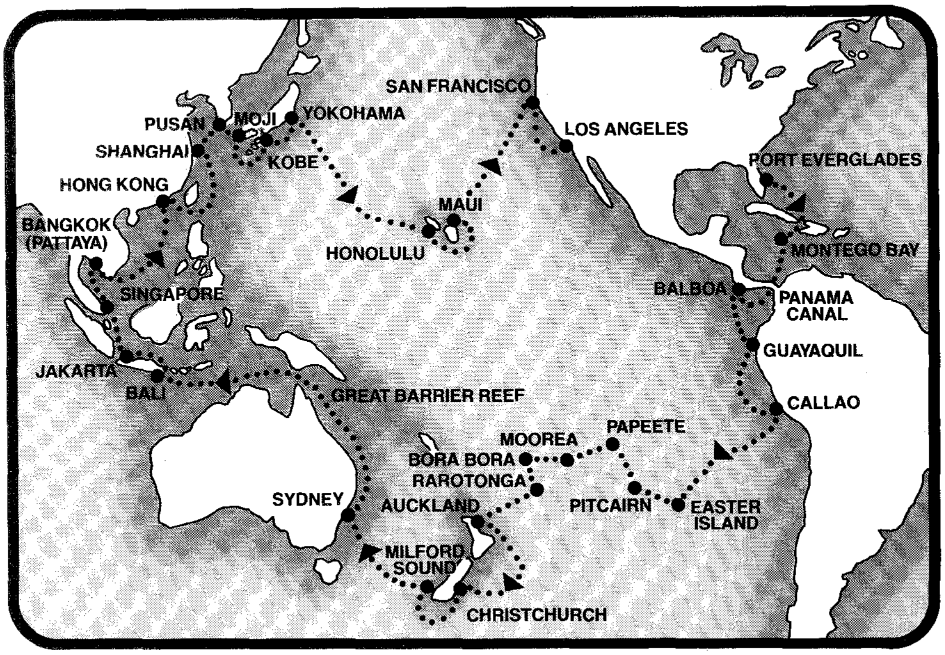
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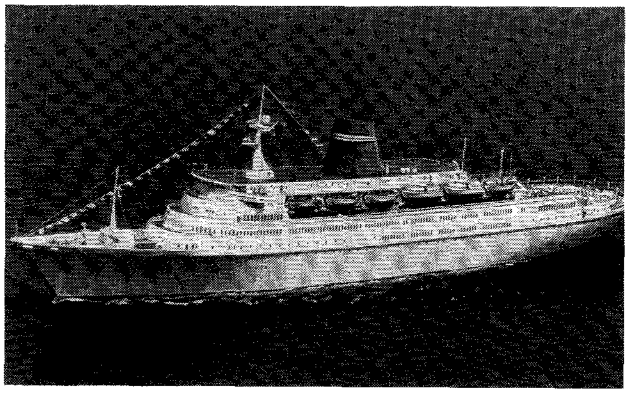

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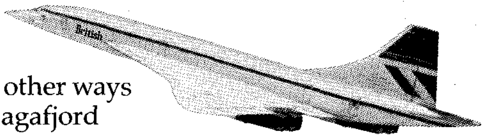

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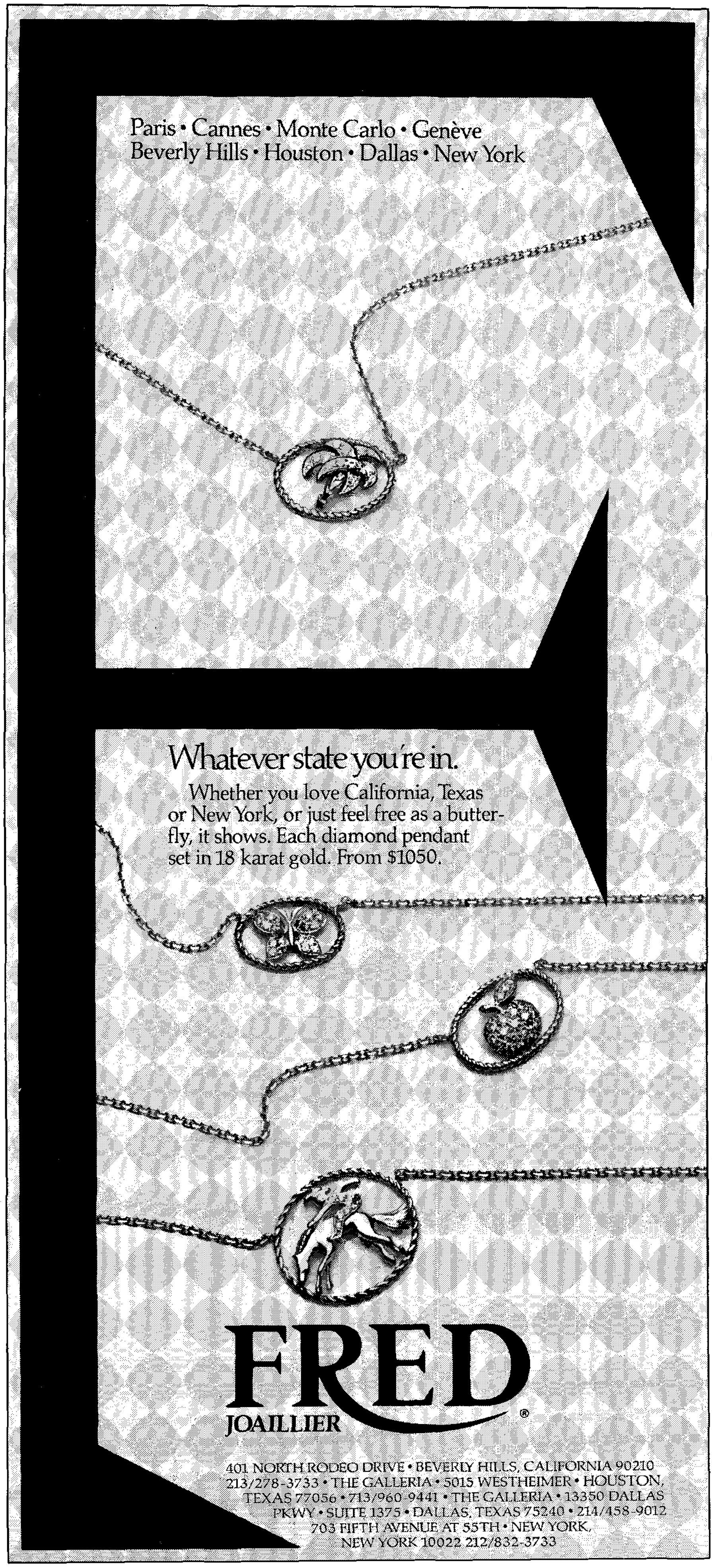

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through July 15. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through July 29. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series "Nancy Outside in July." Through July 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members and recipients of honors and awards in the arts and literature. Manuscripts and scores by George Kennan, Paul Theroux, Lewis Thomas, Amy Clampitt, Andrea Lee, Jamaica Kincaid, Denis Johnson, David St. John, Don Delillo, Bobbie Ann Mason, David Del Tredici, and others. Mary Frank, Al Held, and Chaim Gross are among the artists represented by paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sunday, June 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit, organized by the Denver Art Museum, examining the predominance of the circle as a motif in the religious and domestic designs of the Plains Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. More than a hundred and fifty objects, including tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, a war headdress, and a ghost-dance dress. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of terra-cotta bibelot sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Through June 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. (Open daily except Saturdays and Wednesday and Thursday, June 6-7. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The library has much to show for its sixty years, and in that spirit offers two anniversary exhibits from its collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and a display of illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, in temporary

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore album quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through July 31. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970), a prominent ceramist (a large nude meant for the wall of a shower serves as one example) who during his long life wore many hats—painter, muralist, teacher. Through July 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—In this show the emphasis is on contemporary artists from all over the country who have had little exposure in New York until now. Each of the painters and sculptors (there is also one photographer) is represented by a number of works, and there are fourteen artists all told. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Gottesman Exhibition Hall, occupying the library's original main exhibition area (but closed since the Second World War), has opened with "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an inquiry whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press. . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424 and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, June 9, at 7:30, and Sunday, June 10, at 2:30.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting works by American composers: "Adam and Eve III," a one-act opera by Lor Crane; songs by John Cooper; and Elias Tanenbaum's "Last Letters from Stalingrad," for chamber ensemble and baritone. (Mercer Street Theatre, 19 Mercer St. Thursday and Friday, June 7-8, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 691-6105.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Horizons '84, the New Romanticism—A Broader View—At Avery Fisher Hall, final performances by the New York Philharmonic. Wednesday, June 6: Gilbert Amy conducting a performance of one of his own works, plus music by Betsy Jolas, George Walker, and Pierre Boulez. With the Speculum Musicae; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Eric Bartlett, cello; and Anand Devendra and Stanley Drucker, clarinets. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 7: Arthur Weisberg and Zubin Mehta conducting a George Crumb–Oliver Knussen program. With Karen Beardsley, soprano, and Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 8: Larry Newland conducting a program of music by Anthony Davis, Harrison Birtwistle, Peter Sculthorpe, and Irwin Bazelon. With Susan Belling, soprano; James Newton, flute; Abdul Wadud, cello; Harvey Estrin, saxophone; and Mr. Davis, piano. (Evenings at 8.)

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Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra—Johannes Somary conducting a performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea," with Irene Gubrud, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Grayson Hirst and Stephen Oosting, tenors; and John Ostendorf, bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, June 12, at 8.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, June 10, at 8.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, June 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Joy Simpson—Soprano, in a recital postponed from March 17. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 6, at 8.)

Phoenix—An early-music group. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Wednesday, June 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Composers' Forum and New and Newer Music—A program of music by Daria Semegen, Matthew Harris, and Jerold Ordansky (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, June 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Harmonie Wind Ensemble—Steven Richman conducting, with Charles Kavalovski and Stewart Rose, horns. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 9, at 9.)

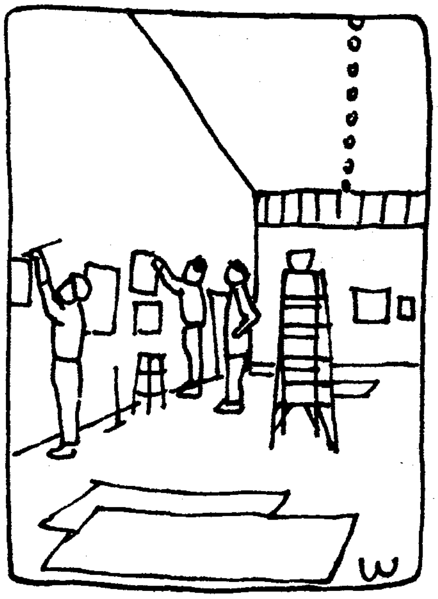
Peter Corey—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 13, at 8.)

Rebo Aoki—Shakuhachi, in a program of Japanese music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 13, at 8.)

New York Saxophone Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, June 14, at 8.)

Thomas Bogdan—Tenor, with assisting artists. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 15, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Note—Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano, and Roger Vignoles, piano, will give the first of two recitals at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 20, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, June 11, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.



SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Wednesday, June 6, at 8. . . . ¶ *Toronto,* Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, at 8, and Sunday, June 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, June 15, at 8, and Saturday, June 16, at 4. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Monday through Wednesday, June 11-13, at 7:35.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 14-17.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Nassau County Handicap, Friday, June 8; the Belmont, Saturday, June 9; the Hempstead Handicap, Sunday, June 10; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, June 11, through Tuesday, July 24.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Chicago. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, June 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

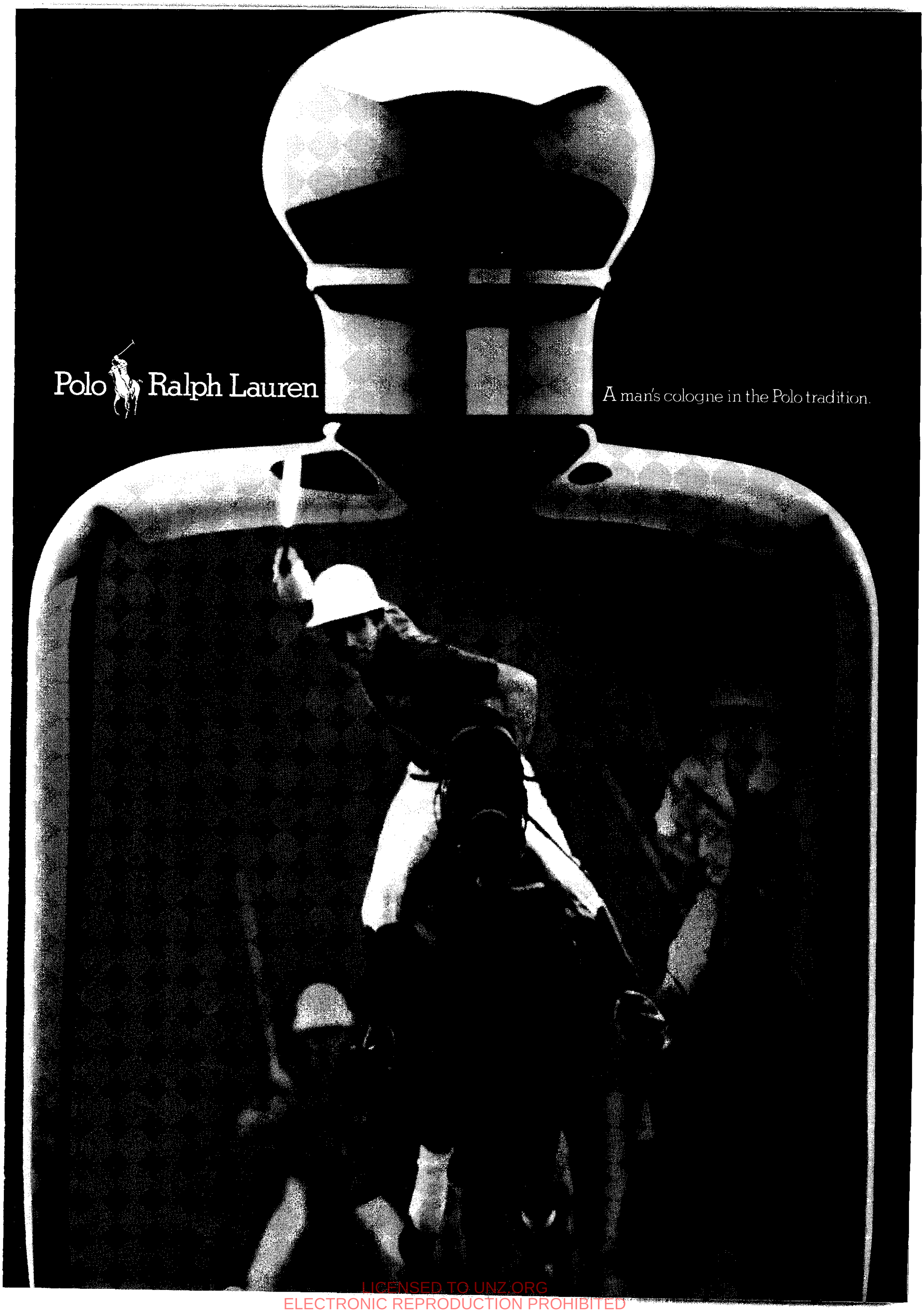
ET ALIA

Prose Readings—"Bloomsday on Broadway III," a sixteen-hour-long event, including readings from "Ulysses" by Estelle Parsons, Michael Moriarty, Maria Tucci, Barnard Hughes, and others; readings from "Finnegans Wake" by Brian O'Doherty and others; and a dramatization of Joyce's story "Ivy Day in the Committee Room." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, June 16, from 8 A.M. until midnight. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tours—A conducted tour from City Hall to the South Street Seaport, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, starting in front of City Hall, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Astor Place," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 10, starting at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, June 7, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 2: English furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 12, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, paintings, and other works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 13, at 10:15: Chinese paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 13, at 2: Chinese works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 6, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, June 8, at 10 and 2: British and American sporting paintings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 12, at 10: Jewelry and watches. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, from noon until sundown.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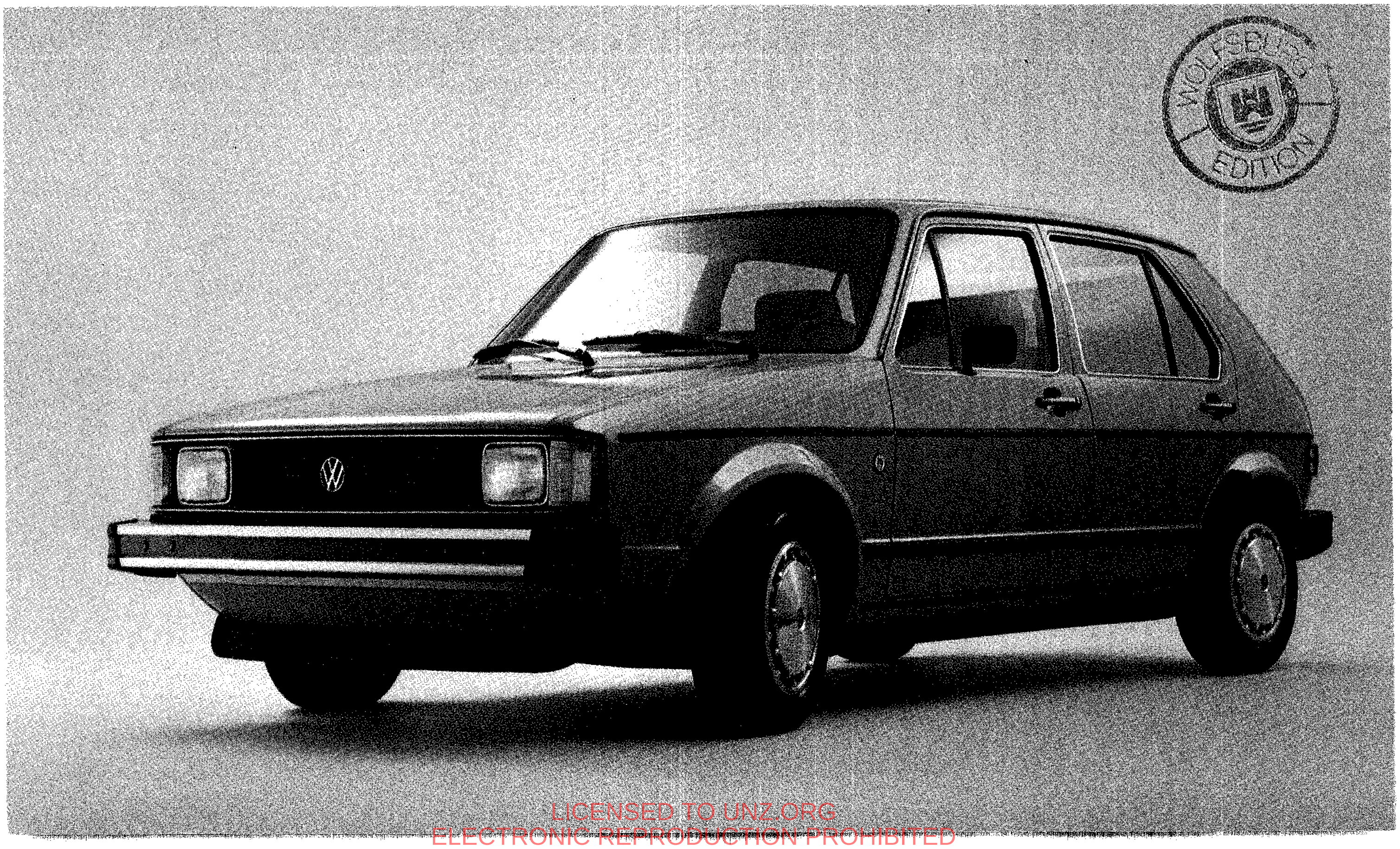
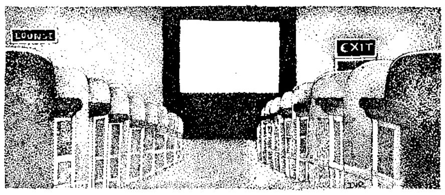


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 7: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Testament of Orpheus" (†).
June 8-10: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Les Enfants Terribles" (†).
June 12-14: "Les Parents Terribles" (†); and "La Princesse de Clèves" (1961; directed by Jean Delannoy; in French), with Jean Marais and Marina Vlady.
From June 15: "The Eagle with Two Heads" (†); and "Thomas the Imposter" (1965; Georges Franju; in French).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 7: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
June 8-14 (tentative): "Terms of Endearment" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From June 15: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 7: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Romancing the Stone" (†). From June 8: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Natural" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 7: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 8: "Splash" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Natural" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 12: "Heat of Desire" (Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.
From June 13: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Splash" (†). From June 8: "Gremlins."

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Racing with the Moon" (†). From June 8: "Ragtime" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni. From June 13: "Under the Volcano" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Jacqueline Bisset.
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore. From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee. From June 8: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "The Bounty" (†). From June 8: "Ghostbusters."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through June 14: "El Norte" (†).
From June 15: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 7: "Cold Feet" (Bruce van Dusen), with Griffin Dunne and Blanche Baker.
From June 8: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 7: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 8: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall. From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 8: "Gremlins."

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Guest" (1977; directed by Ross Devenish), with Athol Fugard.
Theatre 2: "El Norte" (†).

VANDAM, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 7: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyöngyössy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).
From June 8: "Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; Graham Coleman), a four-hour film.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Terms of Endearment" (†). From June 8: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Splash" (†). From June 8: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
Theatre 2: Through June 14: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. From June 15 (tentative): "Racing with the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 7: "The Bounty" (†). From June 8: "Splash" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 14: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola). From June 15: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 7: "Splash" (†).
From June 8: A program of Donald Duck cartoons.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 7: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
From June 8: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Edith and Marcel" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Evelyne Bouix and Marcel Cerdan, Jr.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 14: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
From June 15: "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 14: "The Mission" (Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).
From June 15: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Bounty" (†). No performances on Monday, June 11.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Eréndira" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tomorrow" (†).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Sixteen Candles" (†). From June 8: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†). From June 8: "Ghostbusters."
Theatre 3: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 7: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "The Bounty" (†). From June 8: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Streets of Fire." From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 14: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 15: "Racing with the Moon" (†); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

Theatre 2: Through June 7: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. *From June 8:* "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Theatre 3: Through June 14: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 15: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Risky Business" (†).

Theatre 4: Through June 7: "Executioner 2." From June 8-14: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†). From June 15 (tentative): "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (directed by Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).

Theatre 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.

Theatre 5: "Sixteen Candles" (†).

Theatre 6: Through June 7: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo. From June 8: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Splash" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Executioner 2." From June 8: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

Theatre 4: Through June 7: "Terms of Endearment" (†). June 8-14: "Ragtime" (†). From June 15: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.

Theatre 2: *June 6:* "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock." June 7: Theatre closed. From June 8: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through June 7: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

From June 8: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore. From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Fleshburn" (George Gage), with Steve Kanaly. From June 8: "Beat Street."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

Theatre 2: "The Natural" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.

Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall. From June 8: "Gremlins."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (1984; directed by Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Escape from Segovia."

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Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 7: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

June 8-9: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Bruce Spence, and Vernon Wells; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

June 10-12: "The King and I" (1956; Walter Lang), with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.

June 13-14: "The Devil in Miss Jones, Part II" and "Insatiable." Both X-rated.

June 15-16: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 7: "Flashdance" (†) and "Footloose" (†).

June 8-14: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and a program of Warner Brothers cartoons.

June 15-16: "Yojimbo" (†) and "Sanjuro" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

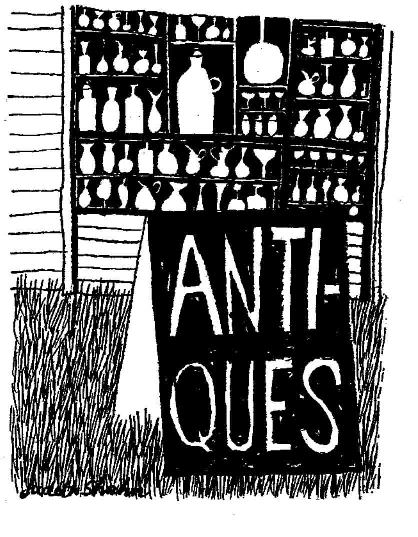
June 6: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie; and "Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars" (1983), a film of a 1973 concert, with David Bowie.

June 7-9: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), "Love and Death" (1975), and "Annie Hall" (1977), all directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

June 10-11: "Fellini Satyricon" (†) and "Fellini's Roma" (†).

June 12-13: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Jabberwocky" (†).

June 14-16: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, and Fulton MacKay.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 7: "Blow Out" (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, and John Lithgow; and "Dressed to Kill" (1980; Brian De Palma), with Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, Nancy Allen, and Keith Gordon.

June 8-9: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton, Jenny Agutter, and Griffin Dunne; and "The Howling" (1981; Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

June 10: "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Charles Bickford.

June 11-12: "The Idolmaker" (†), "American Hot Wax" (†), and "Sparkle" (†).

June 13-14: "Heart Like a Wheel" (†) and "An Unmarried Woman" (†).

June 15-16: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through June 7: "El Bruto" (1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Ernesto Alonso.

June 8: "Sudden Impact" (1983; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood; and "Ms. 45" (1981; Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis.

June 9: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

June 10: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "Dark Star" (1974; John Carpenter), with Brian Narelle.

June 11: "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard; and "The French Connection" (†).

June 12: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "The Lusty Men" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy.

June 13-14: "A Woman Without Love" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Rosario Granados and Julie Villareal; and "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.

From June 15: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog; in German).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 6: "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert.

June 7-9: "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.

June 10-11: "Thousands Cheer" (†); and "Summer Stock" (1950; Charles Walters), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, and Eddie Bracken.

June 12-13: "Executive Suite" (1954; Robert Wise), with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fredric March; and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (†).

June 14-16: "Pat and Mike" (†) and "The Shop Around the Corner" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 6: "Freud" (1962; John Huston), with Montgomery Clift and Susannah York; and "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

June 7: "On Approval" (1943; Clive Brook), with Beatrice Lillie and Brook; and "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960; John Boulting), with Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Margaret Rutherford.

June 8: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

June 9: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself.

June 10: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Tales of Hoffmann" (†).

June 11: A program of ten Betty Boop cartoons; and a program of cartoons by the Fleischers.

June 12: "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers; and "Prix de Beauté" (1930; Augusto Genina; in French), with Louise Brooks.

June 13: "Diary of a Country Priest" (†) and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (†).

June 14: "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir; and "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon.

June 15: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†).

June 16: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 6: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929; Millard Webb), with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall; and "The Hollywood Revue" (1929; Charles Reisner), with Conrad Nagel and Jack Benny.

June 7: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.

June 8-9: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

June 10: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

June 11: "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "The Damned" (†).

June 12: "Crime and Punishment" (1935(†); and "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings.

June 13: "In a Lonely Place" (†); and "Knock on Any Door" (1949; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and John Derek.

June 14: "Dial M for Murder" (†); and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

June 15-16: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as the detective; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as the detective.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—June 7 at 2:30 and 6: "Simone Barbès" (1980; directed by Marie-Claude Treilhou; in French, with English subtitles), with Ingrid Bourgoin, Martine Simonet, and Michel Delahaye. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "L'Avventura" (1960; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari. . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: "The Projectionist" (1971; Harry Hurwitz), with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield. . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "The Navigator" (1924; Donald Crisp and Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton and Kathryn McGuire. . . . ¶ June 9 at 5: "Sunrise—A Song of Two Humans" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston. . . . ¶ June 10 at 2:30: "Man's Castle" (1933; Frank Borzage), with Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Glenda Farrell, and Walter Connolly. . . . ¶ June 10 at 5: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish, with English subtitles), with Victor Sjöström, Bibi Andersson, and Ingrid Thulin. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919; Victor Fleming; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 11 at 6: "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1939; Pare Lorentz) and "The River" (1937; Pare Lorentz). . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "Rashomon" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Toshiro Mifune, Masayuki Mori, and Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "Duel in the Sun" (1947; King Vidor), with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Gregory Peck, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ June 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973; Jacques Leduc; a Canadian film, in English), with Esther Auger, Jocelyn Berube, and Luce Guilbeault. . . . ¶ June 15 at 2:30: "The Wind" (1928; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Montagu Love. . . . ¶ June 15 at 6: "Way Down East" (1920; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, and Lowell Sherman. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "When the Clouds Roll By." . . . ¶ June 16 at 5: "Duel in the Sun." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through June 10: "Lying Lips" (1940; Oscar Micheaux), with Edna Mae Harris, Carmen Newsome, and Earl Jones, and "The Underworld" (1936; Oscar Micheaux), with Bee Freeman, Oscar Polk, Ethel Moses, and Sol Johnson, are being shown daily at 12:30; and "God's Step Children" (1938; Oscar Micheaux), with Jacqueline Lewis, Gloria Press, Alice B. Russell, Ethel Moses, and Carmen Newsome, is being shown daily at 3. . . . ¶ Starting June 13: A survey of video, from 1967-80, showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AMERICAN HOT WAX (1978)—Cheerfully, trashily enjoyable, even though the hero, the disc jockey Alan Freed (well played by Tim McIntire), is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents. Freed's secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is so entertainingly shrill that she might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 11-12.)

AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR (1966)—Robert Bresson's grave, oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey, and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. It's a meditation on sin and saintliness. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. With Anne Wiazemsky as the passive, puffy-mouthed girl who falls in love with the cruel, thieving boy who is bound to make her miserable. In French. (Thalia; June 13.)

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1953)—Early in the year, the great Hollywood Dunciad "Singin' in the Rain" appeared, and then came this dazzling, overwrought piece of Hollywoodian self-analysis. The first was a satire, the second a satire in spite of itself—which recalls the fabled little old lady who said in the middle of "Quo Vadis?," "Look, there's a sweet little lion who hasn't got a Christian." "The Bad and the Beautiful," a glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniacal Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner), is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a "rat race" to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is all too reminiscent of "Citizen Kane" (the "Rosebud" being Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion), but there are also flashy, entertaining scenes and incidents derived from a number of famous careers. And the director, Vincente Minnelli, has given the material a hysterical stylishness; the black-and-white cinematography (by Robert Surtees) is more than dramatic—it has temperament. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as a starlet; and Leo G. Carroll, Paul Stewart, and Vanessa Brown. Produced by John Houseman, for M-G-M. Academy Awards: Best Supporting Actress (Grahame), Screenplay (Charles Schnee), Cinematography, Art Direction (Cedric Gibbons and others), Costume Design (Helen Rose). (In 1962, Houseman, Minnelli, and Schnee collaborated on another melodramatic inside view of moviemaking, "Two Weeks in Another Town.") (Regency; June 12-13.)

THE BOUNTY—With Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins, directed by Roger Donaldson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Paramount. No performances on Monday June 11. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through June 7.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of the depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates; green lights play on their faces, and they look like werewolves talking politics. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. The centerpiece is the orgy and massacre of Roehm's homosexual Brown Shirts, with gorgeous boys in black lace panties; he doesn't seem sure what attitude to take, and he stages it immaculately, reverentially. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness who turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite; he molests little girls and eventually beds down with Mother—which is too much even for her and turns her into a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte Rampling, Florinda Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. Though some of the actors speak their own English, this version of "The Damned" has all the disadvantages of a dubbed movie—everything sounds stilted and slightly off. The characters talk in a language that belongs to no period or country and sounds like translated subtitles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 11.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Those who like drawing-room murder and cold, literate, gentlemanly skulduggery will find this ingenious and almost entertaining. Ray Milland is the suitably suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock's ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else's underplaying look positively boisterous. From Frederick Knott's play, just slightly adapted by the author; music by Dmitri Tiomkin. (Made in 3-D, though released flat and shown here that way. The 3-D version wasn't released until 1980.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 14.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and, at the end, a Bach-like intensity. The dialogue and the passages read from the diary are taken directly from the novel, though while you're watching you feel as if you were seeing a silent movie. (It's the effect of the expressive images and the general austerity.) This is one of the few modern works in any art form that help one to understand the religious life—which for this useless young man is a terrible one, yet with moments of holiness. If there is a flaw in the film it's the rhythm—you feel you're dying with the priest. The film may raise a question in your mind: Does Bresson know what a pain this young man is? The priest's austere, chilly spirituality may give the community the same sort of pain that Bresson's later movies give some of us in the audience. With Nicole Maurey and Nicole Ladmiral. The music is by Jean-Jacques Grünenwald; the beautiful bleak cinematography is by L.-H. Burel. In French. (Thalia; June 13.)

Diva (1981)—A glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Baronet.)

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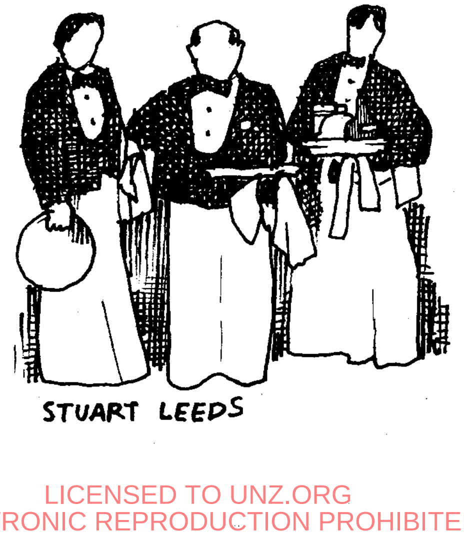
The Eagle with Two Heads (1948)—The structure is similar to that of "Beauty and the Beast" but with inversions—this time it is the Queen (Edwige Feuillère) who is awakened from her trance by the revolutionary poet (Jean Marais), who has come to assassinate her. And, while the Beast addressed Beauty with only a few simple words, here the Queen dunks her Angel of Death in a torrent of elegant language. This is a sweepingly romantic picture—a beautiful trifle. Feuillère has a sense of gesture that almost any actress might envy, and Marais demonstrates once again that despite his almost comical square-headed handsomeness he can act. Jean Cocteau adapted his own play, and directed. It's the least known of the few films that he actually did direct; a dozen or so are falsely advertised as his. (Antonioni made a video color version of the play in 1979, under the title "The Oberwald Mystery.") In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 15.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1949; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy. The movie glides along, gathering intensity, as the characters move—compulsively, as in a dream—toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. Almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, this film was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. When Melville was ill, Cocteau directed the summer beach scene in Montmorency, under snow. Cocteau also provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the rare effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 8-10.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)



Eréndira—With Irene Papas, directed by Ruy Guerra. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great spare, tonic style, but the domesticated surrealism of this picture has no sting and no aftereffect. The film drifts out of your head before it's over. The actors come on in relays: the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Thalia; June 15.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue to the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples, fat freaks with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master entertainer's feelings for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. He uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. We seem to be at a stoned circus, where the performers go on and on whether we care or not, and, for a work that is visual if it is anything, the film leaves disappointingly few visual impressions. The fresco effect becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl (Hylette Adolphe) in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many floors and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. With Max Born as Gitone, Martin Potter as Encolpius, Hiram Keller as Ascyltus, and Mario Romagnoli as Tremalchio; Magali Noel, Alain Cuny, Capucine, and Lucia Bose. Written by Fellini and Bernardino Zapponi. In Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 10-11.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—It's an imperial gesture at documentary: a sketchbook about the city of Fellini's imagination, that love-hate dream-nightmare city which is more familiar to us by now than Rome itself. This autobiographical fantasy includes extras painted up as voracious citizens, a high-camp ecclesiastical fashion show, and a mock excavation in a subway which uncovers a Roman villa. Designed by Danilo Donati, who is a magician, and shot by the great Giuseppe Rotunno, the film is like a funeral ode to an imaginary city under purplish, poisoned skies. Some of the images are magisterial and marvellous, like a series of stormy Turners, but whenever there's dialogue or *thought*, the movie is fatuous. Fellini is at the center of the film, played as a young man fresh from the provinces by a toothsome, lusciously handsome actor (dimply Peter Gonzales, from Texas), and then by himself, speaking in English—most of it dubbed—in this version. He interacts with no one; he is the only star, our guide, and like many another guide he often miscalculates our reactions, especially to his arch, mirthless anticlerical jokes. The ambience is least oppressive when he stages a forties vaudeville show—a return to the world of his early movies. The picture reaches its nadir when he goes celebrity-chasing and interviews Gore Vidal, who informs us that

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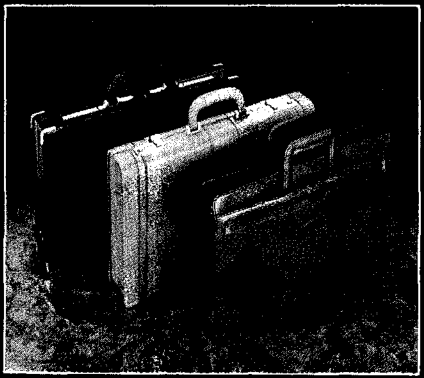

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Rome is as good a place as any to wait for the end of the world. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 10-11.)

Flashdance (1983)—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (8th St. Playhouse; through June 7.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through June 7.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A hugely successful slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience with noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. The ominous music keeps tightening the screws and heating things up; the movie is like an aggravated case of New York. It proceeds through chases, pistol-whippings, slashings, murders, snipings, and more chases for close to two hours. This is what's meant to give you a charge. There are no good guys. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; porkpie-hatted and lewd and boorish, he's also a sadist. With Fernando Rey, Roy Scheider, Tony LoBianco, and Marcel Bozzufi. Music by Don Ellis; cinematography by Owen Roizman. The script, by Ernest Tidyman, was based on the supposedly factual account by Robin Moore in a book about the largest narcotics haul in New York police history up to that time. William Friedkin directed. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Director, Actor (Hackman), Screenplay. (Metro Cinema; June 11.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland; through June 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through June 14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Waverly, and Criterion Theatres; starting June 8.)

Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney—who has won the National Hot Rod Association World Championship three times—to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father, the honky-tonk singer Tex Roque, who has gusto in his canny eyes and grinning face; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Beau Bridges' Connie, who lives on his instincts, makes sense as a drag racer; Shirley doesn't. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, gives a tightly controlled starring performance; she's compelling and she brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman, the movie has a B-picture sensibility. It has plenty of action sequences (of the kind that action-film enthusiasts call "existential" and "cinematic"), and it avoids dramatic climaxes (of the kind that these enthusiasts disparage as "theatrical"). And this can make a movie seem honest and authentically American—none of your highbrow stuff. Shirley's hardness is presented simply as what happens to a woman who bucks a sexist society, and the movie expects us to sympathize with her bitterness about not getting the recognition that women in more genteel sports do. When Shirley staggers out of a crash in flames, and her son (Anthony Edwards) runs out to her and looks into her charred helmet, the scene exposes the superficiality of most of the film's treatment of her determination to be the fastest hot-rodder of them all. With Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 13-14).

The Idolmaker (1980)—A likable first feature by the director Taylor Hackford; it has verve and snap, despite a rickety script and a sloshy finish. Ray Sharkey plays a brash young songwriter from the Bronx who becomes a hype artist. He takes a baby-faced, boozing pillhead (Paul Land) and turns him into a rock idol for teen-agers, and then finds a swarthy, sixteen-year-old bushboy (Peter Gallagher) whose eyes and mouth are impossibly—foolishly—large and saturates the country with publicity, pre-selling the kid as an idol before the public even hears his voice. The picture keeps moving, and the satirical musical numbers are cheerful and impudent. The script by Edward Di Lorenzo was suggested by the life of the rock impresario Bob Marcucci, who promoted Frankie Avalon and Fabian. With Kenneth O'Brien as the corrupt disc jockey, Jimmy Carter as the jiggling blond singer, and Tovah Feldshuh (a dreary, smirky performance). (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 11-12.)

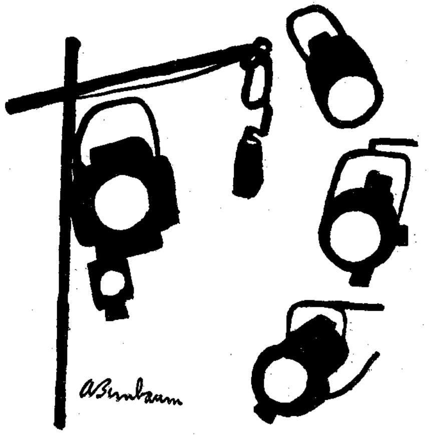
In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but disappointingly hollow murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Steele is in love with Gloria Grahame, but he's under so much pressure because of the police that he almost kills her in a jealous rage. That makes her queasily fearful—maybe he actually did in the other girl. And she leaves him. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; he keeps the thing going, but the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast—Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, Jeff Donnell, Art Smith, Robert Warwick, Steven Geray, and Hadda Brooks as the singer in the night-club sequence. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, adapted by Edmund H. North and Andrew Solt; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by George Antheil. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—With Harrison Ford, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English comedy, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike in a cobwebby way below, but has a fishy face. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 12-13.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews Tower East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; June 8-14. . . . ¶ Festival; starting June 8.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the



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forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? There isn't a whisper of surprise in Redford's performance, and he's photographed looking like a wary, modest god, with enough backlighting and soft focus to make him incandescent even when he isn't doing a thing. Directed by Barry Levinson, in a picturesque, prose-poetry style, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The overly showy, overly dark cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the tender, drippy, hymnlike music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (34th St. East, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Film Forum, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through June 14.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 14.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. Tracy, who plays a sports promoter (with a streets-of-the-big-city accent—"cherce" for "choice") has a lighter, funnier tone than in the other Tracy-Hepburn pictures. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer, William Ching, Jim Backus, Phyllis Povah, Sammy White, Chuck Connors, Charles Bronson, and Don Budge. George Cukor directed—beautifully. It's as close to perfect as you'd want it to be. (Regency; June 14-16.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Coronet; through June 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 15. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 15, tentative.)

Ragtime (1981)—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. (Dog excrement has been put on the seat of his shiny new Model T Ford.) When the piano player can't find a legal remedy, he becomes a bomb-planting terrorist. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him, and we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited his band of urban guerrillas. Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras. The narrative shifts are jerky; the film seems chewed up rather than edited. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner; returning to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, Cagney has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger. Also with Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (Embassy; June 8-14. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting June 8.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Olympia Quad; starting June 15.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through June 7. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East; starting June 8.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; June 15-16.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. As for Sullavan, this is a peerless performance: she makes the shopgirl's pretensions believable, lyrical, and funny. The script by Samson Raphaelson is a free adaptation of a play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, Sara Haden, Edwin Maxwell, and Inez Courtney. (A 1949 musical remake starring Judy Garland and Van Johnson was called "In the Good Old Summertime.") (Regency; June 14-16.)

Sixteen Candles—Samantha (Molly Ringwald), a high-school sophomore, is having the worst day of her life. It's her sixteenth birthday, and, in the midst of preparations for her older sister's wedding, the whole family has forgotten about it. And in the evening, when she goes to a school dance and longs to be noticed by the handsome senior (Michael Schoeffling) who's the man of her dreams, she's subjected to the humiliating attentions of a scrawny freshman (Anthony Michael Hall), who's known as Geek—a pesty, leering smartmouth with braces on his teeth. Less raucous than the usual eighties pictures about teenagers, this comedy by the young writer-director John Hughes is closer in tone to the gentle English comedies of the forties and fifties. Hughes devised too much of a farcical superstructure, and a lot of the characters function at a sitcom level, but he brings off some fresh scenes, and he has a feeling for teen-agers' wacko slang. (Geek confesses that he has never "bagged a babe.") Molly Ringwald has a lovely, offbeat candor, and Hall's Geek, with his pitchman's hard sell, is a truly weird creation. With Paul Dooley, Carlin Glynn, Blanche Baker, Justin Henry, Gedde Watanabe, and Haviland Morris. (5/28/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 7.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure. And in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, and its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful, and epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent, love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. With Åke Fridell as the groom, and, in a bit part, Bibi Andersson. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. (Used as the basis for the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Thalia; June 16.)

Sparkle (1976)—As Sister, the hell-bent lead singer of a trio (made up of the three daughters of a domestic servant), the young singer-actress Lonette McKee has the sexual brazenness that stars such as Susan Hayward and Ava Gardner had in their youth. Sister puts the dirty fun of sex into her songs, with the raw charge of a rebellious, nose-thumbing girl making her way. She's terrific, but she has barely had a taste of singing in public when she falls for a sadistic pusher who degrades her. She goes downhill unbelievably fast, and the picture loses its zing when the action shifts to the rise of her docile and dewy-eyed little sister, Sparkle (Irene Cara), who is guided by a hardworking, dimply manager (Philip M. Thomas). His almost canine devotion defeats the attempts of gangsters to muscle in on her career. The director, Sam O'Steen, may have got a little carried away by the smoky theatrical milieu, but he keeps the movie full of atmospheric detail, and the tawdry black-vaudeville scenes have the teeming, bodies-spilling-out-the-edges quality of Toulouse-Lautrec. The crowded look of the film helps to compensate for the skeletonic Joel Schumacher script, which seems heavily indebted to the story of the Supremes. As a teen-age boy who nonchalantly steals a car to take Sister out, Dorian Harewood has the vitality to match McKee's. The songs are by Curtis Mayfield. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 11-12).

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Manhattan, Waverly, and Guild; through June 7. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting June 8.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars. Pamela Brown contributes her silent, disconcerting presence; Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically); the Sadler's Wells Chorus fills out the larger dance sequences. After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to employ first-rank people in all the technical departments and to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they really laid on a spread. It's apparent that the décor and color were intended to create moods, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. Moira Shearer is lovely; it's a long film, though, and it seems structured almost as a series of divertissements. Powell directed. (Thalia; June 10.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Waverly, Festival, and Embassy; through June 7. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 8-14, tentative.)

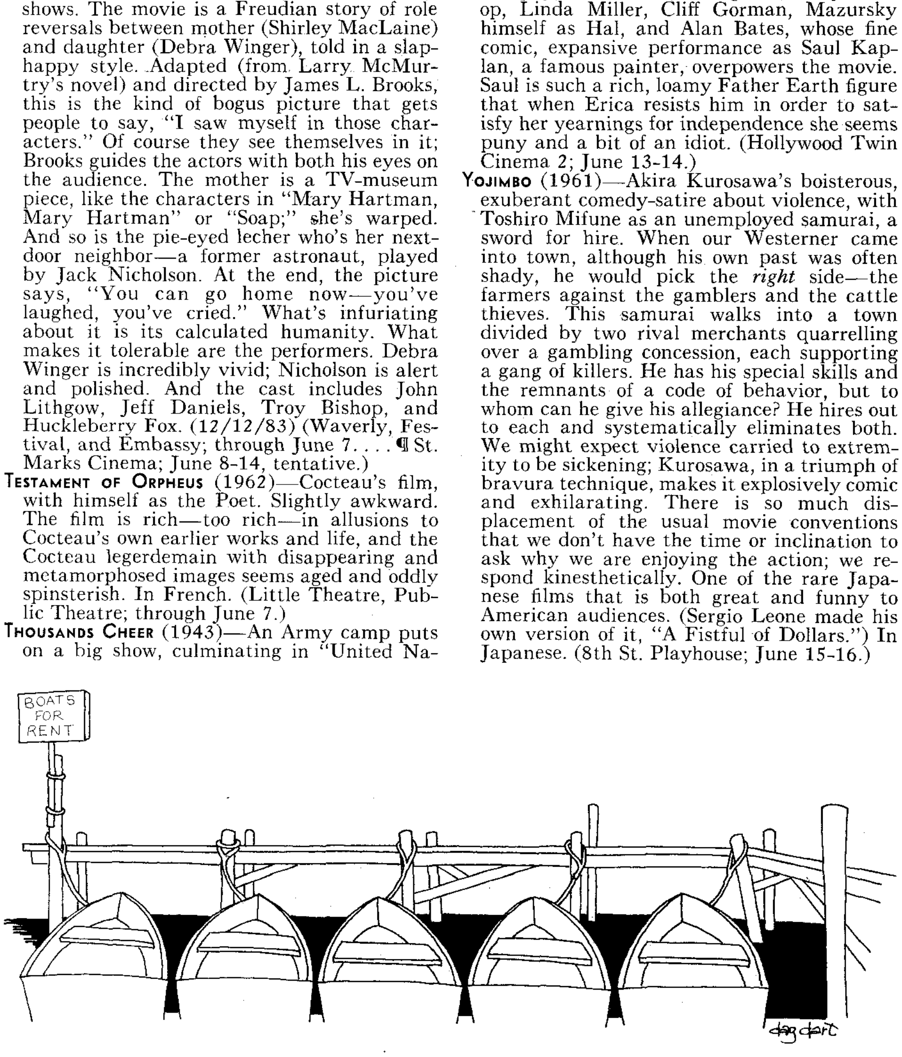
Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 7.)

Thousands Cheer (1943)—An Army camp puts on a big show, culminating in "United Nations on the March"—a work by Shostakovich that was specially commissioned by M-G-M. Gene Kelly tries hard in this all-star extravaganza, Lena Horne sings "Honeysuckle Rose," and Judy Garland tackles "The Joint Is Really Jumpin'," but nothing could save it. Maybe José Iturbi put the seal of doom on the venture when he sat down to play boogie-woogie; he hits the notes all right, but his boogie-woogie is (arguably) the most mechanical ever recorded. The dull, dull plot involves Mary Astor, John Boles, and Kathryn Grayson. With Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Ben Blue, Eleanor Powell, Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, and many others, plus the bands of Kay Kyser, Benny Carter, and Bob Crosby. Written by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. George Sidney directed. (Regency; June 10-11.)

Tomorrow (1972)—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burned-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Embassy 72nd St.)

An Unmarried Woman (1978)—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 13-14.)

Yojimbo (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. When our Westerner came into town, although his own past was often shady, he would pick the *right* side—the farmers against the gamblers and the cattle thieves. This samurai walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesthetically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. (Sergio Leone made his own version of it, "A Fistful of Dollars.") In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; June 15-16.)



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THE NEW YORKER

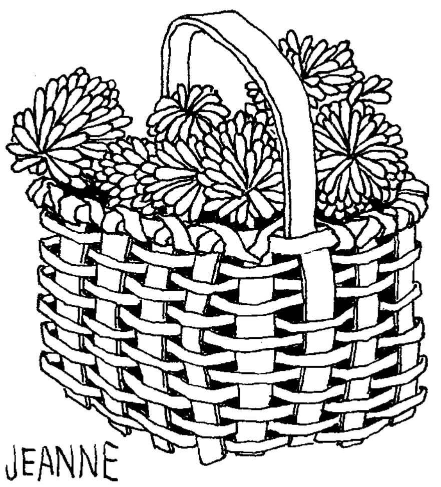
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE adjective "ugly" doesn't get around much anymore—it has a restricted range, like the buffalo, which, instead of darkening the plains, is currently crossbred with the occasional cow to create a low-cholesterol steak. Emerson remarked that one man's beauty is another's ugliness, but the years have turned his proverb topsy-turvy, for now all that was ugly is beautiful, or, at least, "interesting." If someone covers the inside of a subway car with his initials, the result is either art or hooliganism to be diligently studied as indicative of social decay; if one comes across a Buick rusting in the woods, it is, you know, stark. What was ugly has become earthy, or industrial, or post-industrial, or "found," and that's fine with us: there *is* some glory in damn near everything—the orange sunsets, say, when the smog is most visible. Anyway, now that the word is not being constantly drained, some force should accumulate behind it, like water building up behind a dam, so that when somebody does put it to use—and shortly we intend to do just that—it will pack some wallop.

There are things we all must do, regardless of race or class or computer literacy: we must eat and sleep and think what we would buy first if we won the lottery. And when our legs get tired we must sit down. In some parts of the world, people have learned to squat, to hunker down, but in America only baseball catchers are really much good at it. Most of us need something to sit on—a chair, perhaps. If you are an average citizen, it is no problem: when you've been shopping a few hours, you can walk into a coffee shop and sit down and order an iced tea and drink it and pay the bill and leave a tip and get up and go home. But imagine for a moment that you have no money at all. Perhaps you are homeless, and what you own you are carrying; it's not so much, but it's more than nothing, because before so very long it will be November and *then* you'll want that parka. You're walking up toward midtown, not because it's midtown but because the daylight lasts fifteen hours this time of year and you have to walk somewhere. You're tired of walking, but you can't go into a restaurant, even a McDonald's, because they'll ask you to leave and then they'll make you leave, and who can blame them? You might go into the Park, but maybe it's on toward evening and you don't want to be hassled. So maybe you head for a ledge in front of a shop or a hotel, or even a church, and when you get there you find they have stuck spikes into the granite or the brick so that you can't sit there. Those spikes—they are *ugly*.

If you try to sit on them, it hurts. We have tried, and if you don't believe us you try. They are meant to hurt; with the exception of a very few places where they are put up to keep people from crashing through windows or falling into cellars, their aim is to deter sitting. Not so much sitting by you or by us. If it was only you and us, the people who put them up wouldn't much mind; if you could design a spike that would afflict the backsides of derelicts and teen-agers but cushion the posteriors of so-called yuppies, you could make some money. The spikes are meant for bums and drunks. It's silly to blame the shopkeepers and the hoteliers for setting up such grotesque barriers; a man who counts the receipts in his register at the end of a day develops some feel for what draws customers in and what keeps them out. If his customers won't come past a smelly fellow snoozing in the sun, or a woman drinking Colt 45 and cadging quarters and singing little made-up songs—well, up go the spikes. What makes spiked ledges so ugly is not that they rob the down-and-out of a place to sit. There is always the sidewalk or, for those with the energy to hop the turnstile, the subway. Anyway, the homeless lack plenty of items dearer than a seat—a roof, a job, a dinner, a family. The ugliness is in the gesture. It would be nice to think that the reason poor people wander the streets is that we've yet to figure out just how to help them. But it isn't like that really. What the spikes say is: Don't wander the streets, or, at least, don't sit yourself down, in my neighborhood, where I shop; go somewhere else.



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Pre-Centennial

SOME three hundred trustees, supporters, friends, and alumni of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts made their way through a downpour the other evening to attend a dinner dance at the Red Parrot, on West Fifty-seventh Street, marking the opening of the Academy's hundredth year as the oldest training school for actors in the English-speaking world. The Academy's importance is beyond dispute: its roster of former students includes Cecil B. De Mille, Edward G. Robinson, Spencer Tracy, Rosalind Russell, Pat O'Brien, William Powell, Howard Lindsay, Garson Kanin, Ruth Gordon, Agnes Moorehead, Betty Field, Jason Robards, Thelma Ritter, Joseph Schildkraut, Jennifer Jones, Kirk Douglas, Colleen Dewhurst, Lauren Bacall, Grace Kelly, John Cassavetes, Anne Bancroft, and Robert Redford, to name a few; and over the years its alumni have won nominations for eighty Oscars, fifty-three Tonys, and ninety-three Emmys. As people entered the club and headed for one of two bars or for tables near the dance floor, we spoke with George Cuttingham, a good-looking man in a blue suit, who is the Academy's president and director.

"Tonight's event is really a sort of pre-centennial," Mr. Cuttingham explained. "The Academy was founded on October 3, 1884, so we'll have our *real* centennial opening event on October 3rd of this year—at the school, a fine old Stanford White building on Madison Avenue. We also have a West Coast branch, in Pasadena, which opened ten years ago. The Academy's founder was a former member of the Harvard faculty named Franklin Haven Sargent, and in those days the very thought of training actors in an academic setting was front-page news. In fact, the only such schools in the world before ours were the Paris Conservatoire and the Lunacharsky State Institute of Theatre Art, in Moscow. What the Academy sought to do from the outset was to duplicate what people got through learning by doing—joining a stock company and carrying a spear, and so forth—and to do it in a two-year program under controlled, conservatory conditions. I didn't study at the Academy myself, as it happens. I studied with Sanford Meisner, at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and I worked for many years as an actor, director, and teacher before joining the Academy's faculty, in 1963."

Mr. Cuttingham hurried off to confer with some colleagues. Familiar faces were appearing in the doorway, each one causing a flurry of excitement. One familiar face was that of Conrad Bain, who stars in the television series "Diff'rent Strokes." He looked sporty in a black blazer and white trousers, and after greeting some acquaintances he sat down with us on a long black banquette and told us that he had studied at the Academy from 1946 through 1948.

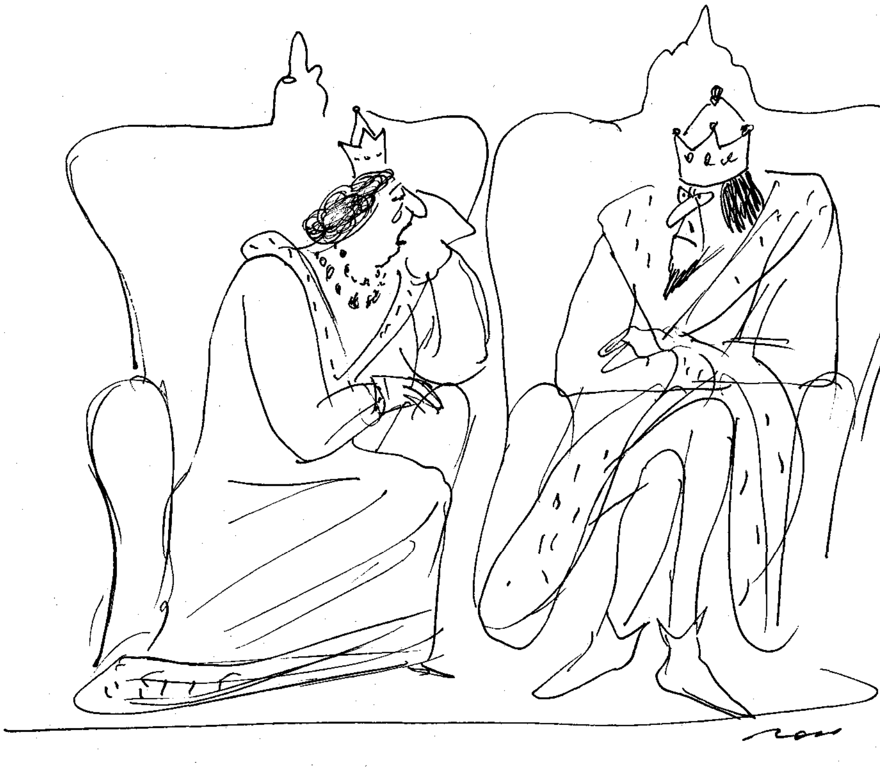
"When I was there, the director of training was the redoubtable Charles Jehlinger, who assumed that post in 1900 and kept it until his death, in 1952," Mr. Bain said. "Most people have never heard of Jehlinger, but he spent his entire life thinking creatively about acting, and amassing a set of principles about it. He was eighty-one when I met him, and he was a *very* strange, tiny man, who lived like a monk and seemed to have no personality or ego. I mean he seemed to want us to know nothing about his personality and everything about his ideas. He never acted for us—that wasn't part of his approach. His approach was to lead us to find our own way. And he was merciless in his insistence on honesty and integrity. Trickery was out. Moreover, the evolution of Jehlinger's concepts preceded by decades any knowledge in the theatrical community here about Stanislavsky or any of that. Yet Jehlinger's approach—I'm avoiding the word 'method'—was actually very similar to Stanislavsky's. I think it's very important that what Jehlinger spent so many years coming to, and imparting to others, should not be lost."

Mr. Bain excused himself to join some friends. More familiar faces appeared, and there were more flurries of excitement. We did some table-hopping, and soon we stopped at a table where Lillian Gish was sitting. Miss Gish, who is an honorary trustee of the Academy, was wearing a black dress, a red jacket, and pearls, and she looked radiant.

"I never had any acting lessons, you know," Miss Gish told us. "I don't think you *can* teach people to act. You can teach them about their body, though, and about their voice—that you must learn. You must learn to speak from your diaphragm to your mouth, so that if you get laryngitis or a cold you don't miss a performance. I never missed a performance in the theatre but one time. My sister Dorothy was to have an operation. Mother wasn't well enough, and I had to be there. I was in a play called 'Dear Octopus,' and I missed the Saturday matinée and evening, and that was the *only* time. Lucile Watson was in the play, too, and she saved my life. She just said, 'Don't worry about a thing, Lillian. We'll handle everything.' And they did."

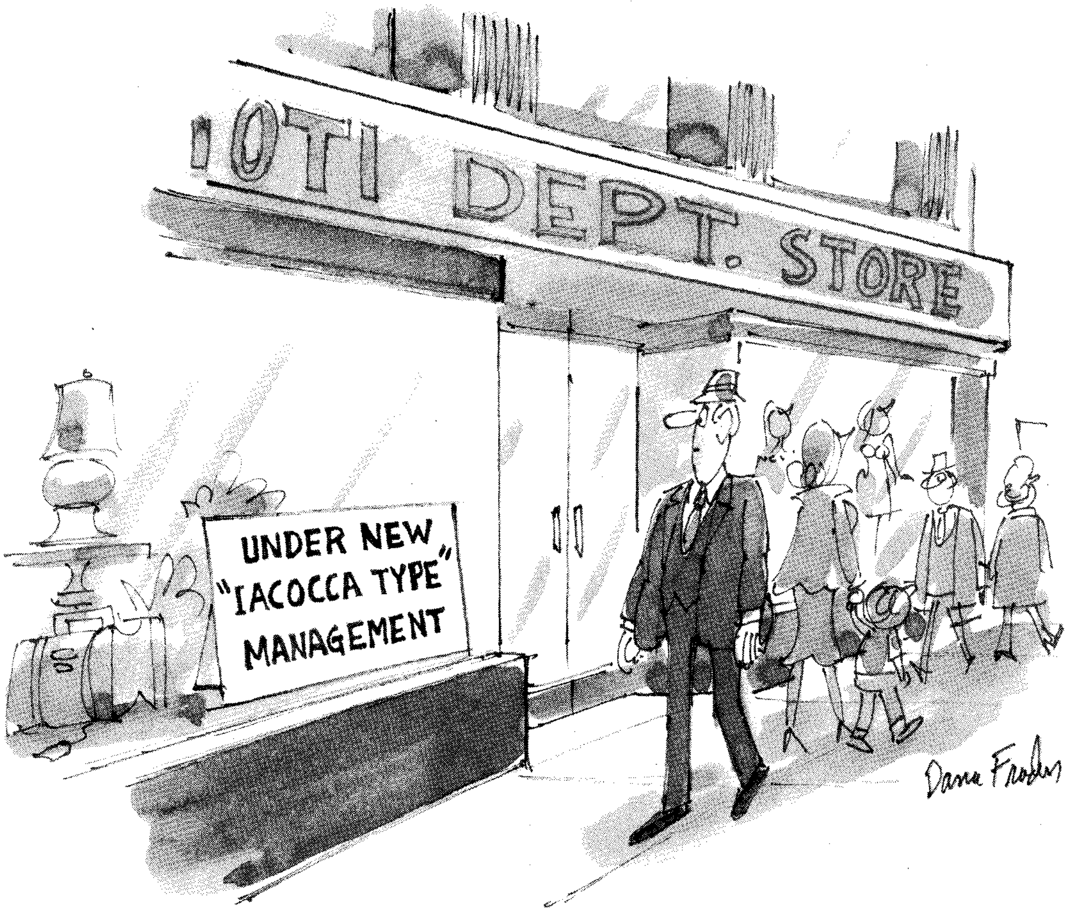
Before long, Jessica Tandy (who looked stunning in a ruffled white blouse and a black skirt) and Hume Cronyn (who looked snappy in a double-breasted gray suit) came through the door. As George Cuttingham greeted them, Mr. Cronyn said, "All I've been doing on the way over is humming—" He began to sing, "You made me what I am today. I hope you're satisfied!"

Both men laughed. A photographer asked Miss Tandy to pose, and while flash guns went off, Mr. Cronyn, who



"You never call me Queenie anymore."

is also an honorary trustee of the Academy, joined us on one of the banquettes.


OTI DEPT. STORE
UNDER NEW "IACOCCA TYPE" MANAGEMENT

He lit a pipe and said, "At the time that I went to the Academy—1933 and 1934—I was very fortunate in having parents who thought that I was mad. They said, 'Well, if you're *determined* to be an actor, you can do it in the right way and go to a good school and *learn* something about it.' My choice was between the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, and the American Academy, and I chose the A.A.D.A. There were some rather wonderful teachers there in my time—people like Charles Jehlinger and Philip Loeb and Arthur Hughes. I learned a tremendous amount. I can always tell an Academy-trained actor, incidentally—or, at least, someone who's been properly schooled. You can tell those things, just as you can tell if a dancer has had training. Well, at the end of my first year I decided to quit. I had grown tired of all the physical exercises, the singing and dancing, the endless repetition of—you know—'bee, bah, boh, bum.' I wanted to *act*. But they talked me into staying for my second year, and I'll be eternally grateful. They said, 'Mr. Cronyn, if you get on in this profession it will be in *spite* of the Academy, not *because* of it. We can't turn you into an actor, but don't turn your back on what we have to offer.' What they meant, of course, was that you've got to learn to walk before you try to run."

Giant Crabs

INSIDE any building of the Aquarium, on Coney Island, there is an echo like that in a swimming pool. This is right and proper, since practically every compartment in the exhibition halls except the ones designed for human beings *is* a kind of swimming pool. As we walked past a large pool holding the very large beluga whales, we looked around for the giant crabs, about which Aquarium officials had sent us literature, and found them in a cove labelled "Creatures of the Deep." Talk about large! We stood fascinated before two tanks in which lurked the giant crabs. One must use the verb "lurk," because crabs look sulky and withdrawn even when they are out in the open. Surrounded though we were by a swarm of schoolchildren making the cries characteristic of their species ("Oooh, boy!" and "Hey, Johnny, looka this!" and "Wow!")—punctuated by teachers' voices uttering *their* characteristic calls, of "Now, Miguel, don't touch" and "Penny, stop leaning on that glass!"—we were able to concentrate on a sign that, in a suave, scientific style, informed us of certain facts: "The giant spider crab (*Macrocheira kaempferi*) of Japan is the largest living crab in the world. Adult specimens can have a leg span of up to eleven feet. The giant spider crabs at the New York Aquarium are about four feet across and will grow to full size in five to seven years. They are native to the waters off the Japanese Pacific coast and can be found in depths of over a thousand feet." The sign added that these crabs were a gift from the Himeji Aquarium, in Japan.

Turning to a sign on the other tank, we read, "Another of the world's largest crustaceans (crabs, lobsters, shrimp, and barnacles), these Alaskan king crabs have an over-all spread of four to five feet and weigh up to fifteen pounds. The king crab is native to the cold offshore waters of western Alaska."

The Japanese crabs' shells, we read further, are white and salmon-colored, whereas the Alaskan king crabs' shells are mottled white and orange-yellow when the crabs are young and turn a pale lavender as they become adult. We couldn't really tell about the crabs' color: in the low light, they just looked rough, like hardened lava. They looked prehistoric, too. We gawked at the crabs for a long time, until the children went away, and then we went in search of the associate director, Mr. Louis Garibaldi, in his office upstairs, where there was less of an echo.

Mr. Garibaldi, a genial, black-haired man, spoke fondly of the giants. "Like most crabs, these live on scraps of carrion, worms, starfish—though the king crab probably won't eat starfish unless it's very hungry," he said. "In Japan, the spider crab's nickname is dead man's crab, for obvious reasons, but, failing human corpses, they eat what the king crab does. With those long legs, they're probably among the first guys to get there. They're surprisingly agile and strong. Very alert, too. In the morning, as soon as we walk by the tank they jump to the alert and spring, ready to grab whatever comes along."

We asked something that had been puzzling us: Where are the crabs' eyes? They had been impossible to locate in the exhibition animals.

Mr. Garibaldi explained, "They're where the crabs can protect them. On the spider crab, at the top of the head where it comes to a point—did you notice? The eyes are on either side, but because they're the same color as the rest of the animal they aren't easy to make out. Also, the crab can pull them back inside when they're threatened, and that makes them even harder to see. Those hanging appendages in front, much shorter than the legs, are for eating. The crabs use them to carry food to their mouths. And the mouths—yes, I know they don't look like mouths—are made of various parts. Crabs don't have external jaws, like fish. The eating members just shove the food in, and it goes into the chest area, where sets of grinders tear it up and pass it along. Crustaceans have really come on as a popular food item in the last twenty years or so. Shrimp and crabs have always had some local popularity, but on a worldwide basis the demand for shrimp and crab and lobster has mushroomed wherever the fishing industry can supply them. Alaskan king crab has been overfished to a certain extent, and conservation methods are being employed to reëstablish the stocks, so that we can salvage them if necessary. The adult giant spider crab is not considered good eating—the meat is rumored to be coarse and tough—but smaller crabs, of a size such as those in our display, are apparently quite tasty. What concerns the Japanese is that it's only the smaller ones that are caught, because they occur in relatively shallow waters—the Japanese feel they may be depleting the stocks if they catch them in large numbers, because they don't really know how to restock the animals in shallow water. Crustaceans don't have a swim bladder or any other gas organ, so they aren't in danger from that, as fish are, when they move between shallow and deep water—relative pressure is not critical. Temperature is probably the most critical factor. As long as crabs stay in the right temperature bracket—cold, but not as cold as you would expect—they ought to be all right. Most of the waters around the Japanese islands are relatively warm, because they're fed by currents that come from the south; and the waters of the southern islands, like Okinawa, are tropical—they have tropical fish. So even though the crabs come from deep water their temperature range is in the high fifties. One of the things we're very happy about is that though these crabs have a bad reputation for not adjusting well to captivity and not eating, and during the first couple of weeks ours didn't show any interest in food, in the last week or so they've been eating quite well. They've been here about a month."

Reverting to cuisine, Mr. Garibaldi told us that large crustaceans are not necessarily, as many people suppose, bad eating because they are tough. They aren't tough, but cooks believe that big automatically means tough, and so tend to overcook them. "That's true of all shellfish—shrimp and crab and everything," he said. "They need just the lightest cooking. Don't ever overcook them."

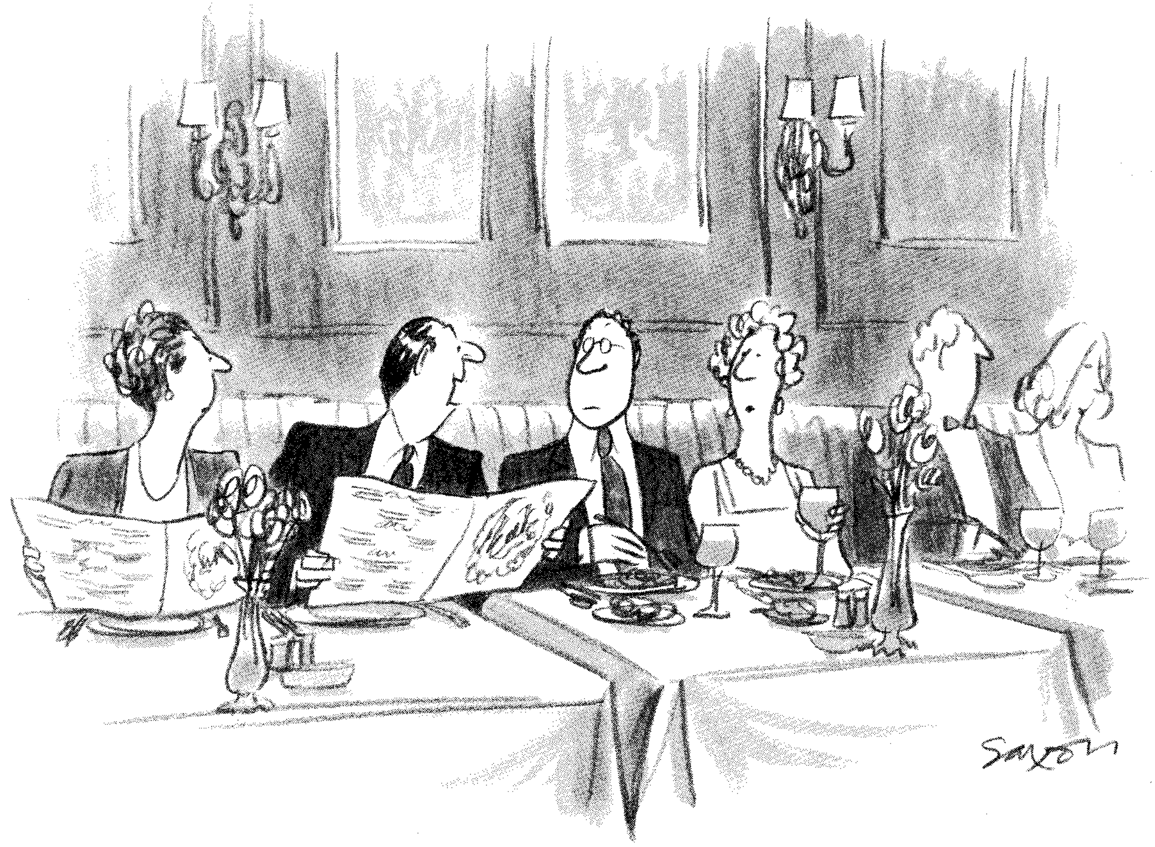
We promised.

Sketches

VILLAINS, at least in popular literature, never win, but except for that they have it all over heroes, who are repellent in their predictability, annoyingly handsome, and just not the kind of guys who would desert their college basketball teams to ink lucrative pro pacts. Some of our favorite new villains can be found in "Zot!," a brand-new comic-book series, drawn and written by Scott McCloud—at twenty-four, he's one of the youngest comic-book artists around—and distributed nationwide by Eclipse Comics, of Staten Island. "Zot!" takes place on an alternative earth, Mr. McCloud told us one day last week, after we'd ridden the streamlined commuter train out to his studio, in Tarrytown. "That earth is a compendium of all the futures predicted in *our* past," he said. "It's all the earths our earth might have been—Jules Verne's future, Flash Gordon's future." The villains, then, much like life-insurance commercials, play on a whole range of half-suppressed but still nagging fears. There's Dr. Ignatius Bellows: "He's the Industrial Revolution come to life, the future as it was foretold at the turn of the century. He's all organ pipes and clanking machinery and black smoke. Mainly, though, he's comic relief." And there's Zybox: "He's the state-of-the-art future, the media and microcircuitry future. He's about our fear that machines may take over our lives."

Best of all, there is Dekko. Our office window looks out on the Chrysler Building, and often we have stared at its shape; it is a mark of our singular unfitness for the comic-book trade that the possibility it might come to life—twisted life, at that—never occurred to us. "Arthur Dekker was an artist who contracted a disease that gradually eroded his body, starting at his hands," Mr. McCloud explained. "At the time, bionics had just come into practice, and his hands were replaced by machines. But the disease had not been stopped, and he had to be replaced, piece by piece, until there was nothing left of him but his mind. The important thing is what happened to his art along the way—it became more and more mechanical, less concerned with human ideas, less sentimental. As his art changed, he started getting considerable critical acclaim. And also, somewhere down the line, he went completely bonkers—there's that telling tip to his head, and his pinwheel eyes. By this point, he was designing his own new parts, and for his head he commissioned the Chrysler Building. You've got to remember—nowadays Art Deco looks quaint, but once it was the wave of the future. It told of a great, streamlined, aerodynamic world to come."

Reaching briefly into his own past, Mr. McCloud told us he'd been planning a career in comics since tenth grade. "Before then, I was too old for comics," he said. "I was above comic books in ninth grade. I read science fiction. But then a friend showed me a few of the more bizarre comics that Marvel was publishing at the time, and I was finally convinced they didn't have to be bad to be comics. The basic misconception most people share is that comics are a genre. They're not—they're a *medium*. When people say 'comic books,' they mean either Donald Duck or superheroes. But comic books can encompass anything; it's a form of literature—sequential literature.” Mr. McCloud’s book does feature a hero (named Zot), who is virtuously looking for the Golden Key that unlocks the door at the edge of the universe. Hail fellow well met, very blond, rides a jet car with Coupe de Ville tail fins, and seems almost certain to get both the key and the girl in an upcoming issue. Still, we’d trade six of him for Dekko, who, incidentally, wants the key because he thinks that behind the door at the edge of the universe there is some primal technological force that, once unleashed, will wipe out all organic life—and this *pleases* him. “When I say Zot is the hero, I mean that’s his *job*,” Mr. McCloud told us. “Like you’d introduce someone by saying ‘Here’s George, the plumber.’ Well, this is Zot, the hero.”



“Say, fella, how’s your French?”

◆

“I PERSONALLY challenge any studio artist to come out here and do what I do for *one weekend*,” Annette Lombard was saying, in rather a loud voice. What Annette Lombard does—what she was doing even as she spoke—is sketch charcoal portraits of people who sit about three feet away from her easel at the corner of Sixth Avenue and West Fourth Street. It takes twenty minutes (sometimes thirty) and costs the sitter twenty dollars, and Miss Lombard has been doing it for twenty-six years, or longer than any of seven or eight other artists who share the block. “I’m not saying some artists couldn’t outdraw me for one portrait. But day after day—the *consistency*. You work under every adverse condition imaginable. Behind your back, someone may be making faces at your customer. Or your customer may be staring at someone walking by with green hair. And fights start—easels have got knocked over. Dogs walk through your stuff. Yesterday, I was halfway through a portrait and I saw it getting darker and I said, ‘It’s going to pour.’ So I sent my customers off to the restaurant over there, and I got my stuff inside, and when the rain passed we resumed, though there was still a lot of water dripping from the trees. And then, after all this, you’ll finish a picture and someone will ask, ‘Are you a *real* artist?’ ”

Miss Lombard, who often wears a beret, told us that, and she told us about the years of bureaucratic infighting she has gone through to keep the sidewalk open to artists (about the time she had to spend the night in jail and the time she almost had to spend the night in jail, and about the war with the peddlers, and about the principle of the best spots on the block going to the artists with seniority, and about the summer when she hung a copy of the United States Constitution from her easel), and all the while she kept sketching her customer, a young woman with good cheeks. Miss Lombard uses only charcoal, a light pastel for highlights, an eraser, and a Scott paper towel. “It has to be Scott,” she told us. “None of the others work.” The picture, when she finished, looked remarkably like the subject—prettier, if anything. “I’m an artist, not a camera. I’ll fix anything that needs anything,” she told her next customer, who was fussing with her hair. “A boring face is very rare in New York,” Miss Lombard said. “But I used to travel the county-fair circuit, out across the Midwest, and everyone there really did look the same—blond hair, blue eyes. *That* was work.”

It was clear just from the few hours we chatted with her that Miss Lombard is the sort of woman who is perfectly capable of getting into a fistfight with a female peddler (“I can’t say I beat the crap out of her. It was more like a draw”) and of making friends with the same peddler soon afterward. While she told us stories, she chain-smoked, worked the sidewalk crowd for business, and, every so often, yelled at the old man selling birdcalls on the corner to go stand on some other corner already. “It’s like being a junkie, coming out here,” she told us. “I’ve seen the greasiest, sorriest fellows—guys even their own families don’t like—and they give me some respect because I’m an artist. Kids come by just to watch—eight- and nine-year-olds, five-year-olds. They think this is the epitome of success for an artist. Actually, it’s the lowest rung of success. But I’m their first touch. They ask all sorts of questions, or they just stand there watching. It’s the first smell of a rose.”

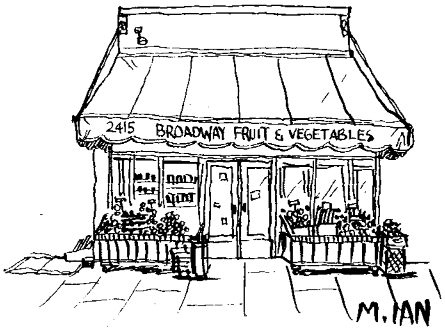
THE NEW AGE

HOROWITZ, in charge of purchasing for his company (a small but prosperous manufacturer of electronic toys), has been entrusted with the job of buying a new copier. The old machine, which looked unsurpassably bright and modern when he first came to work, four years ago, is not only banged up but severely outdated. This is something like the way Horowitz—ten years out of college, divorced, nostalgic—feels about himself. At thirty-two, he is not exactly a relic, yet slowly, glacially, his widow's peak is creeping back toward his pate (he now combs the side hair over, the very thing he used to make fun of his father for doing), and the firmness and elasticity of body and spirit that the day before yesterday seemed a given, a birthright, have begun to yield to something else. Not outright ruin, of course, but a kind of slow softening. Nothing seems quite so urgent anymore, and the weeks from paycheck to paycheck melt into each other, just as his belly has begun to melt forward, its once taut boundary with the outer world starting to blur.

The copiers in the shiny brochures that flood across his desk resemble spaceships, built to go someplace Horowitz will never see. It's the same way with the cars in the parking lot at his office complex. Horowitz still drives the green M.G. he bought the year after he left school—a purchase both hopeful and debonair, meant to propel him into the world in style. The car is not quite in disrepair (he's replaced everything in it at least twice), but, like a caricature of Horowitz himself, it seems to be moving slowly and inevitably toward obsolescence. The M.G., built just before the oil embargo, roars and belches like an old lion now, and lately has begun to gulp both gas and oil. But Horowitz can't bring himself to buy one of those new rodent machines, with their tiny, high-pitched engines that click and whine, and sip instead of gulp. Just as he can't bring himself to replace his almost perfectly good stereo simply because, next to these new compact jobs with matte-black finish and pulsing sine-wave displays and LED digital readouts all over the front, it looks like a cathedral-model Philco. Just as he can't, somehow, come to grips with this task of replacing the company copier. The face of the new age is familiar—there is no avoiding it—yet at the same time forbidding and slightly alien; Horowitz sometimes feels he is in one of those science-fiction movies where people's eyes turn to cats' eyes. Still, the slick brochures keep pouring across his desk, the old copier keeps breaking down. The people in Horowitz's office mutter at him. The copier repairman, Steve (he looks seventeen, wears a tiny gold earring, and insists on calling Horowitz "Mr. H.")—even Steve seems to be nudging Horowitz toward the present. Lately, he keeps saying, "Time to upgrade, Mr. H."

So it is that one morning—it's March, and the flat white light outside seems a light of stark self-assessment—Horowitz throws up his hands and calls all the numbers on all the cards attached to all the brochures on his desk. And so it is that, seemingly within minutes, the salesmen begin to call back. Only these salesmen aren't men at all—every last one is a woman.

AS they start to filter in for their appointments, Horowitz observes these women with some fascination. They are all roughly five to ten years younger than he; they are forthright and bold and clean, invariably short-haired, expertly unflirtatious yet somehow not entirely unsexual in their severe navy or charcoal dress suits, their white silk blouses, each with a touching white bow at the neck. Horowitz, in his old corduroy jacket and desert boots, his unruly hair emigrating from his forehead and protruding in distinctly un-eighties wisps over his ears, stares at these specimens in amazement. He thinks briefly of the young women of his generation—a bar of Joni Mitchell plays in his head—and suddenly he feels he has dropped through some kind of time warp. These young women of the present speak passionately of reduction modes, sorter bins, automatic feeders, electronic displays, user-friendliness, service-response time—all the while engaging Horowitz in a direct eye contact that has no ulterior meaning whatever. Or does it?



As his eyes weary from looking back, his cheek muscles weary from smiling, his neck muscles weary from nodding (these sales calls seem to demand an atmosphere of constant, almost religious agreement)—as his mind wanders away from the relentless flow of data—Horowitz, almost by way of defense, begins to have sexual fantasies about the young saleswomen. They are guilty thoughts, too, for Horowitz is an old-fashioned liberal of the first water, his mind full of interlocking, if not always precisely jibing, principles. Don't these women (he thinks) have the right to be seen in other than a sexual context? Hasn't history taught us this, or at least lectured us on it? He feels shameful, boorish, retrograde. But then keeping his mind on the business at hand has never been his strong suit. Otherwise, doubtless, he would be making more money today.

In his mind's eye, these enthusiastic, authoritative, direct young women cavort and disport, wearing nothing but their mysterious rings (wedding? engagement? pre-engagement? or merely off-putting?) and—kinky touch!—those bows, while he, Horowitz, watches, his eyes moist and wistful. Watches? Hasn't he been asked to participate? He squints back into his fantasy. No, he is watching. Perhaps his error was—as it has often been before—in waiting for an invitation. But before the fantasy has a chance to play itself out he finds himself standing and shaking the firm, dry hand of the all too real young woman before him (she has dandruff on her shoulder—he has the urge to reach out and brush it off), hearing himself promise to call her soon (this is somehow more for his own benefit—to alleviate his guilt at having cast her in his scenario—than for hers). Horowitz escorts her out of the conference room, all business; but then, inevitably, as she opens the door for herself he catches himself glancing at her blue-suited behind. To punish himself, he spends the rest of the morning doing invoices.

LATER on in the month, Horowitz creates a cost-analysis chart for the seven machines he has considered. He works directly on a borrowed video terminal. It is after five, and the rest of the office has gone home. He likes this time of day: the silence, the slight loneliness are reminiscent of staying late at school. The orderly dance of the black electronic letters and figures on the amber screen pleases him in some deep way—not unlike the way cartoons on TV used to please him when he was growing up, back in the prehistoric fifties. Back before any of the young saleswomen were born, he thinks, with a half-satisfied, half-rueful smile. The equinox has come, and now at the end of the work day there is an extra dollop of light. Horowitz sits cozily in this light, which mixes pleasantly with the wash of the fluorescent tubes overhead and the orange glow of the screen. The tinted thermal glass of Horowitz's office looks out over the office-complex pond and a little stand of woods. Once, in the middle of winter, a large buck came crashing out through the trees and ran for all he was worth across the parking lot, among the Rabbits, while Horowitz looked on, openmouthed. Now, however, the scene outside the window is quiet: the blue-white mercury lights have just flickered on in the almost empty parking lot; the horizon is the same color as his terminal screen. On the chart on the screen, the names of the seven different copiers he is considering are in vertical array down the left axis; across, from left to right, are their various features and costs. Horowitz is proud of this chart. It makes him feel he has come to terms with technology. In his imagination, though, there is an alternative chart: vertically along the left side are the names of the saleswomen who have come to see him, while across, from left to right, are their various characteristics: Eyes (Color, Affect), Hair, Size of Hands, Rings, Fragrance, Other.

Horowitz sighs as he comes back, unavoidably, to reality. The data are all there on the screen, and the decision, though close, is clear. The machine he must choose, by all that is logical, goes with the homeliest, the briskest saleswoman of all. Naturally. Horowitz remembers her well: she was also the most assured of all, and for good reason. She seemed not a suppliant but a teacher. Raising one imperious eyebrow, she spoke to him as though he were in the third grade. Her hands were frighteningly large.

The phone rings.

Horowitz jumps. He hears this same phone ring constantly all day, but now, at twenty to six, it has the force of something in a dream—isolated, overportentous. Surely, at this time of day, a wrong number. He listens to the ring again, calming down, then picks up the receiver.

"Mr. Horowitz?" a female voice says.

"Yes?"

"This is Lynn, from Akawa?"

Horowitz's heart catches. He remembers: large, sad eyes; mole on the upper lip; clipped, boyish hair; small hands, with tiny nails; no rings; faint smell of Lifebuoy. The machine she was pushing was sufficiently futuristic, but lacked a power-saver switch—a feature several of the others touted as crucial. Something in her requisite spiel stare seemed aware of this, also seemed not entirely comfortable with what she was saying. Horowitz suddenly remembers that her nails were bitten. Or has he made this up?

"You're working late," she says.

"So are you," says Horowitz.

"Actually, I was wondering if you've come to any sort of decision?" she says, in a brisk yet strangely vulnerable voice.

"I may have, yes," he says, a little shocked at himself—he sounds coquettish.

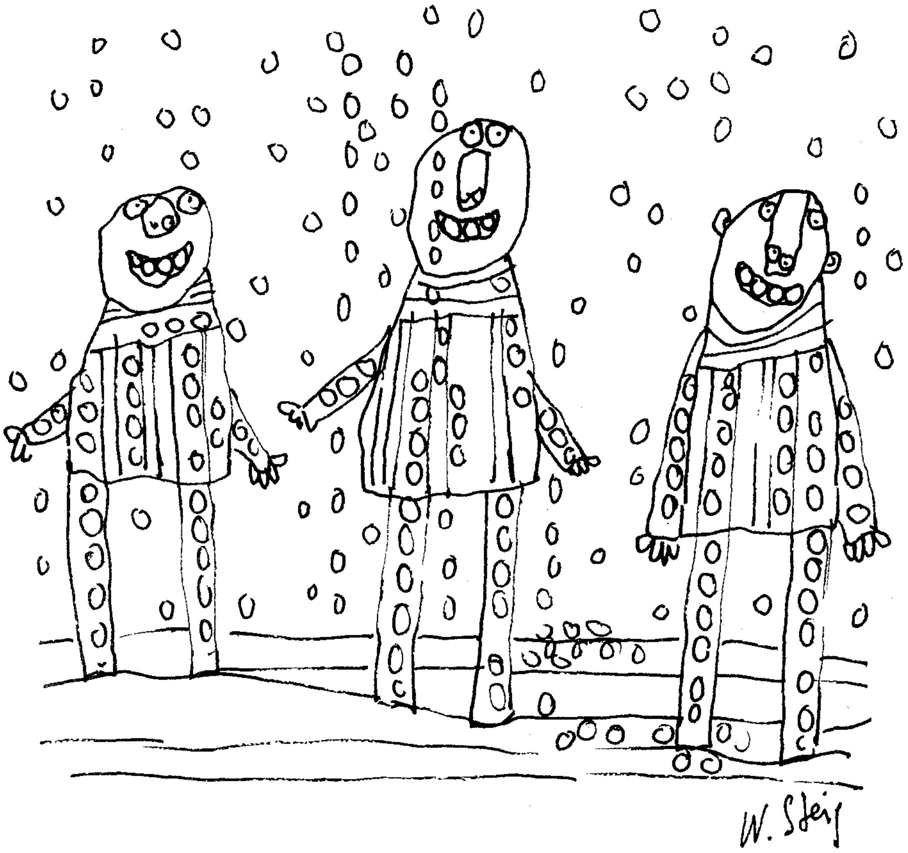
"I hope it's a good decision," she says, not businesslike at all but really hopeful.

And in that moment Horowitz is lost, gone, finished. Yes, yes, he tells her—a very good decision indeed.

SMILING slightly, Horowitz emerges into the gigantic outdoors. His car is the last one in the parking lot. He inhales deeply. With winter going or gone, an entire new dimension has been added to the universe: the air itself has a rich resonance it didn't have a month ago, as if the sky were a huge bell. Around the marshy edge of the pond, back near the woods, peepers are peeping. The sunset sky is streaked wildly—melodramatically, Horowitz thinks, with a sudden twinge of guilt at his own dramatic gesture. He smiles again. The subject of a power-saver switch will never even come up. For once, he hasn't waited for an invitation. He has seen the future, and invited it right in.

He stops and stares. In the brown half-light at the edge of the woods, a herd of deer are feeding.

—JAMES KAPLAN



Pennies from Heaven

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A river intersects a vast coconut grove, where bungalows built on stilts and swaying palms induce a state of relaxation and harmony.—*Club Med brochure.*

Not in us, they don't.

SILVERFISH

ON Saturday morning, Claudia Parks came out of sleep in a state of optimism. She woke as though she had been out running; her body was loose and warm, and she was carried along into the day on a surge of animation. Her turn of mind so early on had the frail and opalescent quality of the crescent moon that hung late in the first light. Before she went down to fix breakfast, she brushed her hair until it was full of static electricity and stood out around her head like a cloud. She drew her eyes all the way around with dark pencil, which she then artfully smudged, and she exaggerated the pale wedge of her face by blending a little pink color beneath her cheekbones, so that they bore the strength of her looks in a wide, gleaming winglike span above her fox-pointed chin. But then she left off and wandered into the kitchen, where in the fluorescent light the triangle of her face was shadowed into a pinched and haggard look by her uncolored mouth and darkened eyes, which seemed huge and hollow-socketed beneath her indistinct, unpencilled brows. Claudia had on a scarlet robe that billowed and undulated around her ankles with each step. Her movements as she broke eggs into a blue bowl and took dishes from the shelves were as red and startling as the sudden flight of a male cardinal through the trees. But the robe was three years old, and it was by the force of her own complicated vision that she didn't notice that the elbows were worn thin as gauze. Strewn down the front were tiny scattered holes where ashes from her cigarettes had flown and caught as she swung her arm in an expansive gesture.

Her eleven-year-old daughter, Jane, sat at the table and paid sullen attention while her mother fixed breakfast, lit a cigarette, and talked to her. Claudia stood at the counter staring out the window as she waited for the toast to pop up, and she put her cigarette on the windowsill as she poured out orange juice. She forgot it there, and later in the day she would be surprised to find the dark burn it had left on the white paint.

"I don't know if I should do it or not," she said to Jane, about a class she was thinking of taking. "They don't teach it here. I'd have to commute to the city, and I don't have any sense of direction. And in the winter . . ." Claudia talked and chatted while she moved dreamlike around the room, stepping over the dog, Nellie, without seeing her, reaching automatically for the things she needed with just a lazy uncurling of her sleepy muscles. It was dazzling to her, the things that were possible. She gave Jane some toast and juice and settled at the table across from her, but then she elbowed her own plate slightly to one side and lit another cigarette, idly breaking her toast into pieces with her other hand. "And this is the last pack, Jane. I swear it! It really is," she said, waving the cigarette.

Jane was looking out the window, and her nod of acknowledgment was so peremptory, so casual, that Claudia slowly took in the presence of her daughter with a tinge of resentment. It was the first bruise on what she had chosen to see as the perfect apple of her day. Claudia looked out the window, too, and was agitated all at once by the things in this day that she meant to get done. She was disturbed by the idea of order and efficiency that always eluded her at the last minute. She almost got things right. She just missed by a hair.

"Jane, you've got to get your clothes together to sleep over at Diana's tonight." This was a command, but in her sudden uneasiness Claudia's voice was faintly tentative. She was offering a small bit of instruction, a slight complaint. These days, she constantly had to remind Jane of her social obligations, but recently, all at once, Jane's face had elongated and become narrow and stern, so that compelling her to do this thing or that was a risky business.

"I might not be going," Jane said.

"Well, Jane. Please remember to tell me these things. Would that be too much trouble?" Her tone was light with injury. "I thought it was all planned. I thought you were going over this morning and staying overnight."

"I'm not sure I want to go, though," Jane said. When she was away from her house her courage failed her. She came home at ten, or even at midnight, with stomach pains or a bad cough or a terrible headache.

Claudia sipped her coffee. "I don't want you to hurt Diana's feelings," she said, but her wishes dispersed into the warm, scented kitchen air.

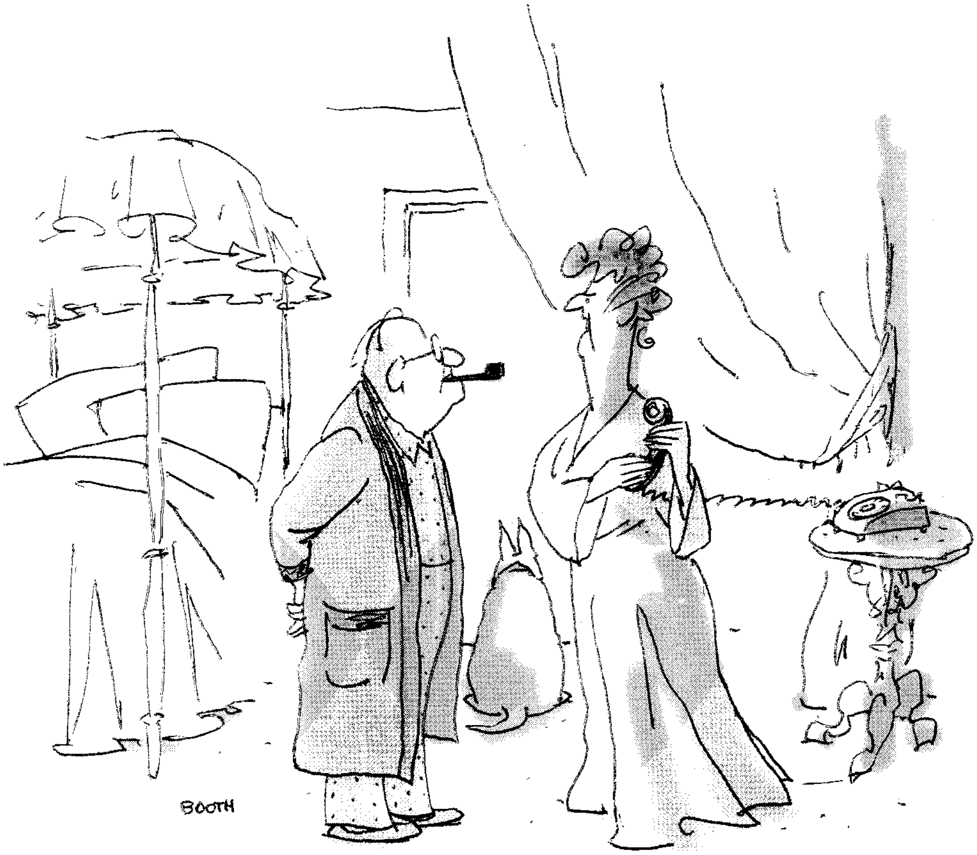
Nathaniel's
RECORDS
KOREN

"New specs?"

Jane finished her toast but still sat at the table, moving her juice glass in tight circles, which blurred the ring of condensation beneath. "Did Dad come home?" she asked.

Claudia nodded and made a dismissive gesture with her hand, but in spite of herself a sudden weight of accountability plummeted through her in that instant, making her lethargic, her arms and legs heavy with despair. Thirty-two years, and the responsibility for them. Claudia had never thought that life would demand any effort on her part; she had assumed it had its own momentum. She had never even thought she would be thirty-two. The whole business had taken her by surprise. "He's still asleep," she said to Jane.

That's where she had meant to leave Avery for the moment—stuporously asleep in their bed—and she was irritated at Jane, because here he was now, in the forefront of her mind. She wasn't pleased to disturb herself this morning.



"You have neglected to pay your bill, and Mr. Nauman, of American Express, is livid."

CLAUDIA and Avery had gone to a party the night before, and now she didn't want to think about that, either. At the party, Maggie Tunbridge had been explaining how disappointed she was after meeting a writer whose books she had admired. "It's ruined his writing for me. He's a whiner," she said, drawing one foot up on the couch and clasping her arms around her knee. It was late, and only eight or nine people were still ranged around the room, in various stages of party fatigue. "He's insinuating, in a sneaky way," Maggie went on. "He's really trying too hard to convince you how humble and amusing he is."

"You were not impressed," said Maggie's husband, Vince, who was sitting in a chair across from her.

It was only a statement, but Avery waved his hand impatiently. "Oh, Maggie," he said. "You were impressed. I know you. I know you were impressed. Think of what that man has *achieved!*" There was a nasty note to Avery's voice, a challenge in his tone, and the whole group turned to him, surprised. He had said very little for some time.

This was a group of people—the ones who remained in the large living room—of some note. They all had a little fame one way or another, or, like Claudia, were married to a person of some limited renown. But they were not necessarily fond of each other; they tended to congregate simply because they had that much in common, and they were all there was.

Vince watched Avery for a moment. "Well, all right, Avery. What about you? Who would impress you? Living or dead." Avery's face lost its sardonic expression and became momentarily reflective, so Vince pressed on. "Any single person. Who would you like to meet? And why? Why would you like to meet whomever you'd like to meet?"

Avery took some time thinking about this. "I would be . . ." He spoke slowly and raised one hand to emphasize his words. "I believe I would be impressed by Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln." There was a small collective sigh of disappointment. Avery raised his hand a little higher, to retain their attention, but he kept gazing morosely ahead. "No," he said. "No. I mean it. The language. He had the language. . . . He could write. But his terrible melancholy . . ."

Vince turned away from him. "O.K. Maggie? We're stuck with Early American. Who would you want to meet?"

Maggie finally came up with Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Vince chose Stephen A. Douglas. Then he turned to Claudia.

"Oh, I'll pass," she said. "This isn't my kind of game."

Avery sat up straight and leaned toward her in irritation. All at once he was disconcertingly alert. "You can't think of *anyone?*" he asked much too loudly. "Not a single human being who ever lived?" He made a great show of incredulity.

"I don't want to play this game," Claudia said very mildly.

"O.K. O.K. What about Aaron Burr? Aaron Burr. Now, he would interest you. Wouldn't he? You really would like to meet Aaron Burr, wouldn't you?"

Avery was becoming increasingly unpleasant, but Claudia looked across at him with no expression or response at all.

"Oh, come on. Make Avery happy, Claudia," said Vince. "You can come up with someone."

At the same moment, Avery rose

with difficulty from the deep wing chair in which he had been sitting. He waved an arm to quiet Vince. "No, no, no, Vince," Avery said. "No, there is nobody—nobody at all who could ever possibly impress my wife. Not a single, solitary person who ever existed. And it's because what she really is— What Claudia really is is a nihilist. A real one. The real thing." He drank down more of his drink. "And ultimately—*ultimately*, that's just boring. Tedious! It's tedious!"

No one said anything. No one had realized just how drunk Avery had become. Claudia was calm but irritated. "For God's sake, Avery, don't be such a fool," she said. "I'd never describe myself as a nihilist."

"But it's exactly what you are! God damn it, that's what you are!"

The whole group tried to pretend that there was no menace in Avery's voice, but Claudia was not in the least intimidated. Instead, she was unwisely cross. She disliked being spoken for and having herself categorized in this fashion. "For Christ's sake, Avery! Will you drop it? I certainly don't believe in nothing," Claudia said. She paused for a moment, and then she smiled slightly. "It's just that there's nothing much that I believe in." And the whole gathering broke into mild and relieved laughter.

Avery was still standing above them all, and he looked around the room. "What you don't understand . . ." Then he stopped, resting the hand of his uplifted arm on the top of his head. He looked angular and puzzled, as if he had forgotten what it was that he did understand. But everyone remained attentive, and he continued. "What *you* don't know, and *you* don't know, and *you* don't know," he said, turning in a slow arc and lowering his raised arm at one person and then another, "what no one seems to see, is that what Claudia thinks of all of you is that you're just a *dot!* That's it! Just a dot . . ." He was too drunk to get the right tone, and it fell short of sarcasm into a furious slurring. "A dot on the great big blackboard of life!" He had meant this as a little witticism, but there was only silence in the room. After a moment he dropped his arm and smiled in huge pleasure and wandered out of the room.

Claudia heard him leave through the front door, and when conversation started up again she went and got their coats without saying anything to anyone. Maggie came over to her, though, moving among her guests discreetly, so as not to interrupt them, and with a slight tipping back of her head, a conspiratorial downglance, said to her, "Call me if you want. Later. Or tomorrow." She spoke so softly that Claudia wondered afterward if she had actually said the words or mouthed them in a silent pantomime of solidarity. Claudia went outside and found Avery sitting in the passenger seat of their car, looking smug. He was pleased and quiet, and Claudia drove home.

A GLIMPSE OF PROSERPINA

Clear, early mornings as I stride
Westward, the usual brick street
Grows meadow grass from its concrete:
The neighborhood turns countryside.

Huge structures hovering across
The river like excluding shades
Collapse into the Palisades;
The river burns away its dross.

If I went up a nearby hill
You would be there in sight, bent down
To gather flowers at the crown
Of my hill's twin against the sky;

We'd meet where, as in fields of wars
Forgotten, stones and daisies swarm,
Then turn back, arm in flowers in arm,
And bring them quietly indoors.

—John Hollander

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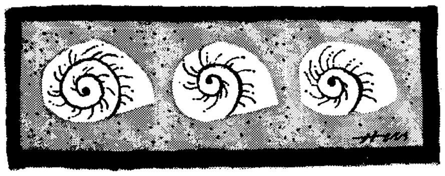
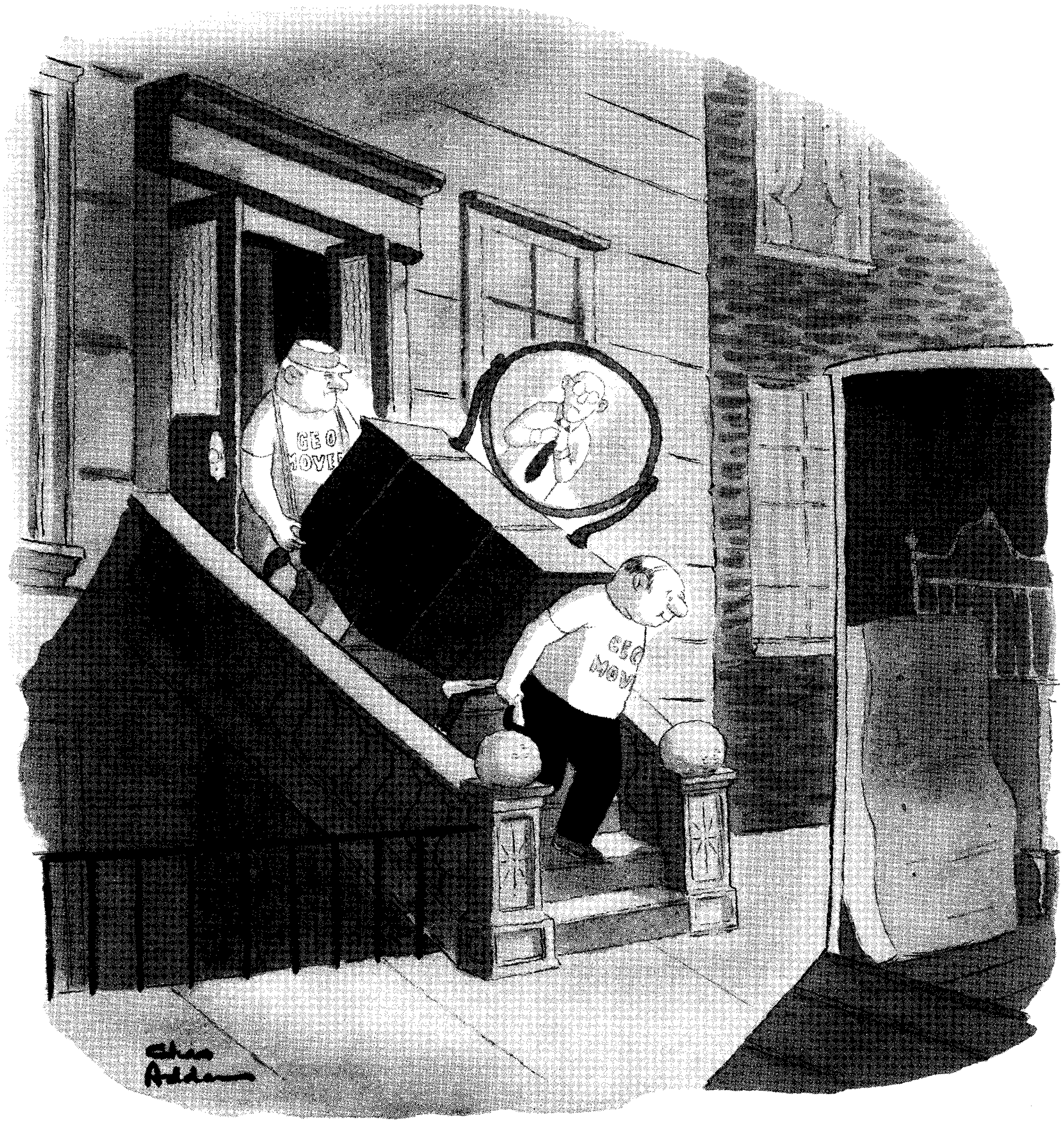
By the time they had got to their house, however, Avery had a lot to talk about, and he wanted someone to listen. He put the dog out, coaxing her, because she didn't like the dark. "Go on now, Nellie! You cowardly hound. Go out now. Go on out!" While he waited to let her back in, he roamed around the living room studying his bookshelves, the pictures on the walls, as though there were something of which he was suspicious, something out of kilter, put there behind his back. At last he said, "I'll go check on Jane," and he was away in a flash. He was quick. Claudia had been heading in the other direction, to hang up their coats.

"Damn it, Avery!" she said. "Don't wake her up! It's almost one o'clock."



By then, though, Avery was leaning against Jane's doorframe talking to her. Asking her opinion. Wheedling and cajoling. What fools people were, weren't they, he said. Her teachers . . . "There is no one more intelligent than you are, Janie. That's the thing. Now, knowledge. They might have you there. But, still, if you always know that you've got one up on them"—he tapped the side of his head with his forefinger—"then you can be sure of a lot of things. Not *happy* all the time. That's not the point. But you can always be absolutely sure that you know what you know." He rambled on in a sweet muttering. The pleasure of his own voice was there, full in his throat, as he lifted the sound persuasively up and down the scale, alternatingly soft and firm in tone. For a little while it mesmerized Claudia. It always did.

But he grew tired, and followed Claudia to the kitchen, where he fixed himself another drink. He could not finish talking, and his voice altered and became a deep, insistent whine. He was distressed all at once. "Your real talent, Claudia, is that you suffer fools graciously! Christ! Fools. God, they're fools. All the people we see. How can you stand it? Why do you make these plans? How can I live with a woman who laughs at Evan Price's jokes? He's mentally five years old! How can I *live* with a woman who laughs at bathroom humor? Did you know that? He's five years old!" With each sentence, he pounded the wall for emphasis, shouting at Claudia as she moved



around the kitchen clearing up the dishes Jane had left and emptying the ashtrays. When he thought she wasn't paying attention, he put his drink down and went slowly toward her and took hold of her arms between the wrist and elbow, so that she had to stand in one place and watch him. "How can I live with someone who would ever, ever laugh at Evan Price? How can I?" He held her very tightly and shook her as he spoke, so that she swayed from side to side.

"I didn't laugh, Avery," she said to him. Her own voice rose. "Evan's *your* friend. You wanted to go. I hate those parties."

Avery let her go and turned aside, arching slightly over himself in a protective and sorrowful attitude. He was quiet with his own woefulness for a moment, but then he straightened up and pounded the wall again in frustration and to keep her attention directed at himself. "Oh, Christ!" he said. "Jesus Christ!" He smashed his fist once more against the wall, and it went right through the Sheetrock. Tiny particles of plasterboard and insulation exploded into the room, powdering his face.

Claudia and Avery stood there motionless a moment, until finally Claudia laughed, but Jane had come in and was standing dead still in the center of the room, tense and pale in her pajamas. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" she said over and over, until Avery perceived the noise she was making and where it was coming from.

He turned to her, enraged. "Don't you ever get out of bed this late at night and interrupt your mother and me when we're discussing something. You aren't supposed to be out of bed, are you?" His voice was not loud so much as it was suddenly voluminous with rage. "None of this is your business. You don't have any idea about our privacy. You seem to think that you're an awfully grownup little girl. You seem to think you can do just about anything you want to, don't you? Maybe it never occurred to you that your mother and I have something to talk about. By ourselves! Just go back to bed!"

He moved in her direction for two or three steps, but he had never touched Jane before when he was angry, and she stood her ground, shaking her clenched fists at her sides with each word. "No, I said stop it! Stop! Just stop it!" And she wasn't quiet until Avery left the house in a fury, banging the door and roaring out of the driveway.

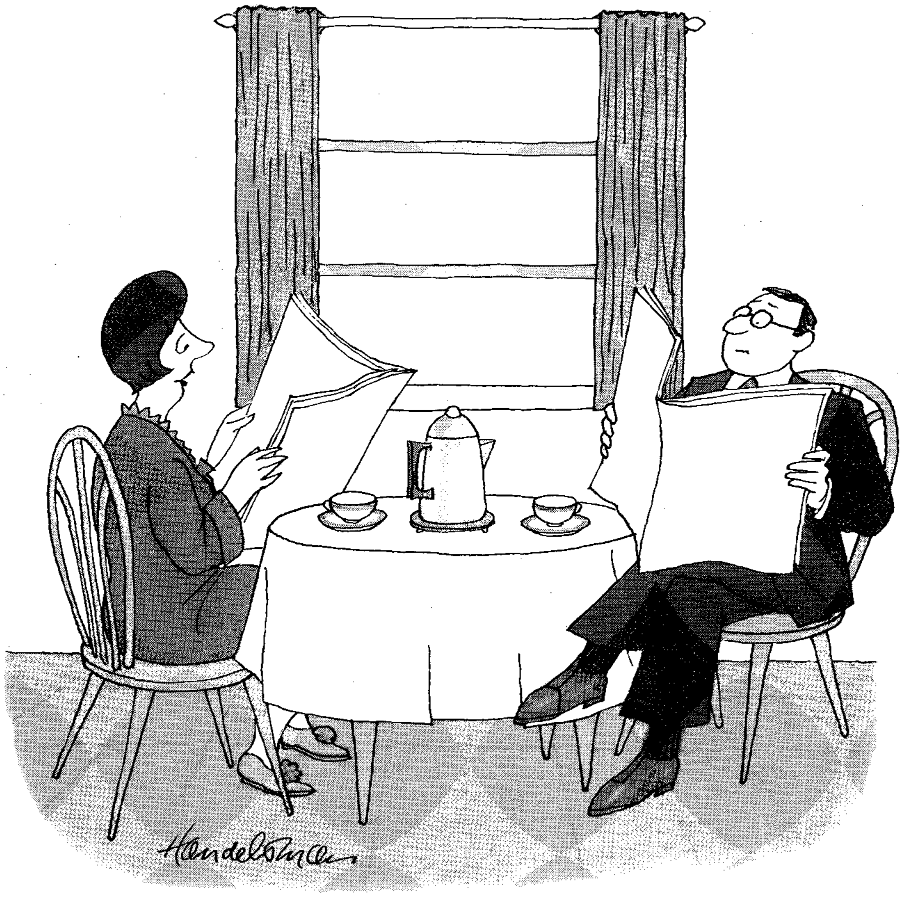
NOW, the next morning, sitting across from Jane, Claudia undid the buttons at her wrists and pushed back her sleeves. She held out her arms and saw that in fact they were smudged with bruises where Avery had held on to her. She turned her hands palms up and studied the marks on the pale white undersides of her arms with curiosity. "Oh, well," she said to Jane with vague irritation, "I just don't think that should have happened! Look at my arms! Damn! That just shouldn't have happened."

Jane was looking out the window again, and Claudia was mostly just musing to herself in any case. She rested an elbow on the table, settling her chin into her hand, and gazed and gazed at nothing. One corner of her mouth twitched downward in an expression of mild distaste. When Avery came in, Jane moved to the counter to make herself more toast. Claudia was still leaning into her hand, absorbed in her own thoughts; she didn't look up right away.

Avery was dishevelled. Even in his handsome green robe and pressed pajamas, he had an air of being askew, and *he was not quite sober from the night* before. But he was not uncivil. He was hesitant and quiet; he came into the room as though he might immediately back out of it. Avery this morning was a man to be pitied, and he wouldn't shun pity. That was how he looked. He carried his injury with him. When Jane put some toast and juice down in front of him, he was careful to thank her with elaborate courtesy.

Claudia did not acknowledge him at all except to raise one eyebrow in an expression that Jane had often practiced before the mirror. She recognized that her mother wasn't aiming this expression at her father; it was a comment she was making strictly to herself. It was disdain. Only a light sigh accompanied that look as Claudia very deliberately cleared her place and rinsed her cup and saucer. She swirled her robe out of the way—flicking it to one side or the other with a twitch of her hand—to avoid catching it on Avery's chair.

"I'm going to get dressed," Claudia said. She let that bit of information just float upon the air, and she left the room with a final sweep of her robe. Finally, Jane went to get dressed, too, while Avery remained at the table sol*emnly eating a piece of toast.*



"I think I'll be wicked today and skip Anthony Lewis."

AVERY was writing a book, and he took a second cup of coffee into his study and sat down at his long bleached-oak table, so spare and functional, which was laden with neat piles of research notes. He turned on his draftsman's lamp and sipped his coffee and studied the tidy stacks of paper. He swivelled his chair to one side and looked out the tall window that flanked his table on the left. There was nothing there to see except the long slope of the hill above the house, and the trees wound around with trumpet vine. He turned from the window to his papers and then to the window again. He moved some notes from one pile to another, and now and then picked up a pencil and twirled it thoughtfully between his thumb and forefinger. Occasionally he leaned over to jot a note to himself on a legal pad. In the late morning he left his study, still dressed in his pajamas and robe, and called up the stairs to Claudia and Jane, "I think I'll make some chili for lunch. Hot this time. Hey, I'm going to make some chili for lunch."

In the kitchen he was very busy, and Claudia and Jane hovered about. It was quite a production when Avery made chili. Jane opened and drained and rinsed the beans, and Claudia leaned over a counter where a small chessboard had been set up and studied the chess puzzle taped to the wall above it. Avery opened a beer and sipped it from the can while he stirred and seasoned the meat, and then he joined Claudia and they argued about the solution to the chess puzzle. Avery put forward only gentle disagreements, while Claudia was adamant.

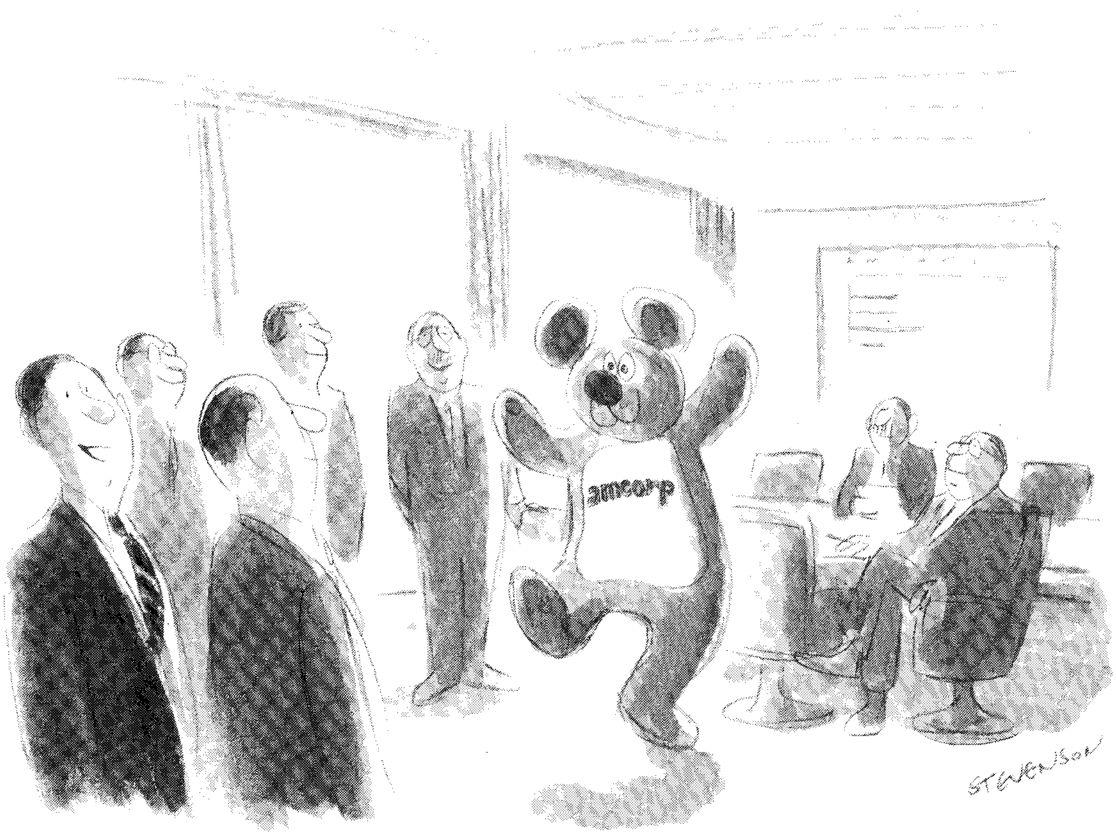
Jane rescued the chili. She stirred the meat up from the bottom when she smelled it beginning to scorch. Her parents were absorbed now in their game. Avery opened another beer, and Claudia looked around the kitchen for the pack of cigarettes she had hidden from herself the day before so she wouldn't be tempted.

"Now, look, if you'll just think about it, Avery," Claudia said, "you'll see what I mean." She bent over to peer at the little chess pieces, and she pushed her hair straight back from her forehead in exasperation, holding it there abstractedly, so that her chin was aimed like a pencil point at the position laid out in front of her.

Jane added the beans and tomatoes to the chili but then turned the heat down and left it to simmer. She went out of the kitchen to her own room to read a book. Claudia and Avery were still peacefully debating some point of chess.

Avery drank red wine with his chili and poured a glass for Claudia, too, and they sat at the table to eat with the chessboard between them.

After lunch Avery carried his wine with him, and followed Claudia into the living room, where she pulled her chess books from the shelves. She took down Chernev and Reshevsky and stacked them beside her before she began leafing through Bobby Fischer's "My 60 Memorable Games." She bent over the book and began making a diagram in the margin with a pencil, and Avery stretched out full length on the sofa, still in his robe and slippers. He was very pleased to have his wife there, his dog there. Five hours into the day, he could still think of his drinking as a tender undertaking, only enhancing the precision of his thoughts.



"I believe we're the first major corporation to have a full-time mascot."

• •

"Look at this dog's head, Claudia! Look at Nellie's head!" Nellie had curled up on the floor next to Avery on the couch. "Now, I knew the first time I saw her that she was a good dog. An exceptional dog." He put his wineglass down so that he could ruffle Nellie's collie coat all up and down her back, and the dog leaned into his arm, fawning and arching her neck. "She has a wide forehead. You see that! Look at that head! They've bred the brains right out of most collies. Christ! Have you seen those dogs? Heads like needles." He paused to think this over and was satisfied for a moment. "This Nellie is no needlehead!"

Only when Avery became so suddenly imperative did Claudia become the first little bit uneasy, and she was also cross at Jane, who had finally come downstairs for lunch after the kitchen had already been cleaned up.

She came into the living room, and she was restless and agitated, moving around the room from chair to chair, interrupting her father. "Dad? Will you fix me a cheese sandwich? The chili's almost gone. Would you make me a sandwich? The kind you do in a skillet?"

Avery's attention wandered over to her. He studied her serious face, and he planned carefully in his mind the cheese sandwich he would fix for his daughter: rye bread with two slices of cheese and a piece of ham between. He was quiet while he considered this sandwich. He would sauté it slowly on both sides until it was golden brown—a prize.

"Jane, for God's sake," Claudia said. "I can fix you a cheese sandwich. And there's plenty of chili left anyway." She had closed her book and had been enjoying Avery—his good humor. She liked watching him this afternoon. Claudia didn't think ahead; her days unfolded however they might, and almost always in unexpected ways.

She was unaware now that she had disturbed the image Avery was constructing, because she had snatched away from him the delectable offering he was mentally preparing for his own daughter. A rather hazy irritation began brewing in his head. He looked at his wife, who had moved over to the window and wasn't even remembering that she had spoken. "You could never do it," he said. "You could never possibly make that sandwich the way I can. Your own daughter knows it. It's not an easy, simple sort of sandwich. That's what Jane knows. It takes concentration!" He was quite angry. "The cheese oozes out of a sandwich like that if you're not careful. You would just burn it. It takes timing. How do you think you could ever do that? Even Janie knows not to ask you to make her a sandwich—don't you, Janie?" He considered it all for a moment, a trifle calmer. "It's a sensual sandwich," he said, and he liked that phrase.

"I don't really need a sandwich," Jane said. "I'm really not all that hungry."

Claudia turned, as she did at some point in each day, to look at Avery in surprise. Jane saw it as an eternal motion, a profound movement her mother would make time and time again. Jane hoped desperately that her mother would not try to explain that she could indeed make a toasted ham-and-cheese sandwich. But all Claudia did was look back out the window, and then she came to sudden attention. "Oh, God!" she said. "Look! The exterminator's here. What's he doing here on Saturday? I haven't even made the bed. Did you make your bed, Jane? Avery, don't you want to get dressed? He's going to be spraying in here first. Don't you want to change your clothes, Avery?"

Avery was quite comfortable just the way he was, and he stayed right there on the couch. But Jane left the room when her mother opened the door. She went to the kitchen and made herself a cheese sandwich.

EXTRA INNINGS

Back then the ballpark grass was so overgrown
and sweet-smelling, I think
I could have bellied down near the dugout
And browsed away the afternoon. He was, then, simply

Someone on the mound. I went one for three—
The single, along with a strikeout and a towering pop-up
that was, as one wit quipped,
A home run in an elevator shaft. Four months later

He was called up by the Mets. The rest, as we say,
is history. We say a lot
Of stupid things. We know our bodies are not luminous
like the stars,
And so we make amends: we think ourselves luminous
the moment

Sleep comes on, or after loving someone loved—
that warmth
Radiating out like sound, a name called and carried off
on the air—or,
Better, and far richer, because it happened once,
after breaking up

A no-hitter by Tom Seaver, with two out in the ninth.
That was almost twenty years ago, and here I am again
rounding first, braking,
The dust whirled into a flurry at my feet and the relay
coming back in

To the pitcher, who has turned away, his face now blurred
beyond recognition.
Whoever he is, Seaver, or someone nameless like myself—
a landscaper, perhaps,

• •

THE exterminator was a burly, bearded man wearing rubber surgical gloves and holding the nozzle end of a long piece of tubing that wound its way over his shoulder and was attached to a cylinder strapped to his back. He was very careful to stamp any debris from his shoes before he stepped into their living room. Avery liked him right away, and he was entertained for a little while listening to Claudia speak with him and watching the precision with which the man fitted the nozzle against the baseboard heaters in order to spray behind them. As the man moved slowly along the edges of the room releasing the poison, its sweet, pungent odor filled the air.

"Ah," said Avery. "It's bubble gum. Dubble Bubble. Why would they scent insecticide like bubble gum?"

But the man seemed not to know that Avery was speaking to him. He continued to move deliberately along the wall. Avery spoke a little louder this time. "Do you know," he said, "that roaches are as clean as their environment?" There was no slur to any word—only the sly, wide vowels that could rivet Jane's attention from two rooms' distance. She came into the room now with her sandwich on a plate.

"Janie, your father hates it when you bring food in here," Claudia said, but Jane stayed where she was, taking note of the descending scale of her mother's tone, which might soon drop right off into anger. The exterminator only turned to Avery and nodded. He was intent on what he was doing.

"I read that in *World* magazine, Dad," Jane said. "They've taken roaches from the slums—" She tried to hold her father's attention, but he wasn't looking in her direction; he was interested in getting his point across to this bearded man who was paying so little notice to what he was saying.

"No, now that's the truth," Avery went on, running right over Jane's words, although he spoke with great cordiality.

"Is that right?" the exterminator finally replied, but he didn't turn around. He was moving the nozzle along the edges of the bookcase beside the fireplace.

"Absolutely. That's absolutely right." Avery closed his eyes for a moment, but then he looked again at the industrious man moving around his living room. "Now, this house. We're very clean. Not obsessive. Not obsessively clean. Not *tidy*. I'm neat as a pin myself. My wife believes more in sanitation. Basic cleanliness. She lines the shelves in the door of the refrigerator with aluminum foil." Avery paused once more, this time long enough so that the exterminator shot him a polite glance.

"Uh-huh," he said.

"Even in the refrigerator we are clean. We are clean right down to the bone around here. The roaches in this

As good as any other, catching his breath under an ash tree
on a new-mown lawn—if he remembers anything,

He'll remember the sun flowing the length of his arm
before flaring out
Into a slider no one could touch all afternoon.
He'll remember his no-hitter as precisely

And firmly as I remember spoiling it, and neither of us
is wrong. Seaver has his stats,
And the rest of us are stuck with rearranging, cutting
And mixing, working day and night, in dreams, in the dark
of a warehouse

Stacked with the daily, disintegrating rushes of 20 and 30
and 40 years ago,
Trying to make it right, remixing, trying to accommodate
what happened with what
Might have happened. And it never turns out true,

The possibilities not to be trusted but, rather,
Believed in against the facts—whatever they are:
the low liner hanging
Long enough for the left fielder to dive for, tumbling,

And the graceful pop-up
To his feet, the ball visible, clearly,
In the webbing of the glove held

High over his head, the third out, the proof
That this, ah, yes, this is what happened, the fans in
his memory standing,
Roaring in disbelief, and the lovely applause lasting
till he's off the field.

—Arthur Smith

• •

house are paragons of insect sanitation. A credit to their species."

"Well," the exterminator said, "this stuff kills all your silverfish, too. And beetles." He settled back on his haunches as he came to the bottom of the bookcase and looked over at Avery. "It kills spiders. Your small bugs. Those little centipedes. The ones people call doodlebugs."

"Spiders," Avery said. "Good. That's fine. That's O.K. But what about the flies? Who will kill the flies?" He closed his eyes in a long pause. "We have a lot of flies here in the summer."

The exterminator was readjusting his cannister so that he could lower himself enough to reach up into the fireplace. "I don't know much about flies," he said with some effort as he peered up into the vast fieldstone chimney. He drew his head back out. "I just started this job. I got laid off at the printworks. They just don't have the business they used to."

"That's too bad," Claudia said. "I'm so sorry." It was all there was to say, but it made her daughter flinch. Avery lay back on the couch again while the exterminator reinserted his torso as far as it would reach into their chimney.

No one in the room said anything more. But then the man called out from inside the chimney. "Hey," he said, "do you know what's in here?" They watched him as he put down his cannister and slowly backed into the room with Avery's hunting rifle. He brought it down into the room with a puzzled expression and held it out to show them. He had found it on the inside ledge of the fireplace, where Claudia had hidden it. The winter before, Claudia had taken the gun from Avery's closet and slipped it in among his golf clubs, but when spring came and the golf course reopened she remembered to move it. She had forgotten all about it after that, however, and Avery had never missed it, or never said so.

Claudia and Avery and Jane stared back silently at the exterminator. All of them were at an absolute loss, until Avery gestured broadly in Jane's direction. "You have to keep those things away from children, you know," he instructed the man earnestly.

The man gazed back at him a moment without comprehension, and he turned to Jane with curiosity. She was a tall girl for an eleven-year-old—not really a child anymore.

Avery noticed that glance and gave the exterminator a secretive, melancholy look, twisting his mouth to one side and cocking his head. He gestured again toward Jane—a small indication, just a sad turning of his hand. "Not quite right, you know," he said in a parody of a whisper. "Doesn't have both oars in the water, if you know what I mean." By now, Avery was almost leering with intrigue, and he turned sideways to Jane and gave her a slow wink.

The exterminator looked at Avery for a moment, with the gun flat out in front of him in his two hands. Finally, with a good deal of trouble, he maneuvered himself back into the fireplace and replaced the rifle where he had found it. Then he left the room to spray the kitchen.

Jane studied her half-eaten sandwich. When she looked up, she saw her parents catch each other's eye and quickly look away. They didn't glance at Jane, and they didn't speak at all. Quietly, Jane got up—her mouth was tucked in at the corners, and the skin over her cheekbones was pale and taut with fury and terrible embarrassment—and went upstairs and packed her things. She had decided to go over to Diana's after all. She had decided to make every effort to spend the whole night there.

Jane carried her backpack out into the yard across the grass, and she was beyond the lawn before the door fell shut behind her. Inside the house her parents didn't say a word. They sat in odd solemnity, so still and quiet, while the exterminator sprayed insecticide around the kitchen cabinets and underneath the stove.

—Robb Forman Dew

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Salem* (*Ore.*) *Statesman-Journal*]

Legislators are drowning in tax proposals while scrambling to find some miracle life raft to appease government's Moby Dick appetite.

ANNALS OF DISCOURSE

THE HARVARD BLACK ROCK FOREST

BILTMORE

IT is my plan to begin in the middle of things, with a man alone on a tract of land. It is 1892. The man is young and healthy; the land has been damaged. The young man is a forester, hired to work on this land. Now he is joined by a second young man, the owner of the land—a young man who is enormously rich. Together they look around at the tract of damaged land, which could have been damaged by anyone; then they look up at a house that is being built. It is an astonishing house: only a rich person could build it.

All the rest of this essay takes place within the set of circumstances I have just described: two friends, one a forester, one an enormously rich young man, looking first at a large tract of damaged land and then at an astonishing limestone palace.

The young man alone on the tract of land is Gifford Pinchot, the first American to be trained as a forester, and, I think, one of the important men in the history of the United States. The young man who joins him is George Washington Vanderbilt, of that rich family. As an old man, Gifford Pinchot wrote a description of George Washington Vanderbilt as he was at the time of the building of the limestone house, called Biltmore:

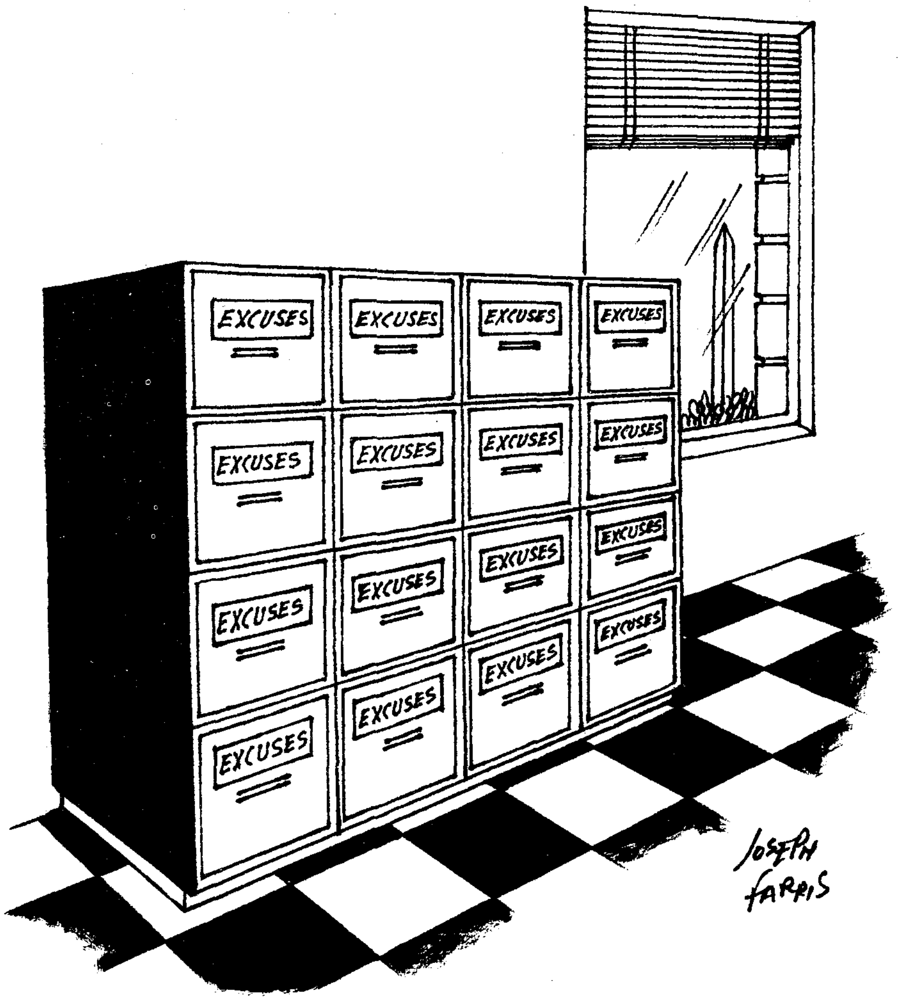
> George was a lover of art and of the great outdoors, a slim, simple, and rather shy young man, too much and too long sheltered by female relatives. . . . Biltmore was his heart's delight.

Pinchot described the tract of land, near Asheville, North Carolina:

> Biltmore Estate covered a little over 7000 acres of rolling hills and bottom lands on both sides of the French Broad River. Half of it was woodland. It had been put together from small impoverished farms, the forest on which had been burned, slashed, and overgrazed until it was little more than the shadow of its former self. In Europe I had seen nothing like it, but millions of acres east of the Mississippi were its brothers and sisters.

Pinchot described the limestone house:

> Biltmore House, the center of the Vanderbilt estate, not yet completed when I saw it first, was a magnificent château of Indiana limestone. With the terrace and stables it was a thousand feet in length. Its setting was superb, the view from it breath-taking, and as a feudal castle it would have been beyond criticism, and perhaps beyond praise.
>
> But in the United States of the nineteenth century and among the one-room cabins of the Appalachian mountaineers, it did not belong. The contrast was a devastating commentary on the injustice of concentrated wealth. Even in the early nineties I had sense enough to see that.



The rich young man who had the palace built, however, also put his forest under management. Pinchot wrote:

> Here was my chance. Biltmore could be made to prove what America did not yet understand, that trees could be cut and the forest preserved at one and the same time.

When I said that I thought that Gifford Pinchot was one of the important men in the history of the United States, I was thinking not only of his importance in the history of forestry and conservation but, even more, of his quality of mind. He was an *amateur*. At all moments in his career, he was fond of wearing a wide-brimmed slouch hat that made him look like a Westerner and an Easterner both. At all moments in his career, he failed to please one professional or another who was in possession of: the *facts*—political, scientific, or practical. Now we are living with a hunger for certainty. We want to be *certain*. Or, rather, we are hungry for certainty, but, despairing of attaining it ourselves, we want to know that someone else is certain. If this should change—that is, if we allow ourselves to doubt consciously whether we can be certain—we may need to try to regain an understanding of how men like Gifford Pinchot looked at American life.

One thing Gifford Pinchot understood was that in America an effective man must not blame farmers who damage their land or very rich young men who want to build (and sometimes do build) limestone palaces. He may have learned some part of this from Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect, who also worked at Biltmore, and who guided and encouraged him. "It was Mr. Olmsted who was responsible for the plan to make Biltmore Estate the nest egg for practical Forestry in America," Pinchot wrote, and he explained:

> Mr. Olmsted was to me one of the men of the century. He was a quiet-spoken

little lame man with a most magnificent head and one of the best minds I have ever had the good luck to encounter. His knowledge was far wider than his profession. He knew the territory of the United States as few men knew it, and he was full of stories of early days. For instance:

Riding into Sacramento, California one day in the early fifties, Mr. Olmsted noticed a single figure standing out in the open plaza. The figure in the plaza was amusing himself by taking pot shots with a pistol at every man he saw. Presently a man walked straight out to the shooter, who was shouting, raging drunk, and took his gun away.

The man who did this bravest thing was a gambler who had given clothes taken from smallpox victims to peaceful and harmless Digger Indians—a form of murder as low and contemptible as the gambler's courage was high and fine.

That story did me a lot of good. It shed a light on human nature that has helped me ever since not to underestimate people I don't like.

"State of the art, sir. The only ice bucket you'll ever need."

THE DUAL HIERARCHY WE LIVE IN

EVERYONE lives somewhere, but not everyone feels that he is living in one particular place. The man on the street with an earphone-connected-to-music in his ear—where is he living? Even ambitious people have, in recent times, wanted to overcome the limitations implicit in living in one place. Already, I need a distinction: between the person who is thoughtlessly impelled to place a popular-culture webbing over the place where he is and the person who sees that his work, when it is most successful, is everywhere and nowhere. Both persons have noticed that when an event is merely *somewhere* it has failed.

To be successful now, one would want to be a person whose work was dispersed throughout the world but who lived (nevertheless) in a collegial atmosphere. Scientists and entertainers do this. It is the work of scientists and entertainers which has been most thoroughly dispersed throughout the modern world, and yet scientists and entertainers live in a collegial atmosphere, within which the work of an ambitious man is likely to be known to another ambitious man. Thus, history survives within the history of science and the history of entertainment—especially the history of entertainment on film. Silent films, vaudeville turns, and the work of B-picture directors are studied by men who do not intend to do vaudeville or direct B pictures or make pictures without sound. In the same way, scientists know and make use of the work of men whose theories have been overthrown.

A collegial situation in which a sense of history leads men to respect work a layman would ignore is rare now. The collegial atmosphere around the work of lawyers is thinner than it used to be, and around the work of literary men it is very thin; this is a measure of the loss of vitality in these two spheres. Traditions are maintained by collegial bodies that retain vitality and direct part of their vital energy to the protection of parts of themselves which would be ignored by a layman. Americans are not, as is sometimes said, a people without traditions; our traditions are being formed within science and entertainment.

The vast majority of people do not see evidence of a collegial enterprise in what they encounter either on the surface of life (where the history of science is to be seen) or in their dreams (formed by entertainment). The world is not familiar from the point of view of knowledge; nor does its mystery give birth to healthy aspirations. Rather, the lives of most people are characterized by attempts to make the world familiar through the application of affection, and by nonsensical aspirations: attempts to reach images in the air and to take part in events in the sky.

But scientists and entertainers do see evidence of sense and of a collegial spirit in what is around them, and this convinces them that there is more structure in the lives of people than there really is. Consider the example of a filmmaker whose film about gangsters is being shown on television. He knows the film, of course, and he knows other films of the genre, and he knows how television works; that is, he could explain how his film came to be shown on television and what people were involved. He may not know anything about gangsters; that doesn't matter. He himself may be capable of being fooled by some of his own work (he may be imitating the work of other, greater men, whose work he is incapable of understanding), but a partial delusion does not make the experience of watching the film a crazy one for him: he may even transform what does not make sense into a sensible ambition to know and do more. For him, the explicable and the mysterious are *in contact*, as they are for all men who are involved in a ritual and are taking it seriously.

For a child, the experience of watching this film is completely different. The explicable and the mysterious are not in contact. The mystery that the filmmaker consciously refers to in his film and the mystery of which he is not conscious (his delusion: the result of not understanding his own work)—these mysteries are not important, or even perceptible, to the child, who is under the weight of the questions "What is television?" and "How does something *get on* television?" One definition of a ritual would be: a circumstance in which images fall into an order that makes deep sense. One definition of television would be: an unsuccessful ritual; or a ritual that works only for the priests.

Science, like entertainment, is found in layers, in a hierarchy, throughout the world. From a scientific point of view, there are important connections between the most repellent application of a degraded technology and the most sublime speculation. This being true, the consequences of the degraded technology are, perhaps, slightly less repellent to a scientist than they would be to a sensitive nonscientist. What joins the scientist and the entertainer is this: they create the modern world but do not live in it, while other people live in it without knowing much about how it has been made.

WITHIN AN OLDER HIERARCHY

IN the back seat of an automobile travelling south on Route 9W in the small, decayed city of Newburgh, on the west bank of the Hudson, Hamilton Fish, of that distinguished New York family, Harvard Class of 1910, former member of Congress, said to the air in front of him, "I have too much money now. I'm embarrassed." It is the habit of some people whose final reference is to certainty to speak to the air in front of them. "It's true," Mr. Fish said. "I'm embarrassed." It was not true.

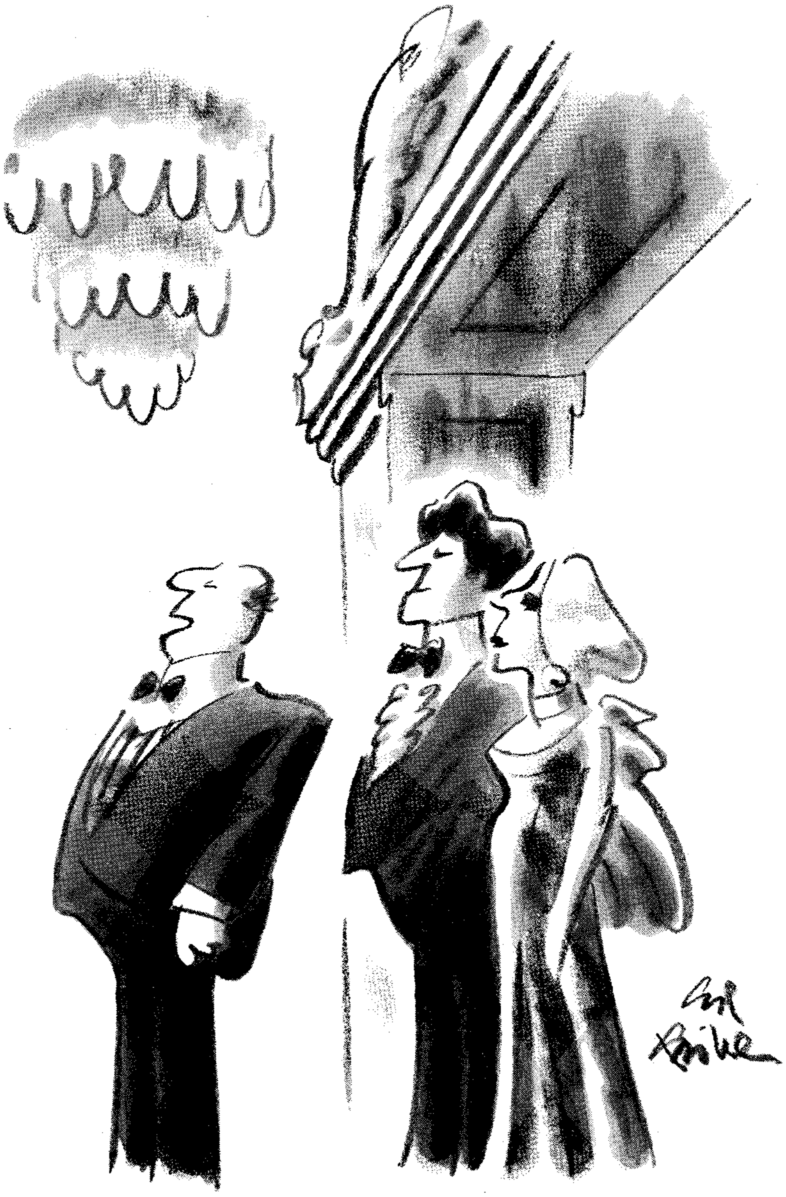
Mr. Fish was referring to his third wife, who is rich and with whom he was at this moment living in a nineteenth-century house overlooking the Hudson near Newburgh. This was a change for Mr. Fish, whose family has had strong connections in Garrison, over on the east bank of the river. The Newburgh house is handsome on the outside. Inside, it is opulent. The house is surrounded by specimen trees. Each tree carries a small tag giving its proper name, or is meant to carry one. "Still," Mr. Fish said, into the air, "charity can be very dangerous. My first wife's father gave a great deal of money to Williams College and then had very little left for himself." Mr. Fish opened his eyes wide, and so opened wide his big face. This he did to add emphasis to the words "had very little left for himself." Mr. Fish, in his nineties, is extremely handsome—tall, with a famous nose and famous eyes. His late sister Rosalind Fish Cutler had eyes even bigger, the wonder of her friends and family, but Mr. Fish's career has been public, so his eyes are better known.

Travelling south on 9W, the automobile crossed the principal thoroughfare of the small, decayed city of Newburgh. There was silence in the automobile as it crossed this strong street, which is called Broadway. Broadway is a boulevard, eighty-two feet wide. After crossing Broadway, the automobile followed the dispersal of the small city of Newburgh.

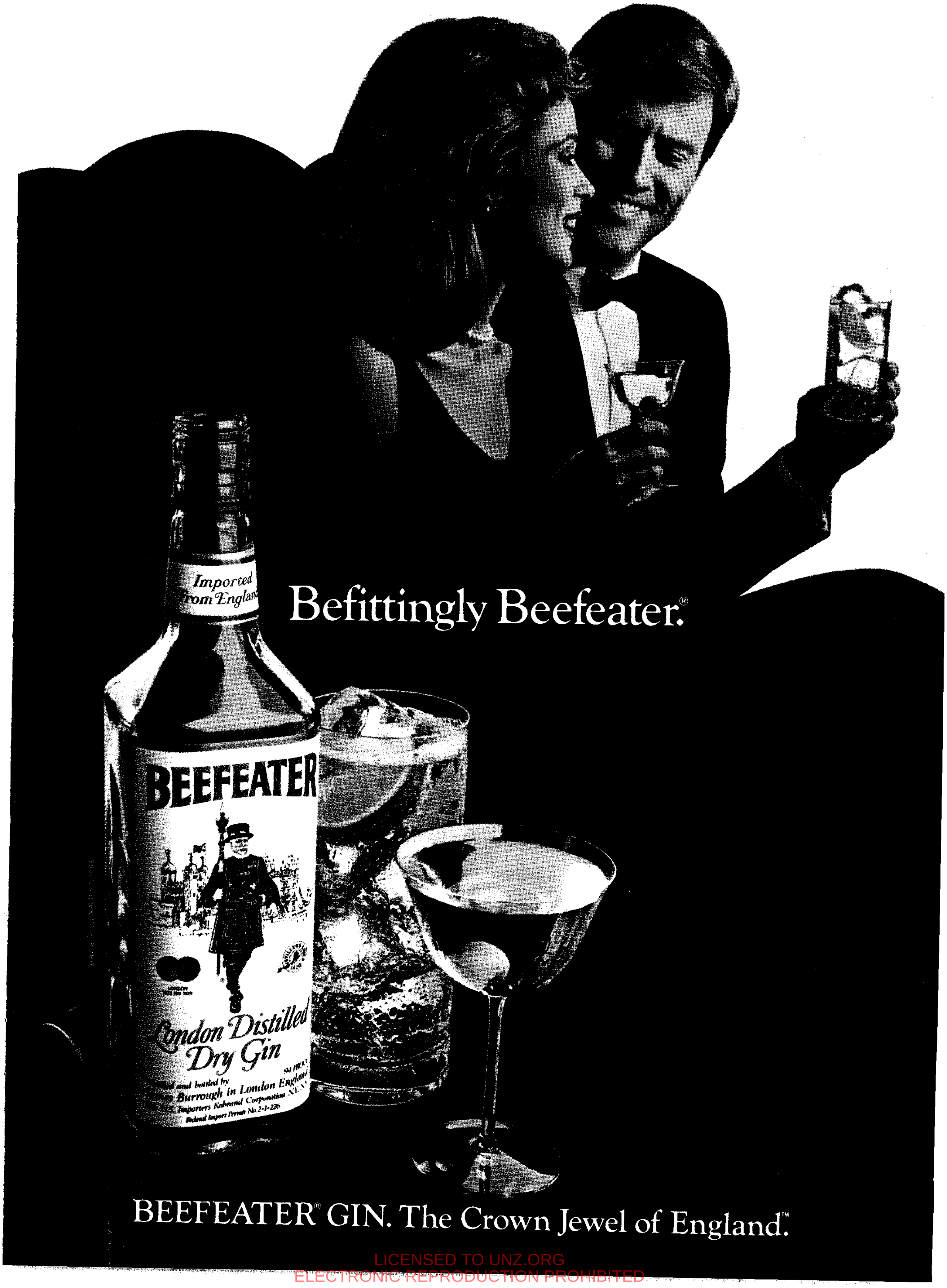
After a time, a man in the front seat said, "Do you think Newburgh will come back, Uncle Ham?"

"No," Mr. Fish said.

ROUTE 9W proceeds south of Newburgh through the old town of New Windsor and into the Hudson Highlands. When one is travelling south, Storm King Mountain is off to the left. To the right is the Harvard Black Rock Forest, a tract of thirty-eight hundred acres which was developed as a scientific, or demonstration, forest by Dr. Ernest G. Stillman, a benefactor of Harvard; he endowed the forest



"Anthony-at-the-Citicorp Center Atrium escorting Maritsa-at-Trump Tower."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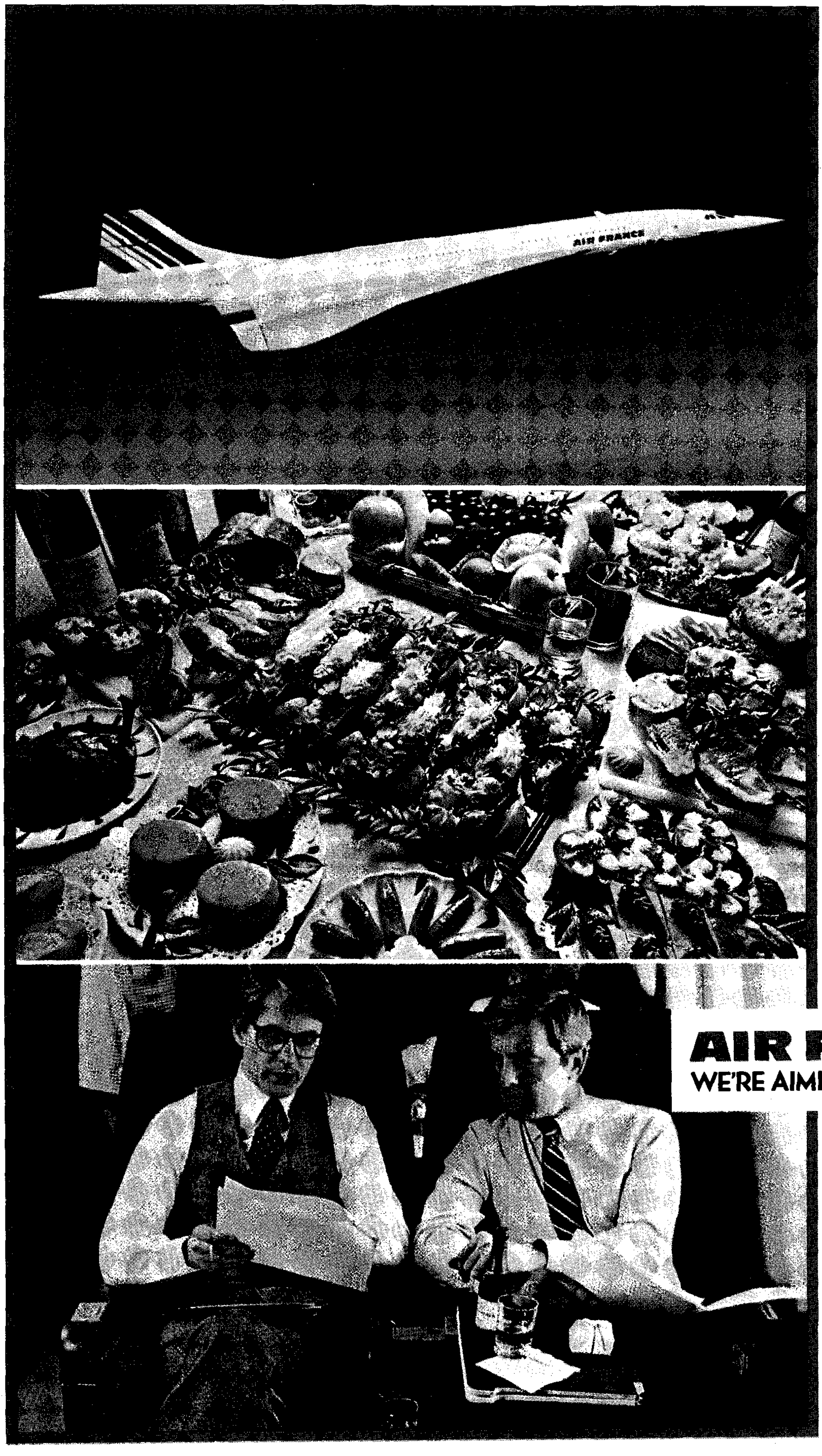

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WE'RE AIMING EVEN HIGHER

WIFE, INC.
W Miller

• •

and left it to Harvard at his death, in 1949. Farther south, a traveller may turn off to the United States Military Academy, at West Point. The Hudson Highlands are merely fifty miles from New York City, but there are large tracts of undeveloped land here: within the West Point Military Reservation; within Storm King State Park, which is a part of the Palisades Interstate Park; and within the Harvard Black Rock Forest.

Of Harvard and its relationship to the Black Rock Forest, to the Stillman family of benefactors, to the science of silviculture (within a demonstration forest), it should be said that, in response to the *new, tough reality* in American life, Harvard University has been looking closely, ruthlessly at its assets. Where an asset *does not perform*, it is suspect. Recently, Harvard University decided that the Black Rock Forest, the tract of thirty-eight hundred acres within the Hudson Highlands given to it by Dr. Ernest Stillman (a benefactor from a family of benefactors), *had not performed* and should be sold. There were difficulties. It was not possible to say that the forest was a *burden*, for instance. The expenses of upkeep were light; there were no large buildings in the forest; *runaway fuel costs* and other such aspects of the new, tough reality were absent. Expenses had not outstripped income. Most emphatically, they had not. Income rose and rose and rose. At moments, it must have been embarrassing how much money Harvard had available to be spent within the forest. This money derived from a fund established by Dr. Ernest Stillman primarily to support the expenses of maintaining the forest and the expenses of conducting scientific work within the forest; the fund amounted to about a million dollars at the time of Dr. Stillman's death, in 1949. It amounts to more than that now. Harvard has said that although it is not possible for Harvard to keep the forest it is possible for it to keep the money.

HAMILTON FISH (Harvard '10) and his companions were on their way to a meeting of Harvard men. Their trip took them through the old, decayed city of Newburgh and through the Hudson Highlands—where the Black Rock Forest is. The meeting was a *fund-raiser*, connected to an effort by the President and Fellows of Harvard College to raise (at first; they asked for a hundred million more later) the sum of two hundred and fifty million dollars. It was held at a hotel on the grounds of the United States Military Academy. There was a view of the Hudson River (very narrow here). There were talks by three men, and there was a film.

THE collegial atmosphere around the men of Harvard is thin now. It is thinner than the atmosphere around lawyers, not so thin as the atmosphere around literary people. It becomes thick, richer in oxygen, more nearly capable of sustaining life, during fund-raising periods. Men are injected into buildings; their money is mortar. Buildings reveal that they were built by men and have always housed people. Everything is named. "The Names of Harvard" is a booklet issued at this fund-raising period to set out the details of the process by which money becomes mortar and mortar is trained to speak the name of some person.

AT the meeting attended by Mr. Fish and his companions, there were three kinds of talk:

(1) Talk in imitation of a backwater patois, from one speaker.

(2) Tough, simple talk, neutral in coloration, from a second speaker.

(3) New talk, based on the new relationship that is evolving between images and words, from a third speaker.

A discussion of the second kind of talk will reveal something about all three:

After the Second World War, there came into power at Harvard University, an old backwater near to the center of national life, a New Man. He was represented as having a point of view, but what he had in fact was a function and a tone of voice. His function was to make a new arrangement between the old backwater and national life. His tone of voice was neutral. This neutral tone of voice was his point of view. He was never asked to explain himself; his voice explained him. His effectiveness depended in some degree, however, on the presence at Harvard of certain old men, with whom he was juxtaposed. In the absence of these men, with whom he was in contrast, he looked very much like other strong, neutral men of his generation; that is, he seemed not particular but general. He had toughness and integrity. Here were two wirelike threads that linked him to his institution and to the old men who were his mentors. One decision he made demonstrated both his toughness and his integrity: he refused to adopt the manners of the old men, which were beguiling.

This man, where he continues to serve his institution, now represents the Old Guard of his institution. He is an important figure in that he does understand the ways of his backwater even though he has not adopted them himself. It must be difficult for him, in some cases, to welcome the newer sort of New Man, who knows the ways of the backwater very superficially and puts them on and casts them off as he pleases.

We may think of continuity within Harvard University as having three strands: toughness; manners; spirit. Wound together, they would have one destiny. They are not wound together; they are separate. After the Second World War, it was decided that toughness would continue into the next generation and manners would not. What of spirit?

It may be that the old men tried to pass on their spiritual inheritance to the new, tough man and failed. It may be that they did not try to pass on their spiritual inheritance. Or it may be, as it seems to me, that their spiritual inheritance had shrunk over time until it was no longer able to compete on equal terms with toughness or manners. It seems to me likely that by the time of the Second World War the spiritual inheritance of Harvard University was able to do very light work only; that the work it took on to do was to *enliven manners;* that it had become embedded *within* manners, so that when it was decided that manners would not continue, spirit (now known only as a form of energy within manners) died, too.

Not died—was not passed on. The spirit would not really die until the last self-confident old man died; and many self-confident old men lived on, more cheerful than ever.

WHAT happened was that the work of running the university was separated from the work of maintaining its particular character. This explains the three kinds of talk. We have discussed the neutral tone of the second speaker. Now let us consider the two other kinds of talk.

A person attending Harvard after the Second World War might have decided to make a study of the inheritance of Harvard. In time, he would understand that his study was narrow; it was not, as he had thought, the study that embraced all the others. From that time, although his syntax would reflect his study of self-confidence, his reference would be to uncertainty. This was the first speaker.

Another person would find in the inheritance a kind of motif to be used to decorate, or to frame, whatever sort of *excellence* he wanted to promote. This was the third speaker, and also the film.

IT will be the purpose of this essay to consider aspects of an inheritance; I will try to determine what it was that came to Harvard with the Black Rock Forest.

When I described Harvard as "an old backwater near to the center of national life," I was speaking of a former condition; Harvard is now a part of national life, and life there is not distinguishable from life anywhere else. When I used the phrase "old backwater near to the center of national life," there was nothing insulting in the use of the word "backwater;" I was thinking of the truck gardens that used to exist quite close to New York City and from which the city constantly drew refreshment.

I WOULD like to begin to introduce particular men into this story. My idea is that even the most difficult story ("Atomic Energy in the Modern World," "New Frontiers in Micro-Biology," "Our Colleges in Crisis") can be told as the history of the work of particular men and should be told that way.

The reader will accept this device. He is used to the idea that men, at their daily tasks, are occupying a certain space in the foreground. I want to address the question of the background against which these men appear, and to try to suggest that this background should be understood as the accumulated result of knowable stories.

This is important, because it is important to set right a deformation in modern discourse, a twofold mistake: the first part of the mistake is to think of the background against which the work of modern persons is juxtaposed as unknowable; the second part of the mistake is to accept it—whatever it is.

Now I want to introduce the idea of social embarrassment. One reason most people ignore—actually ignore—the question of the background against which their own lives are juxtaposed is that they imagine that some persons do understand this background (are in charge of it) and that these people-in-charge are their social betters. I would like to make the point in this regard that the President and Fellows of Harvard College and the college composed of living Harvard men and women do not understand the background against which modern lives are juxtaposed. It is only at fund-raising moments that they remember that they did, once, understand it.

A SMALL beginning may be to tell the story of the Black Rock Forest in terms of the histories of particular men who were connected to it. Then places can be indicated at which this story may be said to join larger histories: of Harvard University, of the conservation policies of the government of the United States, of the history of optimistic thought within the conservation policies of the government, and of the history of science as

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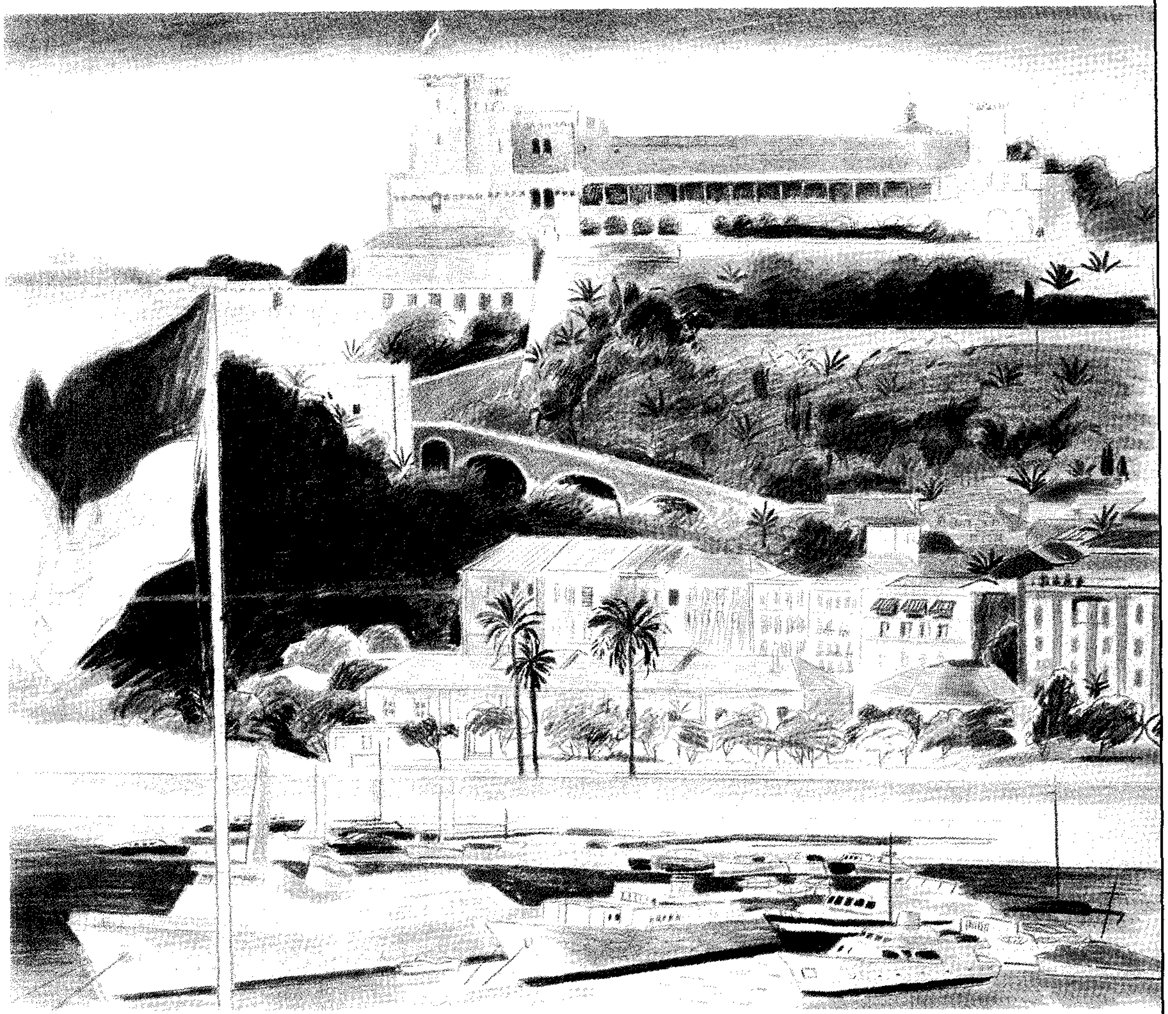

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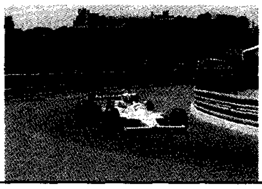

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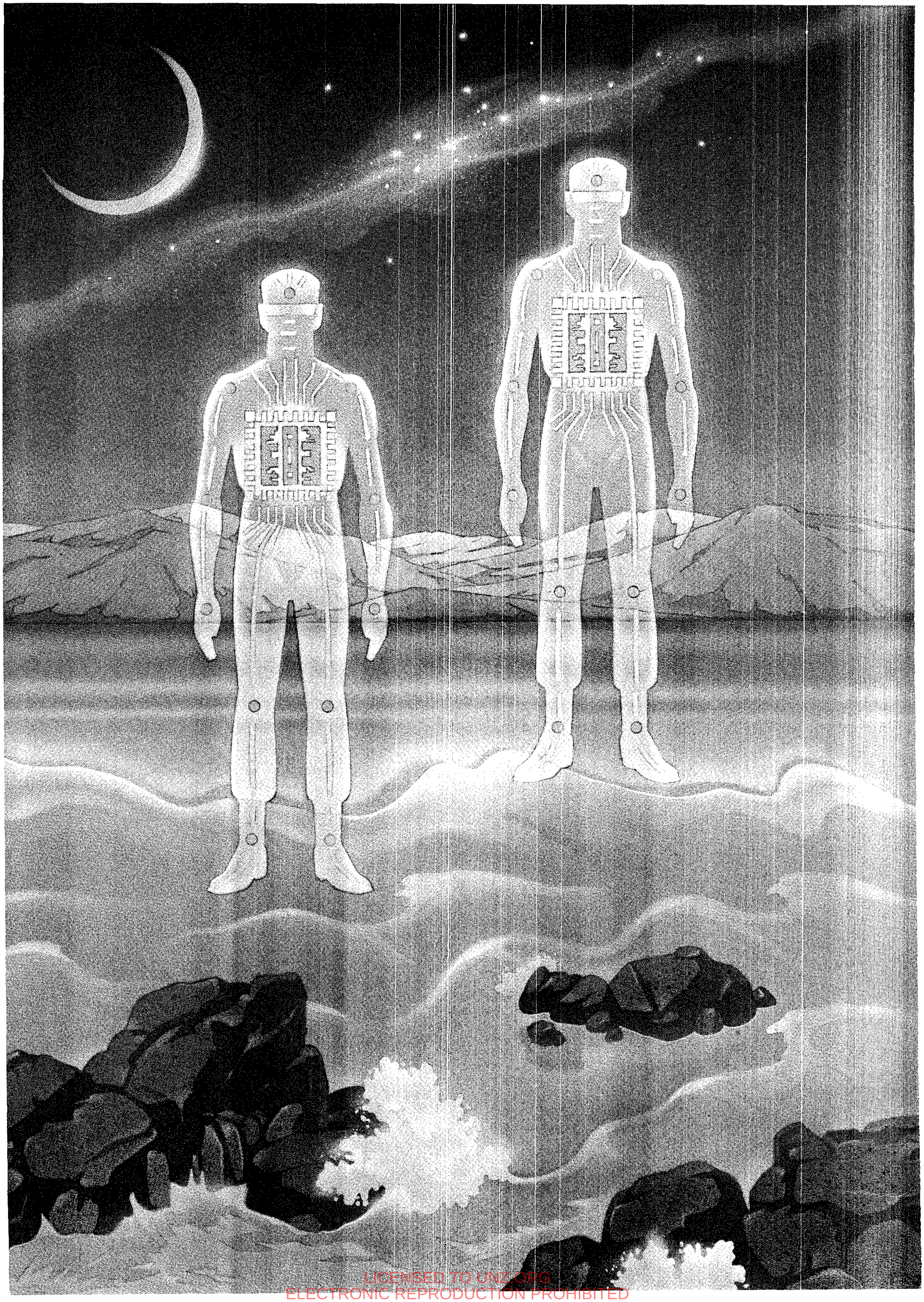

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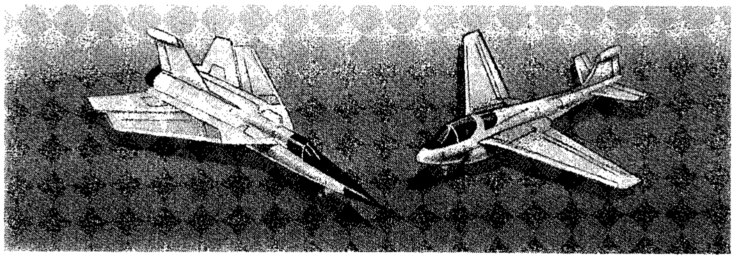

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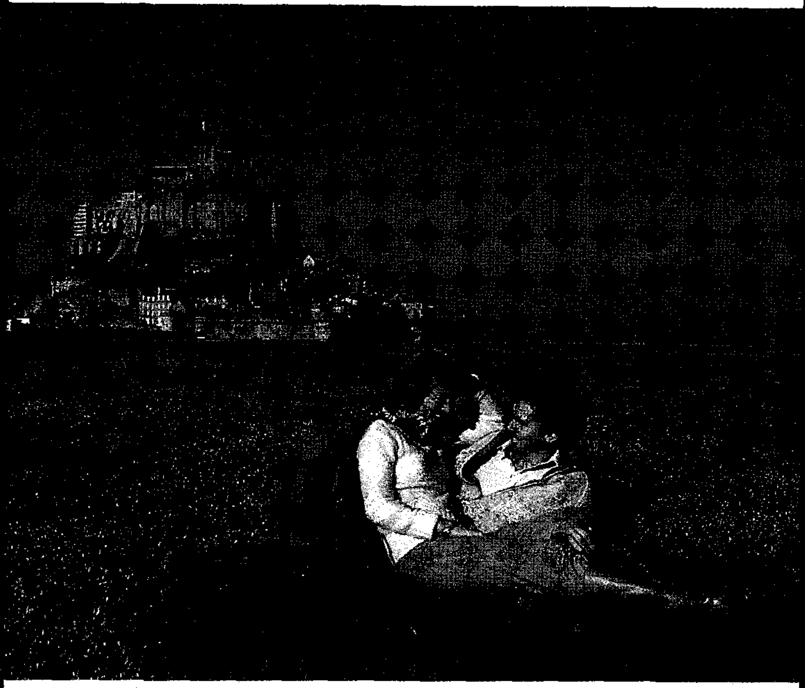

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FIRST, a father.

James Stillman was a banker; he was thought by some people to be a ruthless one. He was associated with William Rockefeller, the brother of John D. Rockefeller, and operated with Rockefeller and a small group of other men as a capitalist, which is to say that he was interested in the power of money within an enterprise, quite apart from any particular thing the enterprise was set up to do. The Stillman-Rockefeller group was described (by Henry Clews, a contemporary on Wall Street) as having resources so vast "that they need only concentrate on any given property in order to do with it what they please." As soon as this was known, they became unbearably attractive to investors. In the Amalgamated Copper manipulation, it was the reputation (for ruthlessness and vast resources) of the Rockefeller-Stillman manipulators that was attractive, more than the reputation of copper. The formula was, in some ways, the same as for older frenzies, like the South Sea Bubble, but the distant place where there was wealth beyond counting was in the Rockefeller-Stillman circle, as far as most investors were concerned, rather than in Montana.

THEN a son.

Ernest Stillman, the youngest son of James Stillman, was a medical doctor. His impulse in all his activities seems to have been toward *healing*. He had an enthusiasm for firefighting, which seeks to remedy a spreading trouble. Also, we should note here that the land that was to constitute the Black Rock Forest was in a deplorable condition at the time Dr. Stillman inherited it from his father: these acres had been cut over for timber to be used (once reduced to charcoal) as fuel for the brickmaking factories along the Hudson. The land was the ruined remainder of the economic processes embraced and mastered by his father. Ernest Stillman wanted to bring this particular tract of land back to health, perhaps. More than that, he wanted to bring it back to health *for good*. His idea was that this protected forest, at least, should be constantly useful and also constantly flourishing.

NOW I need to consider Gifford Pinchot, whose ideal the constantly useful, constantly flourishing forest was (he said that one of his goals for a forest was "sustained yield," and that the ideal against which conservation policies ought to be tested was "the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time"), but first I want to mention one other man: Richard Thornton Fisher, of Harvard. Fisher was for many years (in the first half of this century) the head of the Harvard Forest, in Petersham, Massachusetts—a demonstration forest acquired in 1907. It was he who suggested to Dr. Ernest Stillman that the land he owned in the Hudson Highlands might be set up as a second demonstration forest. Richard Fisher seems to have acted in a fatherly way toward Dr. Stillman. Dr. Stillman's son Calvin Stillman has said that the death of Richard Fisher, in 1934, was the greatest blow Ernest Stillman suffered in his life. At Richard Fisher's death, a committee of Harvard alumni published a small book in his honor. The book was printed at the Cornwall Press, which was owned by Dr. Ernest Stillman. The book included this biographical note:

> Richard T. Fisher entered Harvard with the Class of 1898, and in due time received his A.B. degree. He was an editor of the *Advocate* and a member of the O.K. Society and Hasty Pudding club. He specialized in courses in the English Department and graduated with honorable mention in English composition. Those of us who knew him as an undergraduate assumed that he was likely to devote himself to English studies and teaching. As a matter of fact, during the first winter after he graduated, he did serve the College as an assistant in Professor Wendell's and Professor Copeland's courses. But meanwhile an accidental combination of events determined his career. He spent the summer of '98 with a small party that C. Hart Merriam, then at the head of the U.S. Biological Survey, took out for a season of collecting on the upper slopes of Mount Shasta, and the experience with Merriam, more than any ordinary course in zoology, awoke in him a realization that what he most desired was some occupation that had to do with nature. Coincidentally, while on Mount Shasta, Fisher encountered Gifford Pinchot, who had just become Chief of the Division of Forestry (later developed into the United States Forest Service), and Mr. Pinchot offered him field work for the ensuing summer. Thereafter Fisher continued either in the Forest Service or on leave of absence as a student in the Yale Forest School, until he was appointed Instructor at Harvard. Before he began to teach he had thus been one of the enthusiastic and "closely knit group of men who helped Mr. Pinchot get the practice of forestry under way."

James Stillman was one of a small number of men who discovered the life that money might have *as money*,

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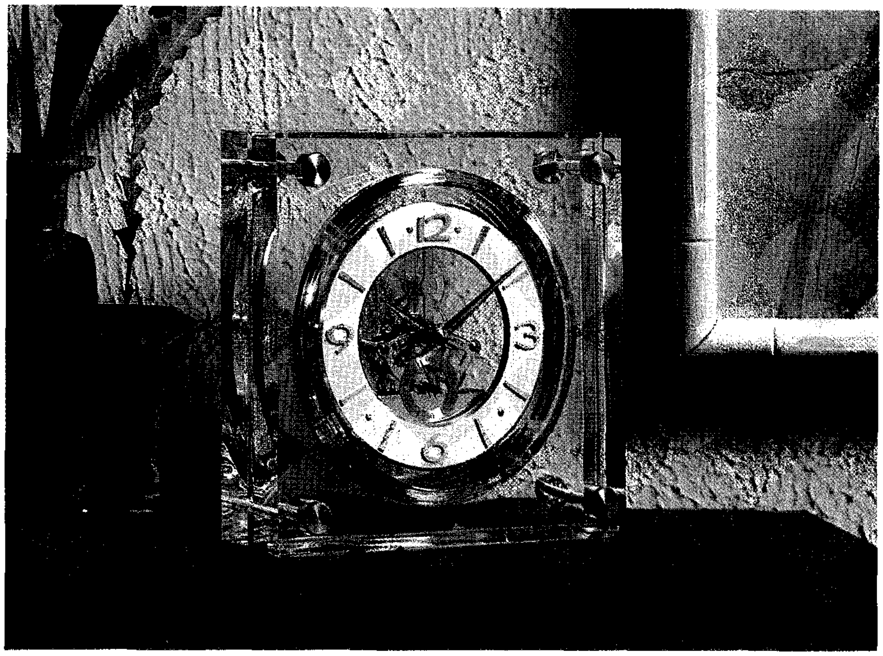

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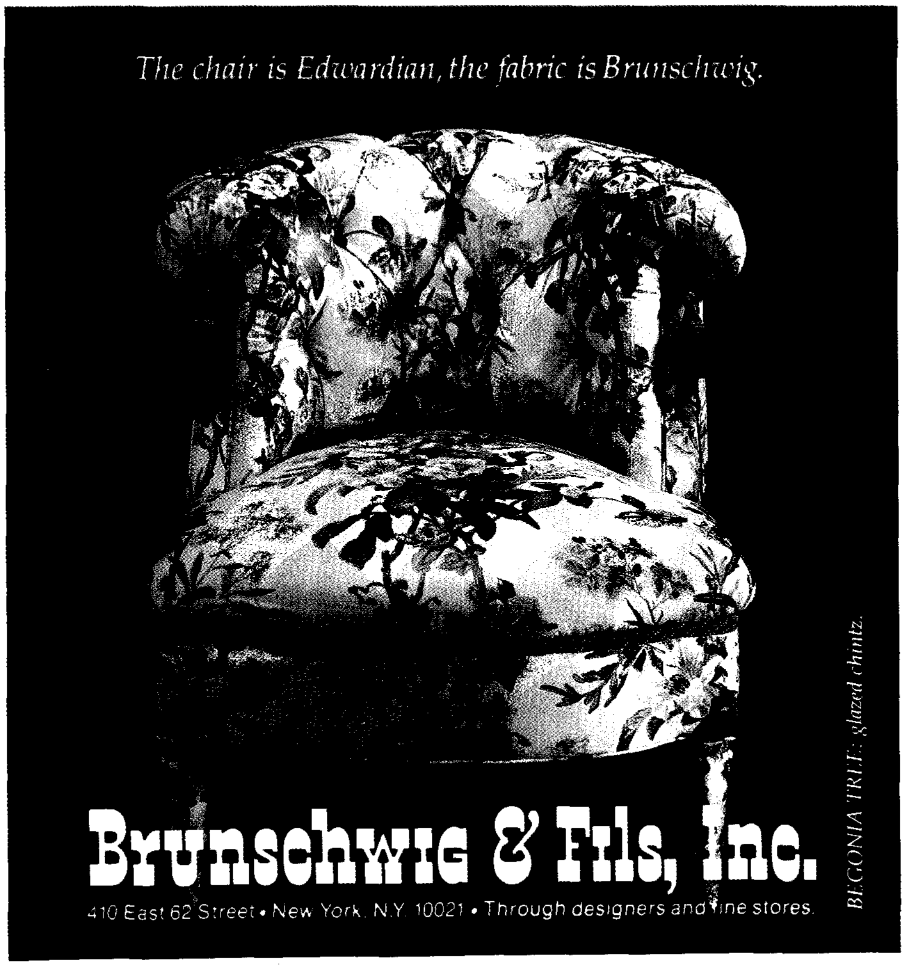
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apart from any particular work in the world—apart, even, from "rates of interest" and the ordinary terminology of the banker. He was one of a small number of men who saw that money might be *free;* that it might have a life of its own.

Ernest Stillman, his youngest son, was drawn to *healing* work; he took particular interest in a particular tract of ravaged land, which he hoped to bring to health in such a way that it would stay useful and healthy for the longest time he could foresee.

Richard Fisher acted in a fatherly way to Ernest Stillman, and was embraced, perhaps, as a father by him. Richard Fisher had been, in his youth, "one of the enthusiastic and 'closely knit group of men who helped Mr. [Gifford] Pinchot get the practice of forestry under way.' "

Gifford Pinchot was born on August 11, 1865, in Simsbury, Connecticut. His father had made a fortune in drygoods in New York City. His maternal grandfather, Amos Eno, was a successful investor in real estate and was the owner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Pinchot went to Exeter and Yale. Just before he enrolled at Yale, his father suggested to him that he make forestry his career. This was a most interesting intuition, since there was no forestry school at Yale, or anywhere in the country, at that moment. Pinchot wrote in his autobiography:

> So I took a course in meteorology, which has to do with weather and climate. And another in botany, which has to do with the vegetable kingdom—trees are unquestionably vegetable. And another in geology, for forests grow out of the earth. Also I took a course in astronomy, for it is the sun which makes trees grow.

He left America for Europe. When he returned, in 1890, he had studied the systematized forests of Europe. At that time, in America, the condition of the forests was very striking: vast forests had been thoroughly lumbered over and had been left in pitiable condition. Pinchot felt he had a role to play. His first work was for great magnates, however: he worked for W. Seward Webb in the Adirondacks and for Webb's connection George Washington Vanderbilt near Asheville, North Carolina.

THE Vanderbilt family in America may be discussed in terms of the history of railroading, the history of social life, the history of architecture. In the history of architecture, they are secure in their place as promoters of gorgeous European styles. The family possessed almost a dozen large houses on Fifth Avenue in New York, the most remarkable of which was the "château" of Cornelius Vanderbilt III, at Fifty-seventh Street. Among their country houses were the house of Frederick Vanderbilt in Hyde Park, New York; the Breakers and Marble House, at Newport; Florham, in New Jersey, the house of Hamilton Twombly and Florence Vanderbilt Twombly; and Biltmore, near Asheville, North Carolina, the house of George Washington Vanderbilt.

This last house has been known since the time of its building as "the largest private house in America." It was modelled on the château of Blois, but the work is not so finely done as it is at Blois. The interior is furnished with old European pieces and with imitations of such pieces. The house, which if it were in Europe would be beneath anyone's notice, is heavily visited by the public. The house is viewed by the public, I think, as a symbol of success, and it is that. It is representative of the failure of success to take hold in America. Some moment of success left this *thing*. People look at it, but they don't understand it.

Biltmore has shrunk. There was a forest; an arboretum was envisioned. What remains is the artifact-house. Frederick Law Olmsted was particularly interested in developing an arboretum at Biltmore. Gifford Pinchot (working as the "consulting forester" at Biltmore) wrote this enthusiastic prospectus, in 1893:

> It is the intention to make this Arboretum one of the finest in existence. There are already in the Nursery more kinds of trees and shrubs than there are in the Botanical Gardens at Kew, near London, and the number is being steadily increased. The climate will allow a larger variety of trees than that of any other large arboretum which has so far been begun, while the liberal plan of the work is intended to make the best use of so admirable an opportunity. A careful record of the treatment of each species is being, and will be, kept; while a Forest Botanical Library, already of considerable extent, will furnish the necessary aid to study.

We may, for purposes of this essay, establish the *arboretum* as a symbol for one kind of activity undertaken in America with reference to a European model and *Biltmore House* as another. We see that the *arboretum* takes notice of the well-established gardens at Kew and means to outdo them—not as a result of an urgent interest in outdoing

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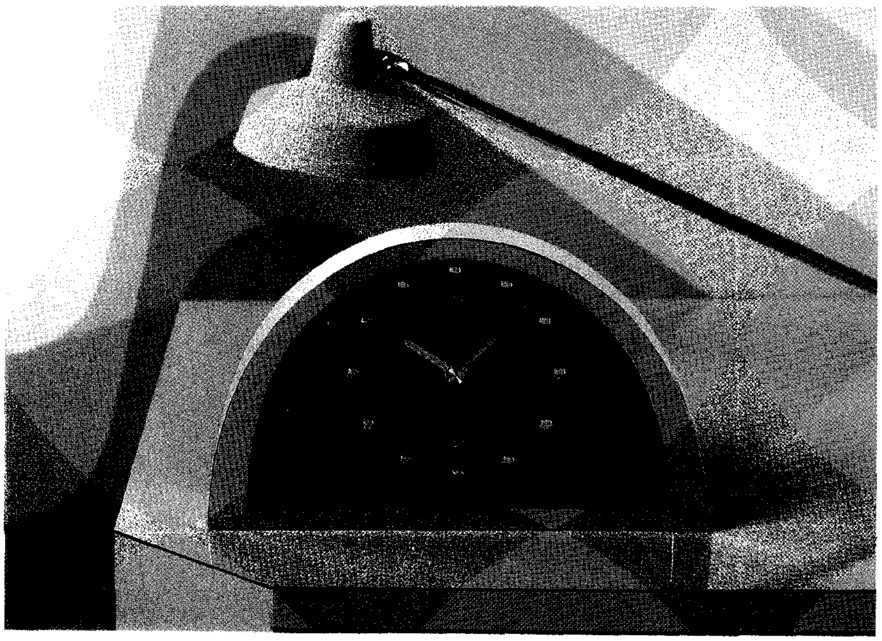

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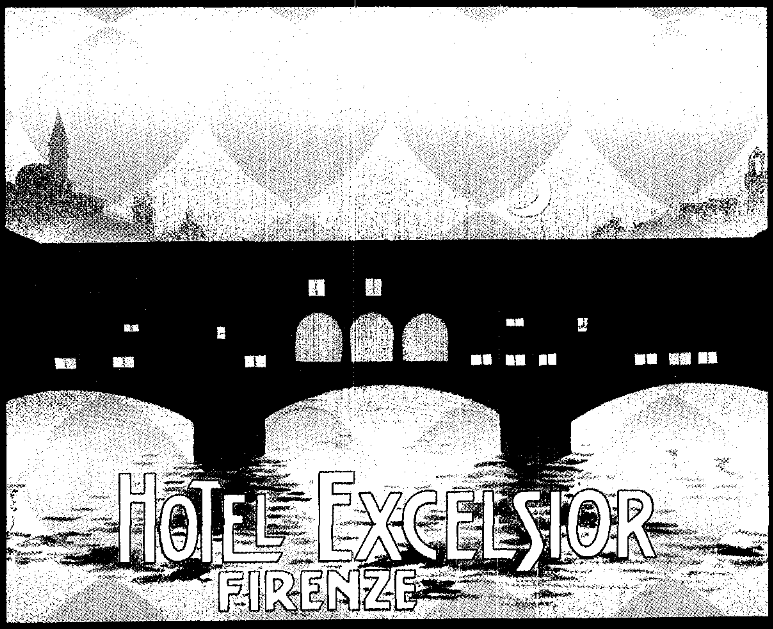

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them but in consequence of certain natural advantages (here meteorological) to be found on this new continent. *Biltmore House*, on the other hand, has been built in an atmosphere of urgent need, and no natural advantages exist in North Carolina to support it. A third symbol is to be found in *Biltmore Forest*. The forest was that extensive portion of the Biltmore property given over to *scientific forest management*. It was described by Gifford Pinchot as follows:

> It is composed in greater part of Oaks and other deciduous trees, chiefly in the younger stages of their growth, with Pines scattered among the broad-leaved trees, and here and there pure patches of them in the old fields.

The forest, Pinchot said, "derives an additional interest from the fact that it is the first piece of woodland in the United States to be subjected to a regular system of management, the prime object of which is to pay the owner while improving the forest."

Of the condition of the forest at the time the "regular system of management" was instituted, Pinchot said,

> Previous to the time of purchase by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, the area now included in Biltmore Estate was held by a number of small farmers. These people, poor as the mountain farmer is apt to be, were obliged to use without reserve all the resources of their scantily productive lands. They were therefore in the habit of cutting all trees which could be used or sold as fuel, fencing, or saw-logs. They turned their cattle into the forest, and often burned over their woodlands for the sake of the pasturage. . . . Under such treatment the forest, originally of moderate quality, grew steadily worse. The more valuable species of trees were removed, and the less valuable ones remained to seed the ground and perpetuate their kind. . . . At the time when forest management was begun on the Estate, the condition of a large part of the forest was deplorable in the extreme.

Pinchot did not stay long at Biltmore. In 1898, he went to work for the United States Department of Agriculture as the head of its Forestry Division. There he was called the Chief Forester; he was the first man to hold this version of the title, and it appealed to him, as he was the first American-born man to be a professional forester.

Pinchot's idea of what forestry might be can be thought of as having three parts. There was a scientific component, encompassing the study of the various factors that affect the growth and thrift of trees; a practical component, taking into consideration what goal was looked for in the culture and harvest of trees; and a conservative component, which sought to balance questions of usefulness in the short term and usefulness in the longer term. These three parts were not arcs of a circle but cups that fitted one inside another. The conservative part was the large cup into which scientific study and practical use were meant to fit.

There were objections to this point of view. To many men, Pinchot's arrangement seemed to use one cup too many. A simpler plan was to remove the scientific and the practical from the conservative-ethical context—to *free* them. We should take note of the opinions of two men who were at work in forestry at this time: Bernhard E. Fernow, who was Pinchot's predecessor at the Department of Agriculture; and Dr. Carl Alwin Schenck, a German forester, who succeeded Pinchot at Biltmore and was head of the Biltmore Forest School there.

Of methods of forestry which sought to assure a "sustained yield" over a long period, Fernow wrote in 1899:

> If then in a country [Germany] with dense population, where in many places every twig can be marketed, with settled conditions of market, with no virgin woods which could be cheaply exploited and come into advantageous competition with the costlier material produced by managed properties, with cost of labor low and prices of wood comparatively high—if under such conditions the returns for the expenditure of money, skill, intellect in the production of wood crops [are] not more promising [returning from three to four per cent on invested capital], it would seem hopeless to develop the argument of profitableness in a country where all these conditions are the reverse, and a businessman considers a six per cent [return on] investment no sufficient inducement.

Of the Biltmore Forest School (which had been established in 1898 by Dr. Schenck and existed in one form or another until 1913), Dr. Schenck wrote, "I thought of it as a practical and technical school, the teachings of which, notably in lumbering and in financing, would be capable of immediate application in American woods."

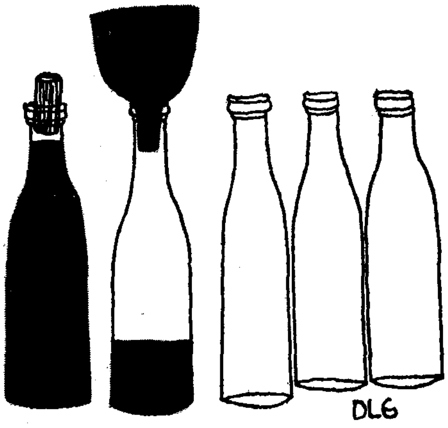
We see that for Fernow and Schenck (as for later generations of lumbermen and graduates of forestry schools) the issue of forest management was not symbolic of some larger American issue. For Pinchot, it was. It is also true that his eye, more than the eyes of his contemporaries (Fernow and Schenck, for instance), was on the distant future. In America, the man who is reputed to be *forward-looking* wants only to see into the moment that is just beyond his grasp. The far distance has no interest for him. It may be the backward-looking man who thinks most clearly about the future. Pinchot wrote, in his book "The Fight for Conservation," in 1910:

> Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the American people is their superb practical optimism; that marvellous hopefulness which keeps the individual efficiently at work. This hopefulness of the American is, however, as short-sighted as it is intense. As a rule, it does not look ahead beyond the next decade or score of years, and fails wholly to reckon with the real future of the Nation. I do not think I have often heard a forecast of the growth of our population that extended beyond a total of two hundred millions, and that only as a distant and shadowy goal. The point of view which this fact illustrates is neither true nor far-sighted. We shall reach a population of two hundred millions in the very near future, as time is counted in the lives of nations.

An enthusiastic man himself, he concerned himself with the question of what enthusiasm might do, and denied that it must inevitably apply itself to the stale job of increasing the momentum of whatever forces were already at work. He imagined, I think, that he had found an instant in time in which American enthusiasm might be redirected. His understanding of his country was unusual, and he was justified, perhaps, in thinking that he might shape it. He wrote:

> No man may rightly fail to take a great pride in what has been accomplished by means of the destruction of our natural resources so far as it has gone. It is a paradoxical statement, perhaps, but nevertheless true, because out of this attack on what nature has given we have won a kind of prosperity and a kind of civilization and a kind of man that are new in the world. For example, nothing like the rapidity of the destruction of American forests has ever been known in forest history, and nothing like the efficiency and vigor and inventiveness of the American lumberman has ever been developed by any attack on any forests elsewhere. Probably the most effective tool that the human mind and hand have ever made is the American axe. So the American business man has grasped his opportunities and used them and developed them and invented about them, thought them into lines of success, and thus has developed into a new business man, with a vigor and effectiveness and a cutting-edge that have never been equalled anywhere else. We have gained out of the vast destruction of our natural resources a degree of vigor and power and efficiency of which every man of us ought to be proud.
>
> Now that is done. We have accomplished these big things. What is the next step? Shall we go on in the same lines to the certain destruction of the prosperity which we have created, or shall we take the obvious lesson of all human history, turn our backs on the uncivilized point of view, and adopt toward our natural resources the average prudence and average foresight and average care that we long ago adopted as a rule of our daily life?

This is an unusual and interesting set of remarks. "We have gained out of the vast destruction of our natural resources a degree of vigor and power and efficiency of which every man of us ought to be proud." This is an unusual statement. An image comes to life here: a man on a piece of land. The land is damaged; the man has damaged it. But look: the man is powerful, strong, and happy. We recall that Frederick Law Olmsted saw a murderer (a man responsible for the death of many people) perform an act of high courage. This is what American history is like, but it is hard for us to accept: that a vigorous and splendid country could have been built by really guilty people. Nearly all statements in support of American enthusiasm describe only the nourishing power of enthusiasm, its ability to transform experience. Our attention is drawn, again and again, to the vigorous condition of the man with the axe. People who think that American enthusiasm ought to be curbed ignore this strong man and look only at the damage he has caused. Pinchot is one of a small number of powerful American men (Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt are others) who allow themselves to see *both* the glory of the vigorous man *and* the damage he has done. Pinchot takes note of the wonderful force that has been used to do the damage and asks that it be allowed to continue—but doing different work.



Men like Pinchot must ordinarily fail. Many Americans feel that it is in the contemplation of the possibility of uncontrolled recklessness that the nourishing power of enthusiasm actually resides; many other people have cultivated an interest in damage, and even in inventories of damaged things. Enthusiastic restraint is a difficult idea to grasp, and it is rarely put forward as a practical policy. But there were certain circumstances working in Pinchot's favor at the turn of the century. The forests of the country had been lumbered in such a reckless way that the result was obvious to the public. The near-total destruction of the pre-Colonial forest was as striking to people as the final depletion of American oil reserves will be. Moreover, Pinchot found that he had the ear of Theodore Roosevelt, who was unexpectedly elevated to the Presidency by the assassination of William McKinley in 1901.

IN 1926, Richard Thornton Fisher, the director of the Harvard Forest, in Petersham, Massachusetts, walked over a tract of land in Cornwall, New York, owned by his friend Dr. Ernest Stillman. Like the land that had been formed into the Biltmore Estate, this was damaged land that had been purchased from many smallholders by a rich man—in this case, Dr. Stillman's father, the banker James Stillman. Richard Fisher urged Dr. Stillman to establish this tract as a demonstration forest. It was so established, and was called the Black Rock Forest; the name derived from Black Rock Mountain, one of a number of high hills within the tract. A system of publications (Bulletins and Papers) describing the work being done within the forest was established as well.

Richard Fisher contributed an introduction to the first Black Rock Forest Bulletin, in 1930. He wrote:

> The Black Rock Forest, from which this bulletin is the first publication, is probably the first institution of its kind to be established in the United States—a private property organized as a forest laboratory

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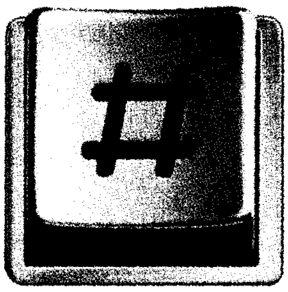

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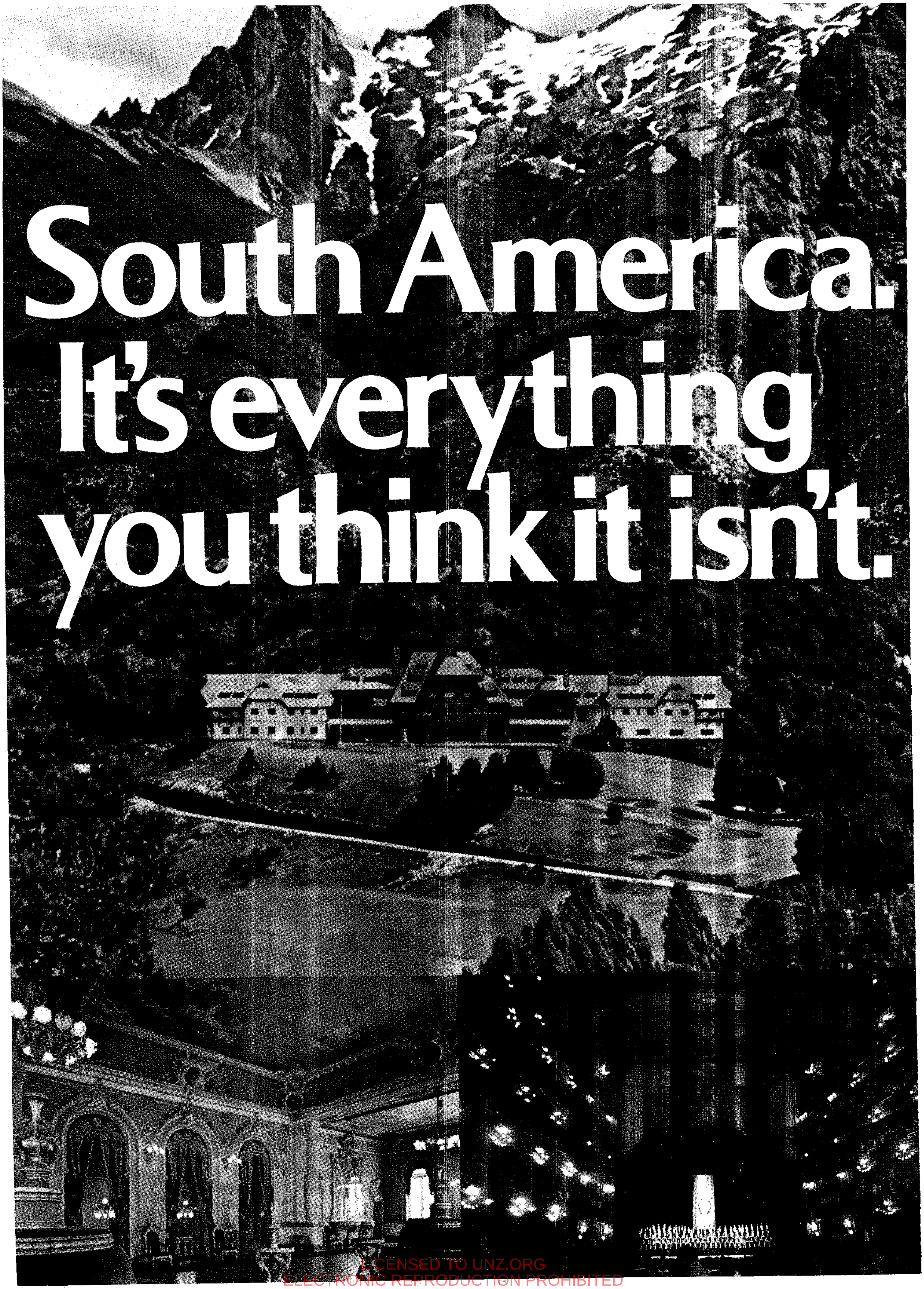
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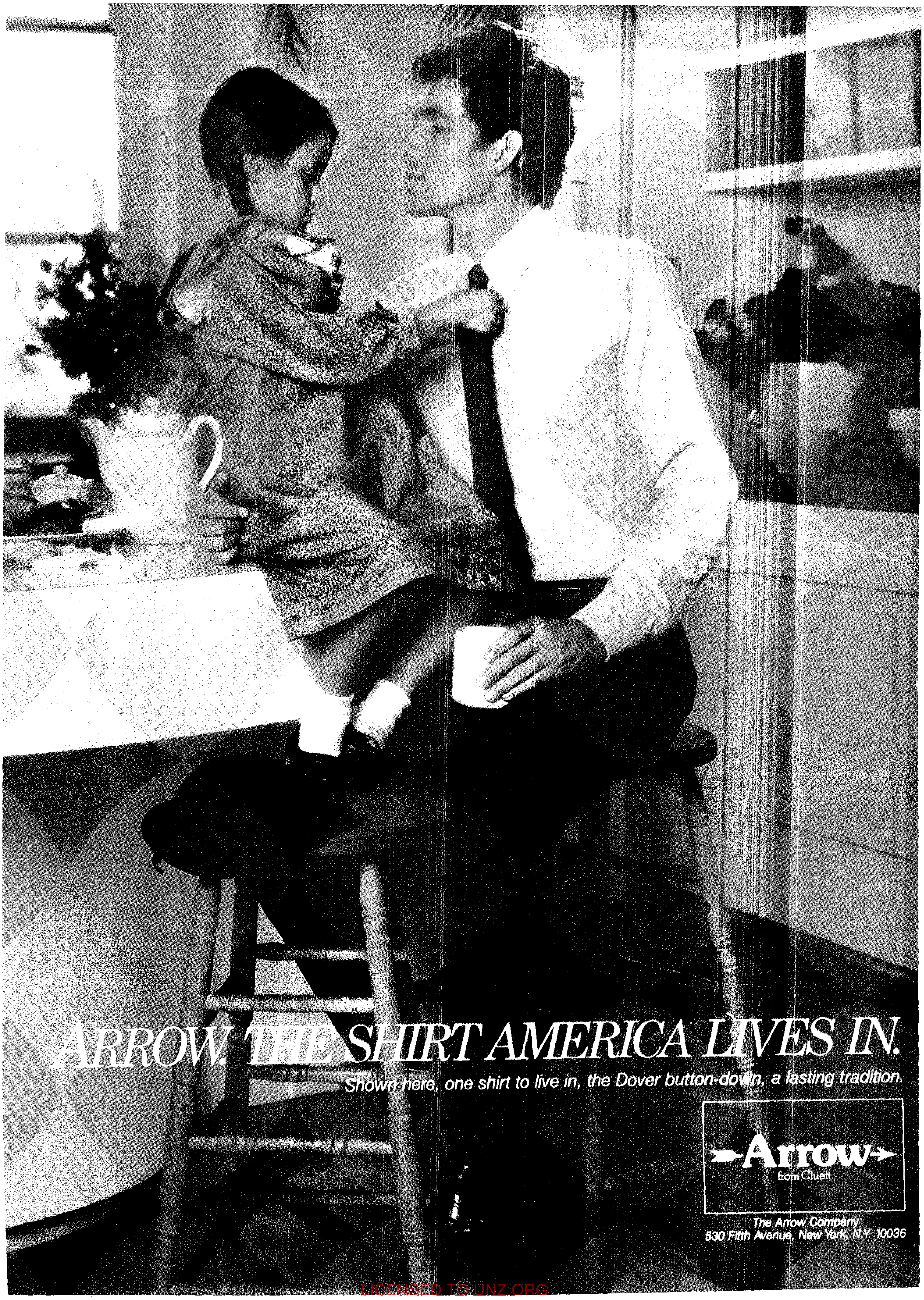

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> for research in problems of forest management and for the demonstration of successful methods in practice. In carrying out this purpose, for which a great deal of the preliminary work is already done, the Forest has every prospect of rendering a valuable public service. The tract is of ample size, and by reason of its location and good protective organization it is relatively safe from fire. Adequate financing and expert supervision assure it of efficient management. Moreover, the Black Rock Forest represents a region where the problem of the future use of land is of peculiar economic and social importance, and where but little systematic work has been done to solve it.
>
> In the hills of northern New Jersey and the Highlands of the Hudson, almost at the back doors of the greatest center of population in the country, there is in the aggregate a very large area of rough, wooded land, much of it still practically a wilderness. For generations it has been repeatedly cut over for wood and many times ravaged by fire. As a result many of the better species of trees have become scarce, inferior kinds have increased growth and reproductive capacity is enfeebled, and the soil is impoverished. For most of this type of land—rocky, steep, and thin-soiled—the only foreseeable use is for recreation or forest products. For either purpose economy requires that the forest should be rejuvenated in growth and value and the soil restored as far as possible to its maximum fertility. To this end it is necessary that the right methods be worked out to eliminate the worthless and to increase the growth and reproduction of the better species, to restore the fertility of the soil, and in time to define the types of vegetation that will make the best use of these rough and stony sites.
>
> It is the program of the Black Rock Forest to supply this needed knowledge, not only by publishing periodically the results of experimental work, but by displaying to visitors the various areas or plots in the woods where different kinds of treatment have been applied and how they have succeeded. Looking to the future relation between the metropolitan area and its nearest available region of wild land, this will be a service of the greatest value.

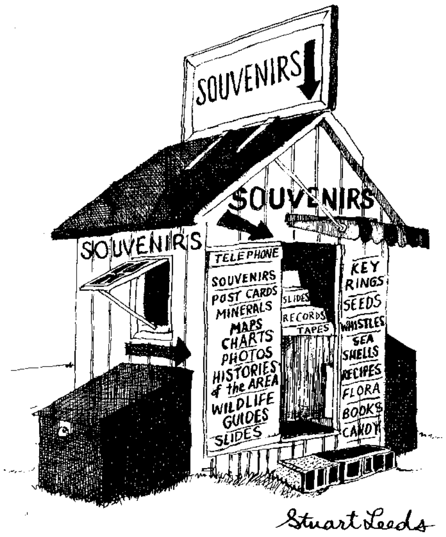
When Richard Fisher wrote the introduction to the first Bulletin, he was fifty-four. Thirty-seven years had passed since Gifford Pinchot issued his description of the work to be undertaken within Biltmore Forest. Thirty-two years had passed since Fisher encountered Gifford Pinchot on Mount Shasta.

WE might return for a moment to Pinchot's description of the work he was doing (and planned to do) at Biltmore. This description is contained in a booklet entitled "Biltmore Forest," which was written in connection with an exhibit taken by the Biltmore Estate to the Columbian Exposition of 1893. The following quotation is from "Planting," a section in which Pinchot laid out his plans for planting trees in certain patches of wasteland at Biltmore:

> The plan upon which the forest planting is to be undertaken is a wide one and is likely to produce important results. We are acquainted with a great number of exotic species in their garden character: we know very few of them as to their adaptation to Forest uses. Of the silvicultural character of American trees we are almost equally ignorant. It is intended, therefore, to plant blocks of an acre or more of each of a very large number of American and foreign trees, assigning each to the character of land which it is most likely to occupy with advantage. . . . Such an experiment may be expected, in the course of time, to add many important species to the useful forest flora of the country.

This quotation introduces the idea of planting trees, which Pinchot did not in general favor; he preferred to concern himself with natural reproduction within the forest. And it contains the interesting remark "Of the silvicultural character of American trees we are almost equally ignorant."

This is a true statement to this day, and it is clear why: it is hard to get to know the silvicultural character of trees (there are countless elements that affect the growth of trees in situ over their long life), and, given the way we prefer to live in America, there is no very good reason for trying. The situation might be compared with one in which people neglect to pay attention to the specific things that make one particular town healthy, because these specific things are very complex and hard to pin down, because mastery of these things promises success only in one particular place, and because people have become habituated to towns of standardized manufacture. We know about trees what we think we need to know, and what is *exciting* to know. That is, we know what men at work in basic science tell us is true for *very many trees* or *all trees;* we know from experience which species, growing under what conditions, harvested in which way, fit best into the framework of our economic life as it exists now. Nearly all else is still hidden.



We might return again to the symbols within the Biltmore Estate. *Biltmore House* represents an attempt to establish a place within national life. It is *everywhere and nowhere.* It has little to do with North Carolina. The *arboretum* has roots in the specific conditions to be found near Asheville, North Carolina, but with reference to other arboretums, elsewhere. Within the *forest* there is a promise of information that may, over time, be found to be useful in other places, but first of all it is what it is: a forest in North Carolina, tending to good health or poor.

Everywhere and nowhere is the way of national life and is also the place where *basic scientific research* is to be found. It may be of interest to some few persons that the first work was done in this or that place, but the success of the work is in proportion to the degree to which the work is diffused throughout the world.

Here and there is the manner of the museum, where the location of the collection is only part of the issue.

Mostly here is the way of silviculture, and also of human settlements, which must necessarily be affected by specific local conditions.

In recent times, the first two ways of being in a place have been much more important to the American people than the third—this despite the fact that everyone does live in some particular place. As a result, very little is known about how this or that particular place might be brought into a healthy condition.

IN 1940, Dr. Ernest Stillman wrote a letter to Dr. James B. Conant, the president of Harvard University, and enclosed a memorandum he had written on the subject of the Harvard Forest and the Black Rock Forest. Dr. Stillman urged Harvard to give a greater attention to the Harvard Forest, which he felt was being neglected. He also urged Harvard to agree to accept the Black Rock Forest at his death. I do not know exactly what position Harvard was taking at this time about the Harvard Forest (of which Dr. Stillman was the principal benefactor) and the Black Rock Forest (of which Dr. Stillman was the sole proprietor); the relevant documents are protected by a "fifty-year rule"—under which documents are withheld from public scrutiny for fifty years. The university seems to have been reluctant to commit itself to taking on the Black Rock Forest. "As long as the late Professor Fisher approved . . . the idea of Black Rock Forest becoming a part of the forestry plant of the University, naturally I erroneously assumed that the necessary arrangements had been made," Dr. Stillman wrote in 1940 in his letter to Conant. Apparently, the necessary arrangements had not been made.

In the memorandum that accompanied his letter to President Conant, Dr. Stillman discussed several plans (*to be financed in large part by* Dr. Stillman himself) that he felt would bring the Harvard Forest into greater prominence. He referred to the Harvard Forest as "a barely explored academic gold mine." He advanced the opinion that a set of forest models, financed by him, would interest not only distinguished visitors but also the general public. He wrote that "the members of the biological staffs have not made use of [the forest's] resources because of lack of proper housing facilities." To that sentence Professor Hugh Raup, of the Arnold Arboretum, at Harvard, appended this note:

> This isn't the only reason. Most of the biological staff at Harvard is uninterested as yet in the things they can find at Petersham. *It is hard to control experiments outside of the laboratory;* hence, the dyed-in-the-wool laboratory man is often afraid to work "in the open field." [Raup's emphasis.]

Of the Black Rock Forest property Dr. Stillman wrote:

> The Black Rock Forest in its 12 years of life has already produced so much valuable scientific knowledge that it seemed a shame to have these experiments terminate at my death. Three alternatives presented themselves: (1) establish an individual foundation; (2) deed the property to the Bronx Botanical Park, Syracuse or Cornell Universities; or (3) deed the property to Harvard University.
>
> I discarded the first, as the management would be too narrow. I naturally favored the last, as I believe the Black Rock Forest would be complementary to the Harvard Forest. In order that the Forest would not be a burden on the University, I arranged to set up an endowment, the income of which could be used to defray the expenses of operating both the Black Rock Forest and the Harvard Forest. If the corporation decides not to accept the Black Rock Forest with its endowment, I must make other arrangements.

HARVARD accepted the gift. I imagine this conversation:

FELLOW OF HARVARD: And then there is the question of the Black Rock Forest.

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD: Not again!

FELLOW: I think we ought to accept it, you know.

PRESIDENT: Why? We already have a forest and I'm not aware we need another.

FELLOW: One must distinguish between spinsters. The Forest we have and will continue to have (for *no one* will allow us to part from her) is poor; at best, she just gets by, and (there is no end to our bad luck) her most *faithful friend has been the gentleman* who wants to give us Forest No. 2.

PRESIDENT: No one knows what we suffer from the generosity of our graduates!

FELLOW: There must be special rewards for those who suffer in silence.

PRESIDENT: I approve of silence.

FELLOW: The temple.

PRESIDENT: The *grave*. And Forest No. 2 is . . .

FELLOW: Rich.

PRESIDENT: And unselfish! I know this old maid. She does not spend money on herself! Brave in adversity, she shrinks from her own large income; it's the one thing she dreads. Dividends and interest are anathema to her, and yet she *must* spend, lest her enormous capital grow more grotesquely huge, producing an income even more unwieldy. Without a poor relation on whom to lavish care she is- . . . lost! A nightmare dilemma. I see our duty now.

FELLOW: Once again, you have pierced to the heart of the matter. And who knows? In time . . .

PRESIDENT: She may wander off. What's the name?

FELLOW: Black Rock Forest.

PRESIDENT: Or find a beau who doesn't like dowries.

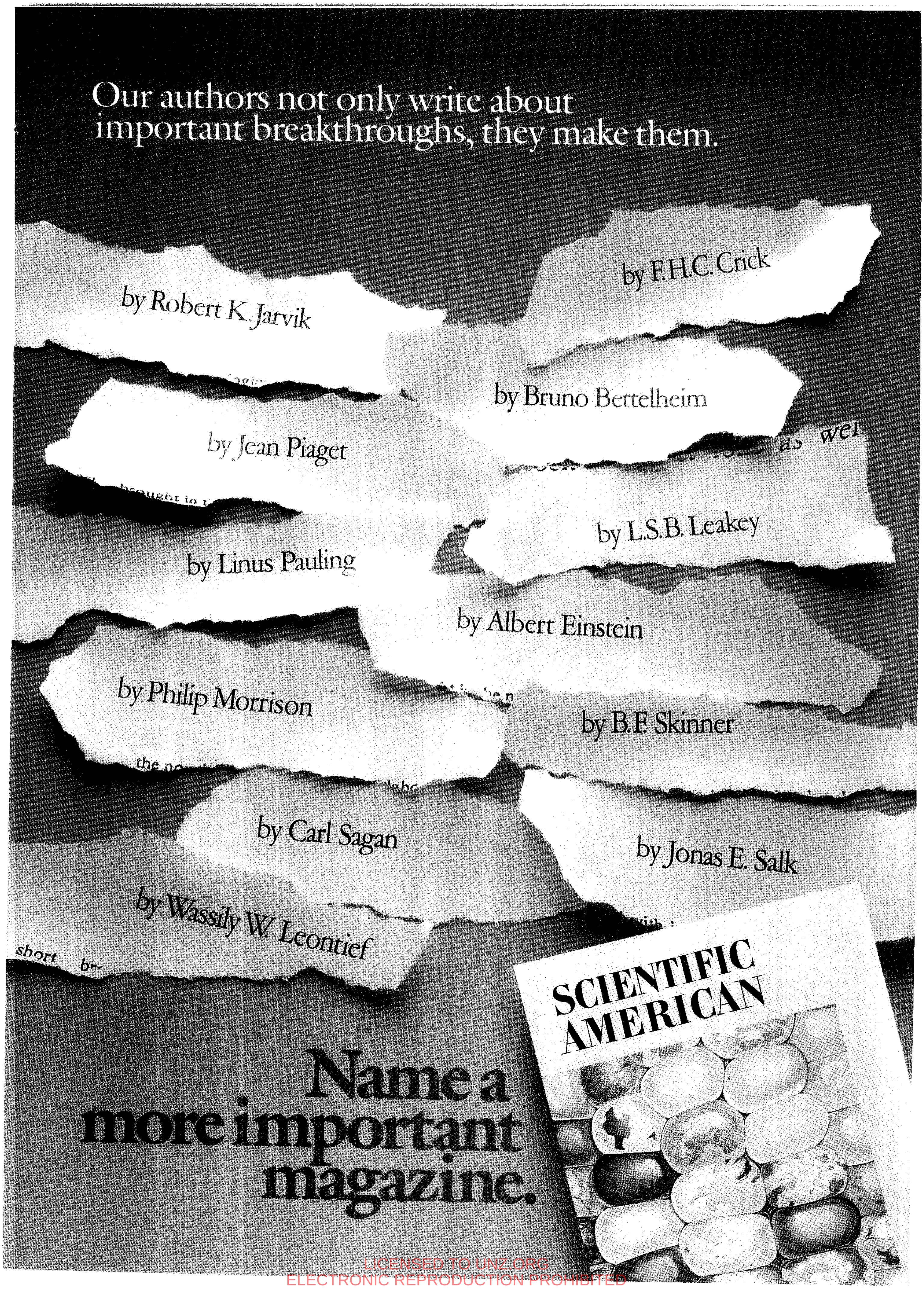
FELLOW: That man is rare.

PRESIDENT: She'd only want the special case.

THE FOREST

SOON after the Harvard fund-raising event at the United States Military Academy, I went to see Mr. Esty Stowell. Mr. Stowell is a graduate of Harvard College, Class of 1934. He maintains a house in Cornwall, New York, near the Black Rock Forest. He said, "We have known for some time that Harvard had lost interest in the forest. John Stillman, a son of Dr. Stillman's, who lives here, wrote to Harvard sometime in the nineteen-fifties, and someone there wrote back saying, Oh, we are doing this and that. But nothing has really gone on in the forest for years and years—although Harvard does keep the roads up. In any case, after the Storm King issue came up—in the early nineteen-sixties, if you remember, Con Edison wanted to build a pumped-storage plant here—Harvard appointed a committee to see what its response should be to Con Edison's proposal, because some acres of the forest would have been taken. Somewhere in the report of that committee, it says that Harvard should think about getting rid of the forest, because no real work was being done in it. Rather like the railroads, you see. It runs down, and then people say, 'Impossible to go on, it's so run down.' In any case, some few of us went on the alert after that. Over the whole period, Harvard has been very elusive. There was a period in the middle seventies when it pursued a deal with the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, but the Park Commission was not able after all to get the funds it would have needed to buy the forest, so that fell through. And then, you see, we began to worry that Harvard, having begun this process, might consider *any buyer*, and a few of us began to ask, and ask again, what Harvard's intentions were. I began a correspondence with Daniel Steiner, Harvard's general counsel, and what I got back in most instances was a total mouthful of feathers. 'No decision has been reached; we're not talking to anyone at this moment.' It was 'Harvard will do the right thing' kind of talk. He won't say much except that Harvard feels secure in its legal position, because Dr. Stillman did not put any language in his will saying that the forest must revert to his heirs if Harvard didn't follow a given course of action. That's what makes John Stillman so angry: he says—quite rightly, I think—that of course his father didn't use that language, because he trusted Harvard. Besides, you know, I think Harvard doesn't like accepting gifts with that kind of restriction, and it probably asked him to make the bequest as simple as possible, but that's a guess.

"There are so many issues here. First of all, the forest is very interesting, you know. It was set up to look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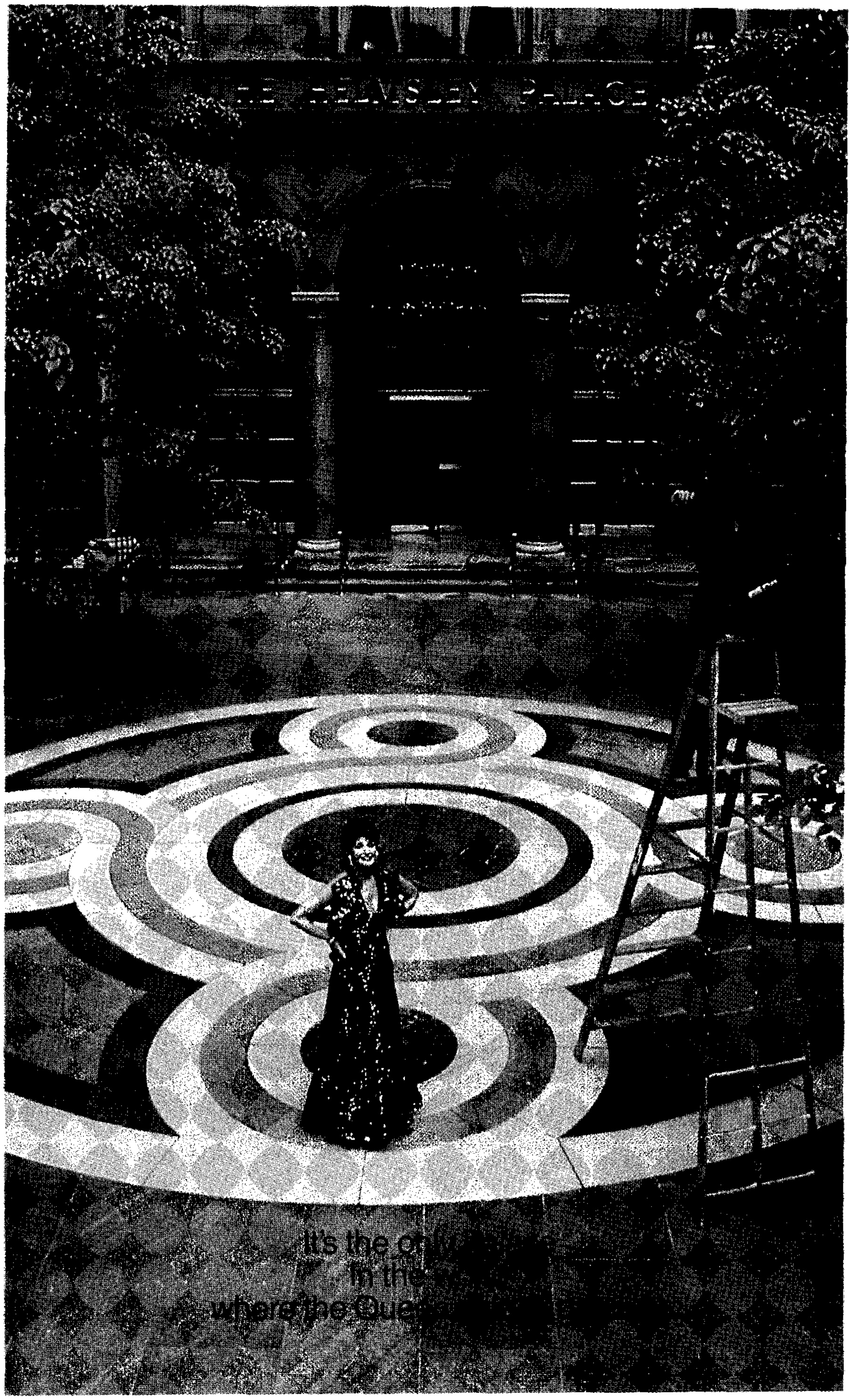
into various practical problems: woodlot management and so forth—just the sort of thing people are interested in now. Wouldn't you think Harvard would think about that? Well, it doesn't. And, of course, the forest is beautiful. My wife and I walk in it all the time; the roads and trails are marvellous. We have been just about everywhere, I would say, except down to Glycerine Hollow. It's all terribly well done. I mean, it has been laid out with care, and, of course, there are experimental plots all through it, testing whether this sort of tree grows best here or there. I wish I could tell you more about that, but I can't. You would have liked Henry Tryon, who was the forester here. He was what I call a rough diamond. Always wore red suspenders. His attitude toward the forest was almost the attitude of a poet. There was a sign that Hal Tryon had erected which no longer stands. It was a yard square, I would say. And on it—very neat—was a description of a cycle in silviculture. And it concluded with this: 'The trees were cut; their work was done.' There was an amateur poet shining through. He had that spirit—an *amateur*, in the old sense. He was a big, burly, red-haired Harvard guy. Ex-football player.

"I would say the important issue is: Harvard gave its word.

"You must walk around the forest. It's laid out so well; you can take short walks or quite long ones. We'll go on a short one today. On another day, I suggest you make a circuit. I will give you a map. You might go south as far as Spy Rock and Eagle Cliff. That's a good day's walk.

"And go and talk to Steiner. We can't get much out of him. Just that Harvard feels secure in its legal position."

If a person were to walk through the Black Rock Forest today, starting from the entrance to the forest, at the Upper Reservoir, he might climb the Hill of Pines to the top, where there is a fine view all around. He might look at pitch pine and scrub oak (Henry Tryon assumed that they constituted one of the few scraps of the pre-Colonial pattern remaining within the Forest), then descend to Carpenter Road (an ample, well-maintained dirt road), head west on Carpenter Road, then southwest on Bog Meadow Road to the white-blazed trail called the Scenic Trail, then walk on the Scenic Trail to Eagle Cliff, elevation 1,443 feet. This is about as far south as a



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person can go in the forest. From this spot, there is a wonderful view south in the direction of New York City. It is the sort of view that no one thinks can exist close to New York City—the sort of thing that a person heads west for. From here, a route back to the entrance to the forest might be: the Scenic Trail again until the turnoff to the Chatfield Trail; the Chatfield Trail to Chatfield Road; east on Chatfield Road to the White Oak Trail, passing the Tamarack Pond and the Chatfield farmhouse (a splendid stone building of 1834), and passing a tract reforested in red pine by Henry Tryon; west on the White Oak Trail to Sutherland Road; northeast on Sutherland Road to the Schunemunk–Storm King Trail; up Black Rock, elevation 1,410; down to the Aleck Meadow Reservoir and White Oak Road. This would take most of one day.

On another day, a person might go to Glycerine Hollow. This would be a short trip: south from the entrance to the forest to Carpenter Road by the Hill of Pines Trail and then to Go-Down Road. No route could be finer than Go-Down Road. It is broader than a trail but narrower now than a road. It is a road gone gentle. It is grassy most of its length and descends at a good rate. It does not twist and turn. It goes straight to where it is going.

This is what Henry Tryon said in 1939 in his Ten Year Progress Report about Glycerine Hollow and his work there:

> Nine and one-half acres of mixed hardwood association, about seventy years old, were marked for cleaning in the autumn of 1928. Our original plan was to follow this operation with two, or perhaps more, improvement cuttings with the object of encouraging reproduction of the better commercial species. The original stand was (and still is) about the best timber in the Forest. Form and height are unusually good.
>
> But advance growth was hard to find. Our cleaning operation, which removed the dead, dying, overtopped and deformed stems, with an occasional intermediate or codominant, tallied, to our great surprise, 16.8 cords per acre. The appearance of the area was at first unusually clean and neat, but the inevitable sprout growth soon altered this.
>
> Here as in Cutting 1d, nothing appeared at first but sprouts. By 1934, however, a setting of young white ash, red oak, sugar maple, and yellow poplar was showing. The density of this new growth made us wonder if our projected additional cuttings would be needed. By 1936 the reproduction of these species was so numerous that we abandoned entirely our idea of extra

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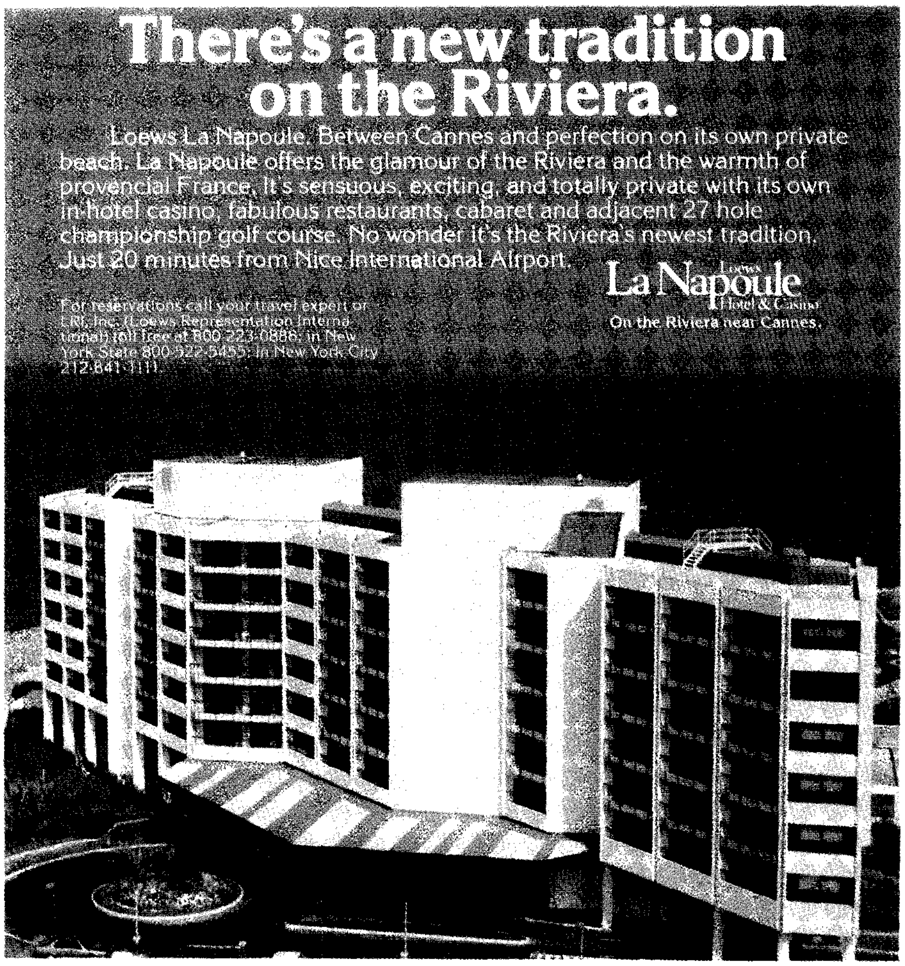
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cuttings and decided to leave matters temporarily as they were.

This stand can be left to grow for at least fifty years longer. It is a crop of medium-sized, valuable sawlogs now, with easy accessibility. The additional volume increment will raise the money return from the final cutting; the overwood appears to be in excellent health, with no danger of decadence for a long period, and the reproduction is becoming well established. A final cutting could be made tomorrow; but we see no merit in that. We believe the best plan will be to delay harvesting this area until a strongly favorable market becomes available. It is interesting to note that the thinning applied here in 1928-29, while apparently heavy on a volume basis, did not admit sufficient light to stimulate water-sprouting to any marked extent.

Here, too, future investigation may reveal that our "tinkering" with the species association of this particular site has caused an upset. Conversely, we may perhaps find that our slight rearrangement of the composition (for here we expect to increase but slightly the percentage of white ash and yellow poplar) is precisely what nature has been seeking to accomplish. In contrast with Cutting 1a, the anticipated composition will not differ as sharply from the old mixture. Cutting 2a is another test plot in our search to determine what species mixture will give the highest yield on this particular site. We may learn that we are wide of the mark or perhaps we shall be agreeably surprised.

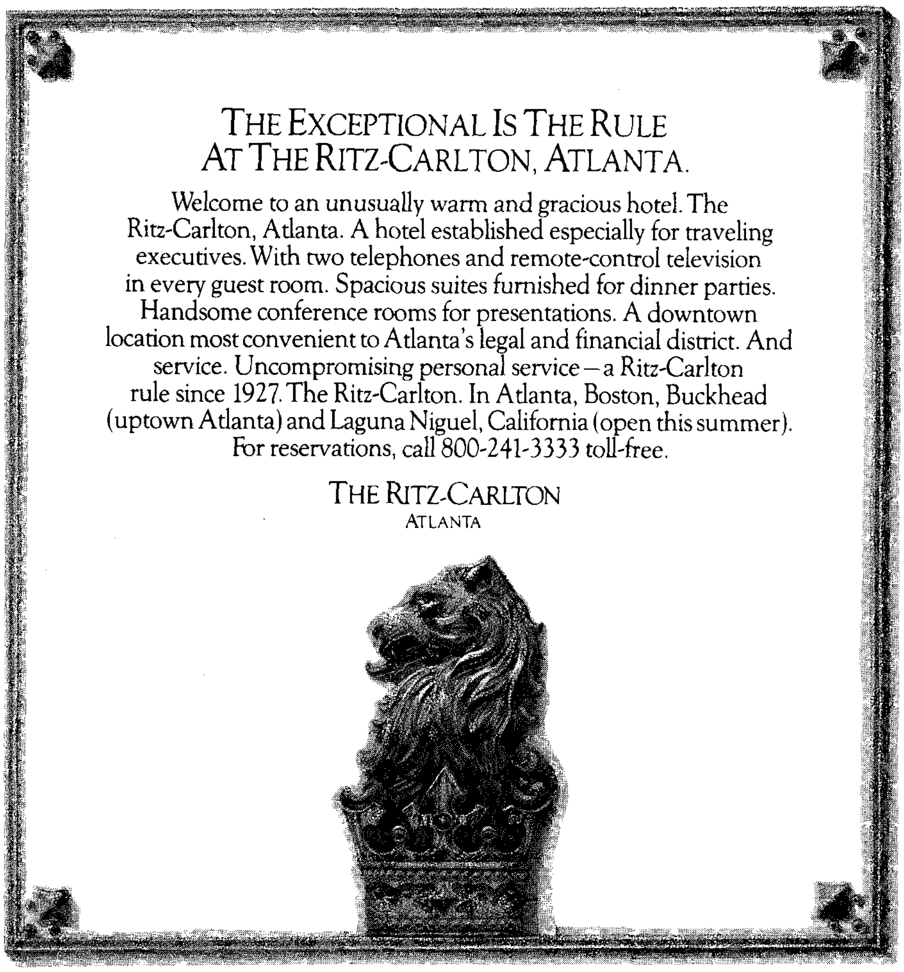
Much important information is implicit in these paragraphs. Notice all the room for judgment: not now, later; this much, no more. Notice the room for the adjustment of judgment: we may be wrong, of course. And the acknowledgment of the possibility of grace: we may be in for a pleasant surprise. Notice these recorded facts:

(1) The forest is not a magnificent stand of virgin timber. It is a magnificent place, with a history of abuse. In the whole of the forest, Glycerine Hollow has the best stand of timber, and in 1928 that was merely seventy years old.

(2) The timber is meant to be harvested in the end, as part of the natural rhythm of the work of men. There is a trust in the possibilities of work. A man who had come to distrust the work of men might have said, "See here, this is good. Let's at least keep our hands off this." A devilish man who had come to despise the work of men might have said, "This is good. What of it?" Tryon's opinion is one never heard in our day: "This is good. Let us put our good hands on it."

CHRONOLOGIES

IN July, 1898, James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture to President McKinley, appointed Gifford Pinchot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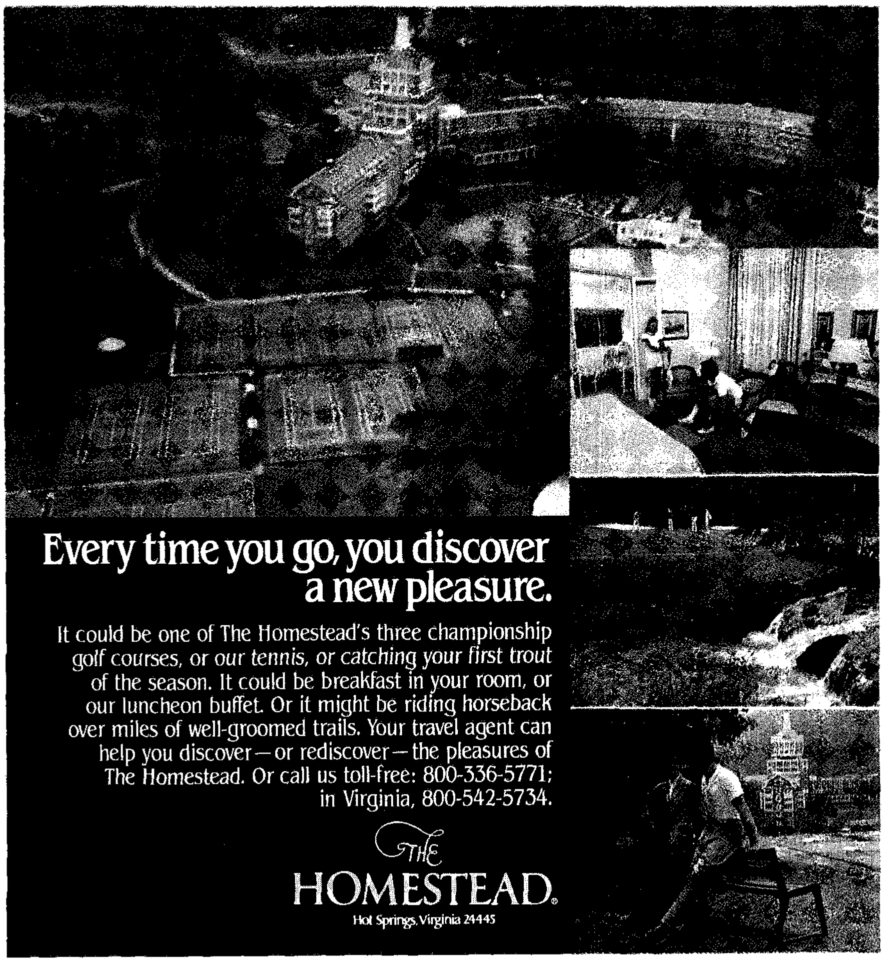
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to be Chief Forester of the United States in the Department of Agriculture. Here Pinchot had a tiny staff, and no forests to manage, because the forest reserves superintended by the federal government were under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior. In the absence of federal land to look into, Pinchot turned to questions relating to the management of private land. On October 15, 1898, his division issued Circular 21, which announced a management-assistance program for large tracts of timberland and small woodlots. Small owners could apply for free assistance; large holders of land were expected to share the cost. Numbers of landholders, small and large, sought help. The expansion of his work load justified the expansion of his operation, and in 1899 Pinchot reported, "The Division has been thoroughly equipped with instruments for field work, in which it was wholly lacking at the beginning of the year." It was also drawing to it the services of enthusiastic men, many of them recent college graduates, who worked for little money and came to be known as "Pinchot's young men." And the liveliness of this operation, in turn, generated more work, and inquiries from the Department of the Interior.

Then Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States. While he was governor of New York State, he had consulted with Pinchot. "Like other men who had thought about the national future at all, I had been growing more and more concerned over the destruction of the forests," Roosevelt wrote in his "Autobiography." When Roosevelt came to Washington after the assassination of President McKinley, he did not go immediately to the White House but stopped at the house of a sister. Gifford Pinchot and his colleague Frederick H. Newell came to call on him there. "The first work I took up when I became President was the work of reclamation," Roosevelt wrote.

It might be well to describe here Roosevelt's attitude toward conservation. It was influenced by Pinchot, but it was in keeping with other beliefs of his. *Proper use* might describe it. His faith in himself was abundant, and also his faith in the idea of individual persons making judgments. He was apt to endorse Pinchot's idea of silviculture, since he took the view that the nation itself was like a forest, in which *good thrift* and healthy reproduction could be encouraged. A striking and,

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to modern minds, an extreme instance of his belief in distinction-making is to be found in his attitude toward large business combinations. He wrote:

> Where a company is found seeking its profits through serving the community by stimulating production, lowering prices or improving service, while scrupulously respecting the rights of others (including its rivals, its employees, its customers, and the general public), and strictly obeying the law, then no matter how large its capital, or how great the volume of its business, it would be encouraged to still more abundant production.

As we discuss the inheritance present within the Black Rock Forest, in Cornwall, New York, this quality of optimism should be remembered, and distinguished from the idea, now coming to prevail in America, that impersonal forces rule the world, and that clever men ally themselves with these forces, while idealistic men struggle to move certain valued things out of their way.

In 1905, the forest lands managed by the Interior Department were transferred to the Department of Agriculture, where Gifford Pinchot was Chief Forester. In 1907, more than forty-three million acres of land were added by Presidential proclamation to the area of the National Forests. "By this time, also," Roosevelt wrote in his "Autobiography," "the opposition of the servants of the special interests in Congress to the Forest Service had become strongly developed, and more time appeared to be spent in the yearly attacks upon it during the passage of the appropriation bills than on all other Government Bureaus put together. Every year the Forest Service had to fight for its life."

He continued:

> One incident in these attacks is worth recording. While the Agricultural Appropriation Bill was passing through the Senate, in 1907, Senator Fulton, of Oregon, secured an amendment providing that the President could not set aside any additional National Forests in the six Northwestern States. This meant retaining some sixteen million of acres to be exploited by land grabbers and by the representatives of the great special interests, at the expense of the public interest. But for four years the Forest Service had been gathering field notes as to what forests ought to be set aside in these States, and so was prepared to act. It was equally undesirable to veto the whole agricultural bill, and to sign it with this amendment effective. Accordingly, a plan to create the necessary National Forest in these States before the Agricultural Bill could be passed and signed was laid before me by Mr. Pinchot. I approved it. The necessary papers were immediately prepared. I signed the last proclamation a couple of days before, by

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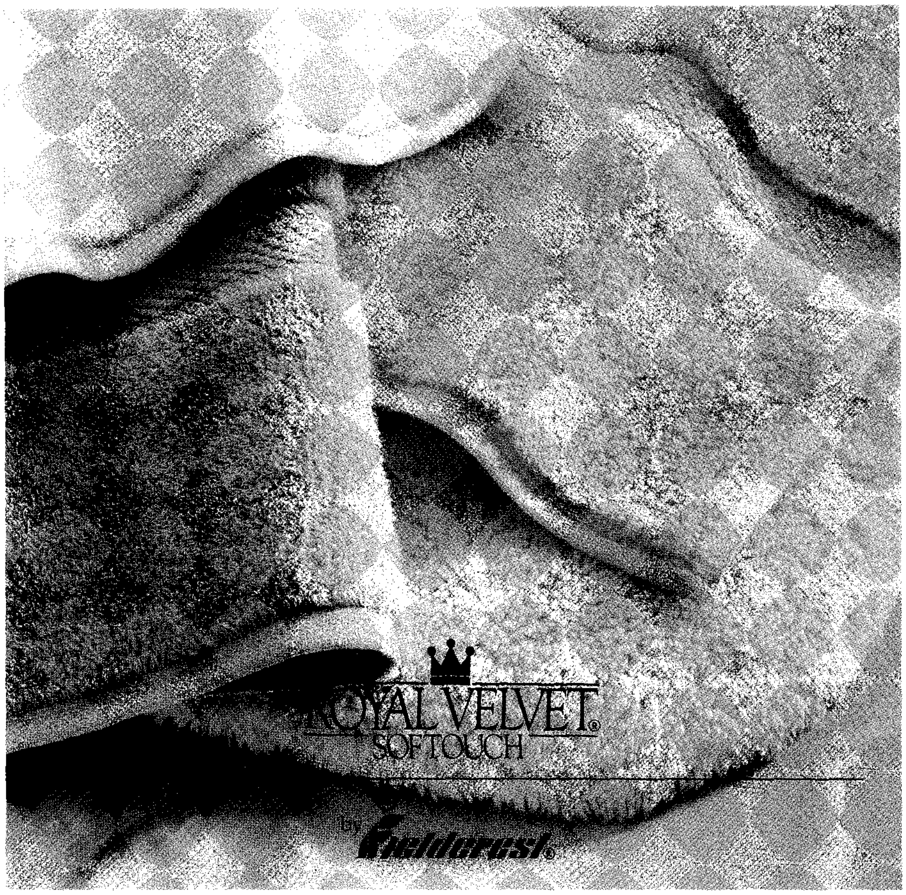
my signature, the bill became law; and when the friends of the special interests in the Senate got their amendment through and woke up, they discovered that sixteen million acres of timberland had been saved for the people by putting them in the National Forests before the land grabbers could get at them. The opponents of the Forest Service turned handsprings in their wrath; and dire were their threats against the Executive; but the threats could not be carried out, and were really only a tribute to the efficiency of our action.

The ethic of restraint put forward by Pinchot and Roosevelt proved to be too small a vessel to hold the enthusiastic ambition of many independent men, who called it "Pinchotism." Nonetheless, during Theodore Roosevelt's Administration the area of the National Forests increased from forty-three million acres to a hundred and ninety-four million.

By the end of Roosevelt's time in office, Pinchot and Roosevelt had begun to think of conservation as a worldwide movement. A North American Conservation Conference was held at the White House on February 18, 1909. "It is evident that natural resources are not limited by the boundary lines which separate nations," Roosevelt wrote in his invitation (delivered in person by Gifford Pinchot) to the Prime Minister of Canada and the President of Mexico. The North American Conservation Conference met for five days and, in its communiqué to Roosevelt, suggested that "all nations should be invited to join together in conference on the subject of world resources, and their inventory, conservation, and wise utilization." Soon afterward, Roosevelt left office. The worldwide conservation conference envisioned by Pinchot and Roosevelt did not take place.

Pinchot was removed from office by Roosevelt's successor, William Howard Taft—a fact that Roosevelt noted bitterly in his "Autobiography." "Gifford Pinchot is the man to whom the nation owes most for what has been accomplished as regards the preservation of the natural resources of our country," he wrote. "I believe it is but just to say that among the many, many public officials who under my administration rendered literally invaluable service to the people of the United States, he, on the whole, stood first."

In looking again at the phrase "what has been accomplished as regards the preservation of the natural resources of our country," we must admit that while Pinchot had succeeded in bringing a vast amount of



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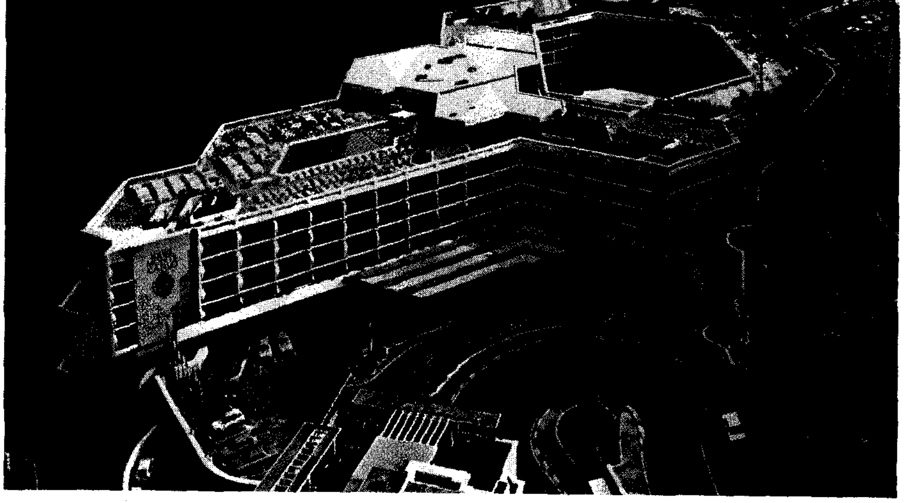


land under public stewardship he had not succeeded in bringing his idea of conservation into a synthesis with the national enthusiasm for work. Pinchot has described a moment early in a December, 1908, governors' meeting when he began to understand what President-elect Taft's position would be:

> The first words Taft spoke after I called the meeting to order and introduced him as its presiding officer gave us the clue. He said:
>
> "Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: There is one difficulty about the conservation of natural resources. It is that the imagination of those who are pressing it may outrun the practical facts."

LETTER OF MARCH 2, 1909

DEAR GIFFORD:

I have written you about others; I have written you about many public matters; now, just a line about yourself. As long as I live I shall feel for you a mixture of respect and admiration and of affectionate regard. I am a better man for having known you. I feel that to have been with you will make my children better men and women in after life; and I cannot think of a man in the country whose loss would be a more real misfortune to the Nation than yours would be. For seven and a half years we have worked together, and now and then played together—and have been altogether better able to work because we have played; and I owe to you a peculiar debt of obligation for a very large part of the achievement of this Administration.

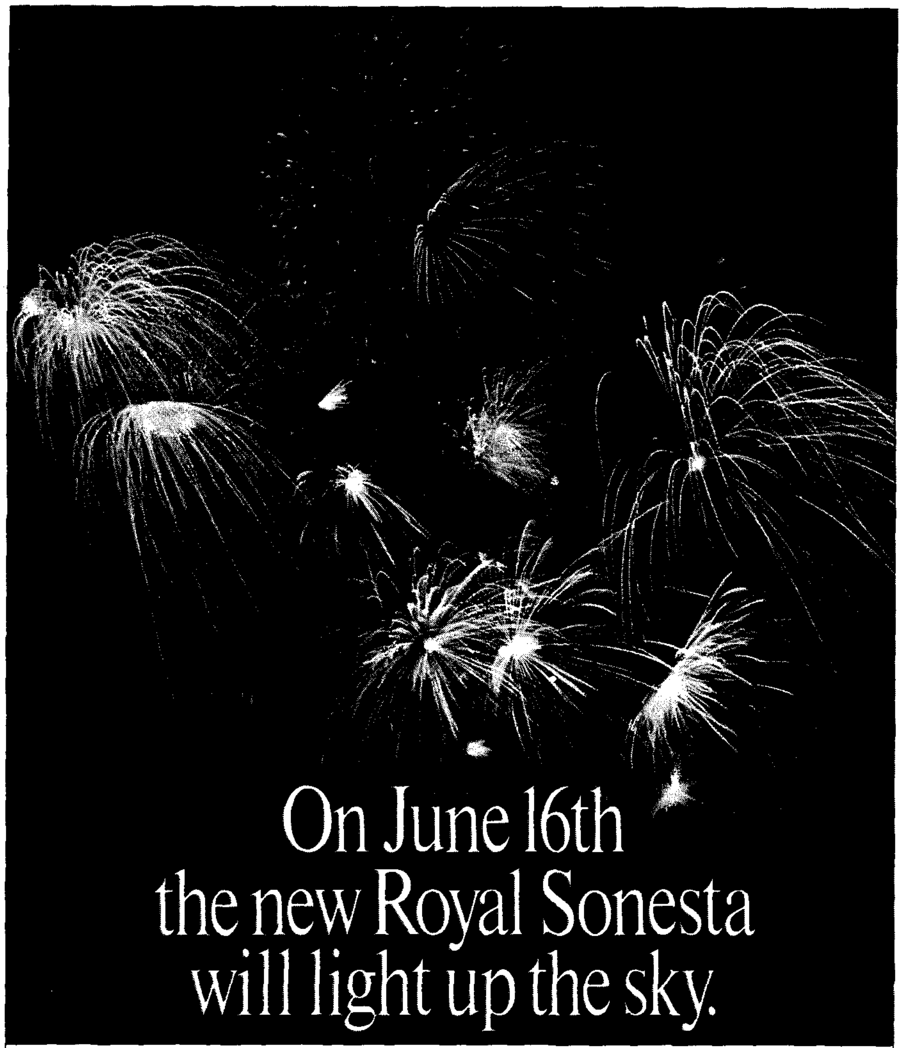
With love to your dear mother, I am,
Ever faithfully your friend,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

OTHER LETTERS OF 1909

Theodore Roosevelt, on the 'Nzor River, to his daughter Ethel:

DARLING ETHEL:

Here we are, by a real tropical river, with game all around, and no human being within several days' journey. At night the hyenas come round the camp, uttering their queer howls; and once or twice we have heard lions; but unfortunately have never seen them. Kermit killed a leopard yesterday. He has really done so very well! It is rare for a boy with his refined tastes and his genuine appreciation of literature—and of so much else—to be also an exceptionally bold and hardy sportsman. He is still altogether too reckless; but by my hen-with-one-chicken attitude, I think I shall get him out of Africa uninjured; and his keenness, cool nerve, horsemanship, hardihood, endurance, and good eyesight make him a really good wilderness hunter. We have become genuinely attached to Cunninghame and Tarleton, and all three naturalists, especially Heller; and also to our funny black attendants. The porters always amuse us; at this moment about thirty of them are bringing in the wood for the camp fires, which burn all night; and they are all chanting in chorus, the chant being nothing but the words "*Wood*—plenty of wood to burn!"



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A Merry Christmas to you! And to Archie and Quentin. How I wish I were to be with you all, no matter how cold it might be at Sagamore; but I suppose we shall be sweltering under mosquito nets in Uganda.

Edward H. Harriman, from Aiken, South Carolina, to James Stillman, in Cannes:

DEAR STILLMAN:

I've been idling here with the idlers for a week and am in normal condition again. I really had a nasty breakdown just before Christmas, apparently poisoned by something eaten at one of the big functions. It got completely into my system. Dr. Delafield nursed me back to life and I'm now O.K. again. We leave for Savannah today, thence to Atlanta and Macon, Augusta and North by Thursday next. Bertie Goelet came with me and we stayed with Joe Harriman, his wife being in New York. My girls all in midst of New York engagements and fine, and I couldn't bring any of them away.

Taft has been at Augusta all winter and left yesterday for Charleston, remains till tomorrow and then sails away for Panama. This latter trip many of us think should not be taken. All I can hear from close by indicates that the next Administration will be dignified, fair as well as progressive—the outlook from that quarter is good. Business conditions are certainly conservative which is also good. Our people are getting used to having money on hand without considering it necessary to speculate with it. I had a short talk with John D. R. yesterday and expect to see him again in a few days, he seemed in satisfied frame of mind. I'll make it short though. I want to get back home and prepare for a long trip South and West in February and March. Wish you were here to go. I am sorry indeed about your daughter and hope she may find something and somewhere that will help her to restored health. I sympathize with your feeling regarding her. The Poniatowskis have written about Christmas—thank you for doing this for me.

Sincerely yours,
E.H.H.

James Stillman, from Cannes, to his mother, in America:

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am so sorry to hear you have had a cold, but was greatly relieved to learn from a cablegram received yesterday that you were able to go out of doors again. Still the coming two months are the most trying ones in our treacherous climate and you must be most careful. Elsie and I are delighted to receive letters from you, but pray don't tire yourself by writing. She is, I am so glad to be able to say, much better. Cannes has done her much good. I am so sorry we cannot remain longer, as we are obliged to leave for Paris tomorrow so she can prepare for the presentation at court. I return with fear and trembling on her account to the damp and chilly climate of Paris and especially that of London at this season of the year, but both she and I have been determined to be presented. I hope the fatigue and excitement will do her no harm, if not, the brilliant function will be a pleasant recollection. We may return here again if it is not thought best for her to go home in March, but we are all beginning to be quite anxious to return, and it will be such a very great pleasure to see you again. I sent Bessie the other day an Italian Railroad folder filled with illustrations. I hope they will interest her, they did me.

Last evening we had such a gorgeous red and pink sunset and this evening a yellow one.

I have never seen anything like them before, and the wonderful coloring of the land, water and sky continually changing at the different times of the day. Then the beautiful flowers and trees. I never see them without thinking of how you would enjoy them. What do you say to our renting a villa here for next winter, when you could be out of doors every day? I think it would be most enjoyable. We will talk it over when I return, which I hope now will be soon. With much love to everyone, I am

Your affectionate son,
JAMES STILLMAN

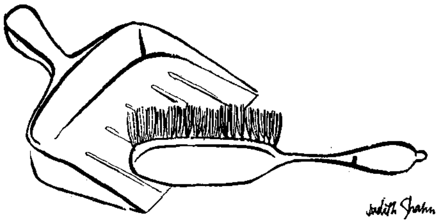
James Stillman, from London, to his mother:

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Your lovely letter of the Eleventh instant has just been forwarded to me here from Paris. I appreciate it very deeply and have given it to Elsie to read. Soon the bright spring days will be here, and I hope we can all be together again in Cornwall this summer. We are here for the Court ceremonies and after they are over will probably return to the Riviera for a month before going home, most likely at the same hotel in Cannes from which the view is most beautiful.

Elsie and I have just returned from making our obeisance before the august presence of His Imperial Majesty at St. James's Palace. It was a very brilliant spectacle. Diplomats and the Military in gorgeous uniforms, Bishops in their robes of all colors, judges with their wigs and gowns, and although our court costume (which was velvet and knee breeches covered with silver buttons and buckles, cocked hat and sword, which we were afraid would trip us) was very fine, we were quite modest in comparison.

Friday we go to the great Court at Buckingham Palace with Elsie and her gown with a train nearly four yards long. It is very beautiful and becoming to her. Worth, who made it, I can see realizes he has made a success, although he never made anything like the train before. The gown is soft white satin with silver embroidery, the train is a sort of mosquito netting with whole brilliants sown on it about an inch apart, laid on a rather stiff, dull silvery material lined with a soft white satin with a border of Russian sable all around it, which shows the lines and serves as a frame setting it off beautifully. It's really very magnificent but still youthful and appropriate for her. You must not think we are too worldly. The object of interesting her, the preparation, the meeting of people, the attention shown, is better and more effective than medicine and has done her lots of good—which will please you if my description of the gown does not. With love to you all, I am



Your affectionate son,
JAMES S.

Robert W. Sayles, assistant in charge of the geological collection at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, in Cambridge, to Jerome D. Greene, Secretary to the Corporation, Harvard University:

MY DEAR MR. GREENE:

A little while ago Mr. Ernest G. Stillman, the son of James Stillman, gave me a collection of Japanese lantern slides, the pictures of which he took himself. He intends that they shall go to the Department of Geology and Geography. They are now in the Gardner Collection, but the gift [is] to the Department of Geology and Geography. Mr. Stillman's address is #9 East 72nd Street, New York City.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT W. SAYLES

WE are now in a position, perhaps, to put down a chronology:

(1) In 1893, Gifford Pinchot, twenty-eight years old, prepared a booklet that described the work he was undertaking and planned to undertake near Asheville, North Carolina, at Biltmore Forest—a tract of land owned by George Washington Vanderbilt, who was engaged also in the building of a large country house, Biltmore, modelled in large part on the château of Blois.

(2) In July, 1898, James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture under President McKinley, appointed Pinchot to be Chief Forester in the Department of Agriculture. Pinchot had a tiny staff and no forests to manage.

(3) In the summer of 1898, Pinchot encountered Richard Thornton Fisher, who had just graduated from Harvard College, on Mount Shasta, in California. Pinchot offered Fisher a job for the next summer, and Fisher became one of the "closely knit group of men who helped Mr. Pinchot get the practice of forestry under way."

(4) On September 14, 1901, President McKinley died from wounds suffered from an assassin's bullets, and Theodore Roosevelt assumed the Presidency. When Roosevelt arrived in Washington, he went to the house of a sister. Pinchot and his colleague Frederick Newell called on him there. Pin-

chot was then thirty-six years old. Theodore Roosevelt later wrote, "The first work I took up when I became President was the work of reclamation." By "reclamation" he meant in particular forest work and the irrigation of arid lands. In general, he meant a policy that would encourage the *proper use* of all the nation's natural resources.

(5) In 1909, Theodore Roosevelt left office. Gifford Pinchot was dismissed by President Taft the following year.

IN any event, the chronology is a short one. If we put the beginning at 1892, when Pinchot began his work at Biltmore, the first native-born American trained to be a forester, it encompasses less than twenty years. It must end at 1909. More than twenty years passed before the government took an active role in conservation again, and then it was an obvious catastrophe that gave rise to action: the "dust bowl," in the plains region. In this case, soil and agriculture were the focus of action. There was among some people an interest in finding a generative symbol in the government's attempt to conserve the soil, but soon the ethical aspect of soil conservation was forgotten, while the practical lessons were reduced to simple formulas related to immediate yield. The conservation movement of our own day has little to do with either the soil-conserving activity of the nineteen-thirties or the conservative-forestry ethic of the turn of the century. The modern conservationist must attempt to modify pathological symptoms unimagined by the men we have been discussing; or he will seek to *preserve* this or that piece of nature by getting it out of the way of the world's work. He is, typically, either a scientist experienced in toxicology or a lawyer—not a farmer or a forester.

Pinchot's idea of conservative forestry, we have said, resembled a nest of cups: practicality and science resting one within the other, and both resting within a conservative ethic that he articulated as "the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time"—a dictum he later attributed to William J. McGee, an ethnologist he described as "the scientific brains of the Conservation Movement." This ethic had no consistent advocate within the federal government after 1909, but it did continue to hold the interest of certain men, whose history we are able to trace. Here is a minor chronology (to append to the important one above), which will lead us to the Black Rock Forest:

(1) In 1898, Richard Thornton Fisher met Gifford Pinchot on Mount Shasta and became one of "the closely knit group of men who helped Mr. Pinchot get the practice of forestry under way."

(2) In 1926, Richard Thornton Fisher walked over a tract of land in Cornwall, New York, with Dr. Ernest Stillman, a son of James Stillman, and urged him to establish a demonstration forest on it.

(3) In 1928, the Black Rock Forest was established by Dr. Ernest Stillman.

(4) In 1949, the Black Rock Forest came, with a generous endowment, into the possession of the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

Now we may describe some important aspects of the inheritance that Harvard received when the Black Rock Forest came into its possession:

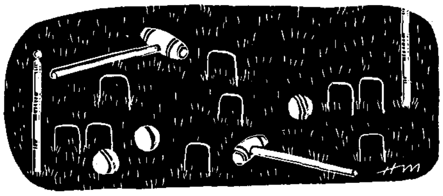
(1) The ability to do, within the forest, scientific work that had the potential of wide application. For instance, Professor Hugh Raup, of the Arnold Arboretum, wrote (at the time when Dr. Stillman was approaching Harvard on the subject of the forest):

> One of the most important features of the Black Rock Forest as a prospective part of the Harvard Forest organization is that it would materially broaden the field for research in hardwood management. It would also afford a wider range of possibilities in teaching and research in general Biology. Black Rock is in the oak region so far as upland hardwoods are concerned, whereas we have a strong element of northern hardwoods in Petersham. In the coves at Black Rock they can grow a much more mixed forest than we can here, involving more species of southern and central Appalachian range.

But we would have to take note of Professor Raup's caveat that dyed-in-the-wool laboratory men were "often afraid to work 'in the open field.' "

(2) The ability to do scientific work of narrow application. Here the case is clear that by 1949 the Black Rock Forest was yielding useful information about the condition of the forests of the Hudson Highlands.

(3) A tradition of optimism. The Black Rock Forest had, in 1949, a better claim than any other organized work of man, not excepting the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, or the Harvard Forest, in Petersham, to be continuing in an unbroken tradition, from honorable man to honorable man, the idea of conservation which Gifford Pinchot and others brought into American life in the first years of this century; which Pinchot articulated as an attempt to procure "the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time;" and which did not exclude from the work of conservation either practicality or science or morality or art or a sense of the spirit within a landscape but conceived of these aspects of human work and perception as constituting a part of a whole, which was life, viewed optimistically.

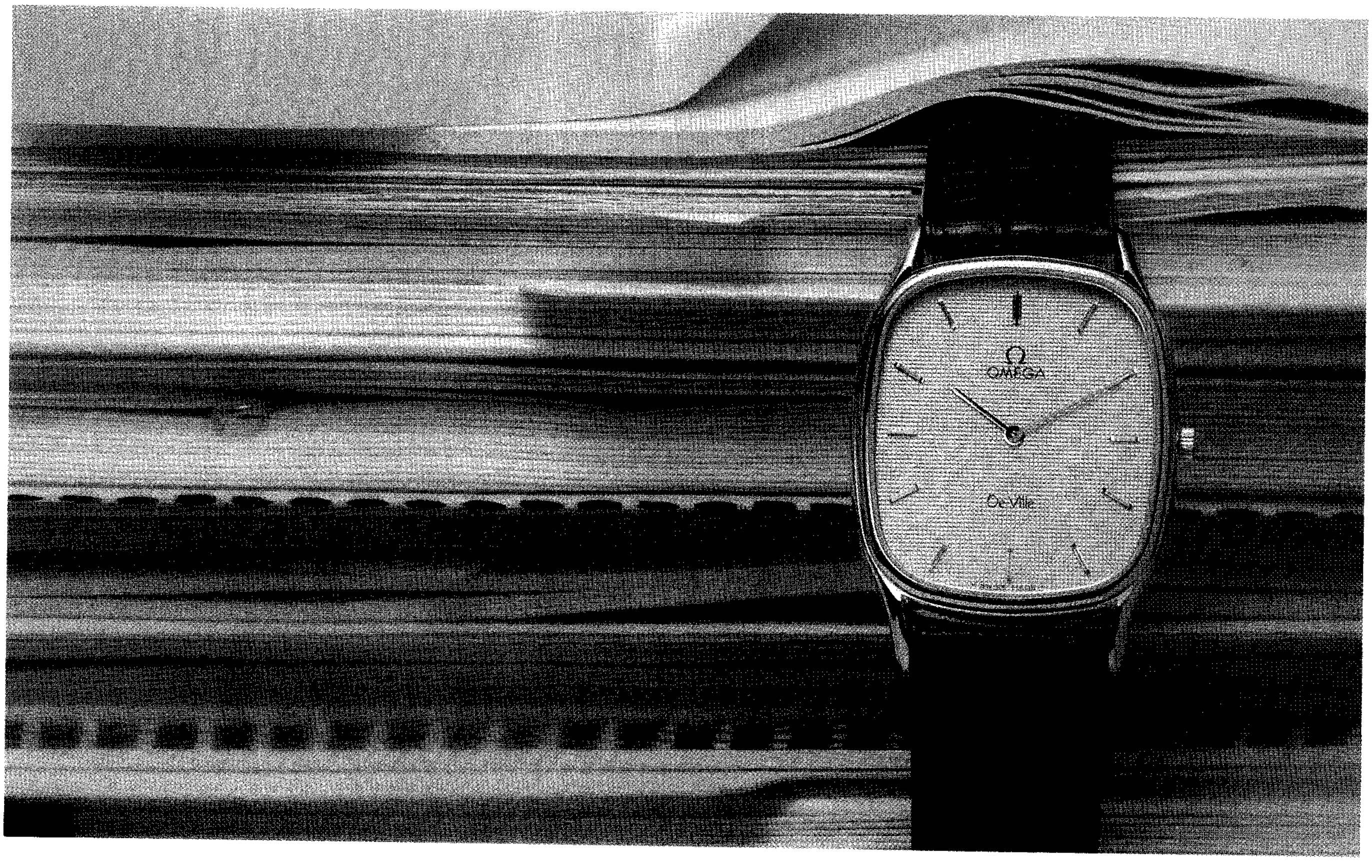


IN 1940, Dr. Ernest Stillman wrote to President Conant, of Harvard, and sent with his letter a small essay entitled "Random Thoughts on the Harvard Forest," which included his thoughts on the Black Rock Forest and its future. He wrote:

> Forestry practice varies so greatly, due to types of trees, climate, and soil, that I believe an intensive study of how to grow most rapidly the most valuable local species of trees on the soil available would accomplish the most good. It is doubtful if even our large corporations find that scientific forestry, as practiced today, pays. Certainly, the average farmer has little use for forestry. With the passing of large landed estates that is bound to occur, due to taxes in the future, and the economic necessity of more people migrating to the country, the question of the "Farmer's Wood Lot" will become increasingly important. What the farmer wants is an annual supply of fuel, with an occasional load of timbers. At present he obtains this by clean cutting a part of his woods each winter. If, however, it could be definitely shown that by selection cutting he could not only obtain his annual supply of fuel, but after a few years have some ready cash in the form of "saw logs," he would be interested.

Two things must strike the reader. The first is how modest the goals set by Dr. Stillman were from a national or a global point of view. He proposes "an intensive study of how to grow most rapidly the most valuable local species of trees," a study that must have compelling relevance for a very few people—that is, if we are thinking in national or global terms. The second is his prediction that more people will be moving to the country and that "the question of the 'Farmer's Wood Lot' will become increasingly important." Would this prediction have been accepted by many men active in the world of 1940? I don't think so. Ernest Stillman was looking beyond

I Always Keep Track Of The Time.
I Just Never Keep Track Of My Overtime.



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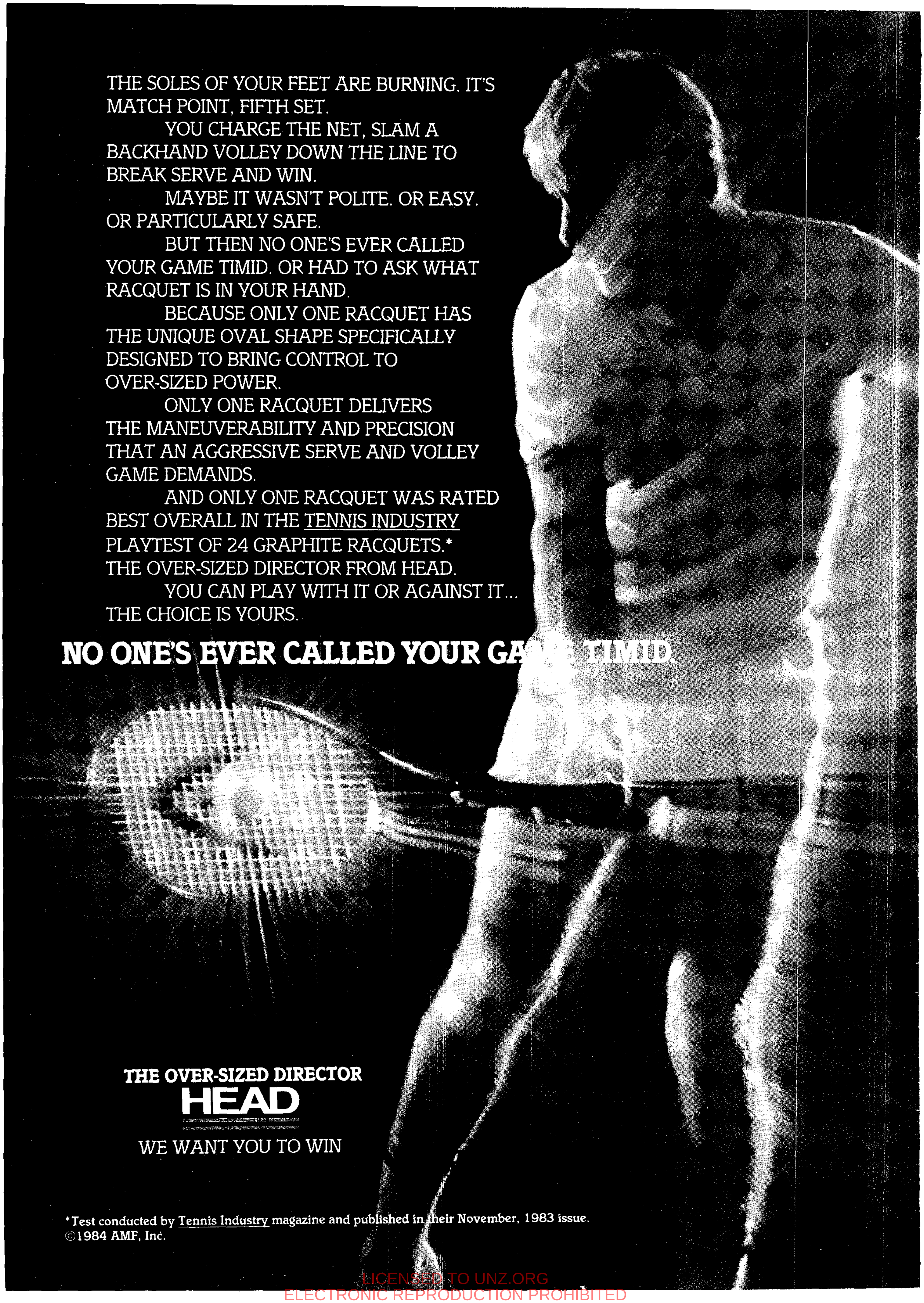

THE SOLES OF YOUR FEET ARE BURNING. IT'S MATCH POINT, FIFTH SET.

YOU CHARGE THE NET, SLAM A BACKHAND VOLLEY DOWN THE LINE TO BREAK SERVE AND WIN.

MAYBE IT WASN'T POLITE. OR EASY. OR PARTICULARLY SAFE.

BUT THEN NO ONE'S EVER CALLED YOUR GAME TIMID. OR HAD TO ASK WHAT RACQUET IS IN YOUR HAND.

BECAUSE ONLY ONE RACQUET HAS THE UNIQUE OVAL SHAPE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO BRING CONTROL TO OVER-SIZED POWER.

ONLY ONE RACQUET DELIVERS THE MANEUVERABILITY AND PRECISION THAT AN AGGRESSIVE SERVE AND VOLLEY GAME DEMANDS.

AND ONLY ONE RACQUET WAS RATED BEST OVERALL IN THE TENNIS INDUSTRY PLAYTEST OF 24 GRAPHITE RACQUETS.* THE OVER-SIZED DIRECTOR FROM HEAD.

YOU CAN PLAY WITH IT OR AGAINST IT... THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

NO ONE'S EVER CALLED YOUR GAME TIMID.

THE OVER-SIZED DIRECTOR
HEAD
WE WANT YOU TO WIN

*Test conducted by Tennis Industry magazine and published in their November, 1983 issue.
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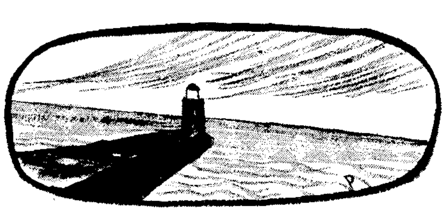
the active world of 1940. And wasn't there a war in Europe going on at that time which absorbed most of the attention of many serious men? Was he looking beyond that, too? It is in the nature of the conservative forester to qualify every description of events powerful-in-the-moment, perhaps using the phrase "but even so . . ."

IN 1949, Dr. Stillman died. In that year, the Black Rock Forest passed to Harvard University. An interesting artifact of that year is Black Rock Forest Paper No. 23 (Papers were shorter than Bulletins), which was written by Dr. Stillman's son Calvin Stillman. It is entitled "Economic Relations of the Black Rock Forest." Calvin Stillman wrote:

> Unfortunately, today's mature hardwoods germinated while Booth was plotting the assassination of Lincoln. Thus to be "commercial," a forestry project has to be allowed a very long period in which to pay off. No matter how much cordwood and minor salable wood products can be culled from a growing stand, the turn-over of the really valuable material is very slow indeed. Let us see what is involved here.
>
> Within the long turn-over lurks the very serious matter of uncertainty. A few of the elements are insurable—which are properly called risks. These uncertainties can be bought away by buying insurance, if it is available, with the new uncertainty perhaps of collecting from the insurance company. . . .
>
> With the long turn-over and the many areas of uncertainty arises the bald problem of the return on an investment in forestry. There is nothing intrinsically unprofitable about forest enterprises; other industries may prosper with more serious problems. But it is the bitter truth that when one comes to a real problem in forest management, with actual prices and costs, the conclusion becomes unavoidable that forestry is a safe investment only in the short run. In any longer period too many things can get out of hand; too few factors can be controlled; too few elements are even relatively certain. Here is a very large area for research in forest economics. . . .
>
> The considerations mentioned so far lead to the single proposition which will seem most heretical. This is, that I think the concept of sustained-yield management is misleading and, as taught, erroneous. The notion of sustained-yield management is wrapped in a aura of nearly religious devotion among foresters; it ranks high among their concepts of the good, the true, and the beautiful. It is understandable, therefore, if the concept has not been scrutinized with sufficient skepticism. . . .
>
> Sustained-yield management, defined as long-run plans for production of logs or major forest products of any kind, simply doesn't make sense in our time. We can be sure of almost nothing. We don't even know that "there will always be a demand for nice clear logs," for although someone is sure to want them, we don't know that they will be in a position to pay what we ask for them. In short, we don't know what cost and price relationships will be in the future; we don't know what the demand for forest products will be at any level of assumed prices. We don't know what will happen to taxes, labor costs, and costs of forest protection. . . .
>
> I submit that . . . the Forest should adjust to these uncertainties as data of its problem, and devote its energies to the one factor most surely fixed—pure science.

I now want to return to a sentence of Henry Tryon's, used by him in reference to the silvicultural work he was doing in the section of the Black Rock Forest called Glycerine Hollow. He wrote, "We may learn that we are wide of the mark or perhaps we shall be agreeably surprised." I want to put this sentence in contrast to Calvin Stillman's statement "We can be sure of almost nothing." I submit that the very different way in which *uncertainty* is handled in the two sentences holds the key to understanding the ingrained pessimism of the modern era. In Calvin Stillman's view, the enormous uncertainties of the modern world lead one to reject all plans the profits of which cannot be realized in a very short time—*before the world changes again.* Henry Tryon's work, on the other hand, seeks to understand (and to change for the better, if that may be) a particular situation in the real world—apart from whatever enormously powerful forces are at work (momentarily) in the world of men—and his sentence reflects this. Calvin Stillman seeks certainty, and finds that the idea that there is profit (or safety) in anything other than the certain ("the one factor most surely fixed") is delusion. Henry Tryon seems at home in uncertainty and finds that in uncertainty one may be "agreeably surprised." If we look at the mental events behind what Mr. Tryon and Mr. Stillman have said, we find that behind what Calvin Stillman has said is a fight for certainty: for certain safety, for certain profit. Behind what Henry Tryon has said is an admission that the battle has been lost: certain knowledge is not (at this moment) available to us; *but work can continue.*

Notice how the positions reverse: at first, it would seem optimistic to think that one could *know for sure*, and pessimistic to deny it; and yet if one finds that in one's fight for certainty everything in the real world has become unknowable or unfriendly to thinking-beyond-the-moment, where is optimism in that? And if, admitting uncertainty, one continues to do work and to plan for the future (a more healthy future, if that may be), isn't that optimism in fact?



THERE was no strong interest in silviculture at Harvard at the time Harvard acquired the Black Rock Forest. The amount of money retained from the Black Rock Forest endowment for use within the forest was sufficient to keep the roads in good shape and to pay for the services of a part-time forester, a full-time forest technician, and a part-time crew. The forest was patrolled by a private club, which, in return for its services, was permitted to hunt and fish within the forest.

In 1960, Dr. Ernest Gould, an economist at the Harvard Forest, published an essay (Harvard Forest Bulletin No. 29) entitled "Fifty Years of Management at the Harvard Forest." In many ways, it follows Calvin Stillman's argument in "Economic Relations of the Black Rock Forest." Dr. Gould explores alternatives to a sustained-yield system. One theoretical course of action he describes would have had the managers of the Harvard Forest (headed by Richard Fisher at that time) sell off *all* the best-quality saw timber within it "during the high prices of World War I." In this case, he says, the surplus return over current spending could have been added to the endowment. He wrote:

> Thus the fifty-year experiment in sustained yield has cost the Forest nearly $500,000 of additional financial gain that it could have realized had a different management program been followed during the last half century.

In 1972, when it appeared that a pumped-storage generating plant that Consolidated Edison proposed to build at Storm King Mountain, in the Hudson Highlands, would take land from the Black Rock Forest, Derek Bok, the president of Harvard University, appointed a three-member committee to judge what Harvard's position should be. The committee said that Harvard should take no position concerning the building of the plant. The committee recommended that another committee be formed to decide what to do with the Black Rock Forest and with its endowment. The committee itself noted possibilities. The committee noted that a private owner of the forest would find that he had a very valuable piece of real estate. The committee said that "selling the Forest in lots (small estates) of a few acres could raise a lot of money." The committee said that "Harvard should not think of doing this." The committee noted that if Consolidated Edison were to build its pumped-storage plant one good result might be that it could acquire the forest and give most of it to the Palisades Interstate Park. The committee noted that there was nothing in Dr. Stillman's will specifying how Harvard should use the Black Rock Forest. The committee said:

> Nonetheless, Harvard should obviously make some attempt to follow the wishes of Dr. Stillman which, in so far as they appear to the committee, seem to be that Harvard do the best possible forestry research.

The committee reviewed the work that had been done at the forest (the Bulletins and the Papers). The committee said:

> This work is generally rather pedestrian in nature, competent but with little that is novel or imaginative.

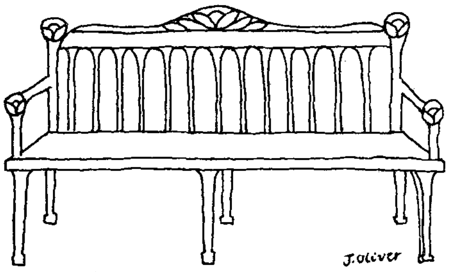
NOW we shall look at the two chronologies we have set down, observing closely what *success* was achieved.

Looking at the major chronology (1892-1909), we find a record of success and failure mixed. Pinchot and Roosevelt succeeded in creating a system of national forests which was of wide extent. They did not succeed in their effort to create within these forests a system of work that would inspire a change in the country's attitude toward natural resources. Pinchot did not succeed in gathering science, practicality, and a sense of the spirit within a landscape into a conservative ethic capable of attracting or withstanding American enthusiasm. Science and practicality went out into the world alone; his conservative formula, "the greatest good of the greatest number for the longest time," was largely forgotten, and the national forests came to be seen as land that had been *set aside*. By the time a new conservation movement arose, the country had drifted so far into a pessimistic idea of human work that Pinchot's idea of *using* a forest was seen as suspect—a ploy, a compromise. Conservationists of recent times have perceived the flow as going the other way: not healthy modes of work from the managed forest out into the world of work but pollution from the world of work into the forest.

We now look at the minor chronology. Here we see the history of an attempt to keep an optimistic idea of work alive in one place: the Black Rock Forest, in Cornwall, New York. Here we must acknowledge failure. Dr. Ernest Stillman and Henry Tryon, working under the inspiration of Richard Thornton Fisher (one of the "closely knit group of men who helped Mr. Pinchot get the practice of forestry under way"), did not succeed in keeping Pinchot's idea alive on their tract of land.

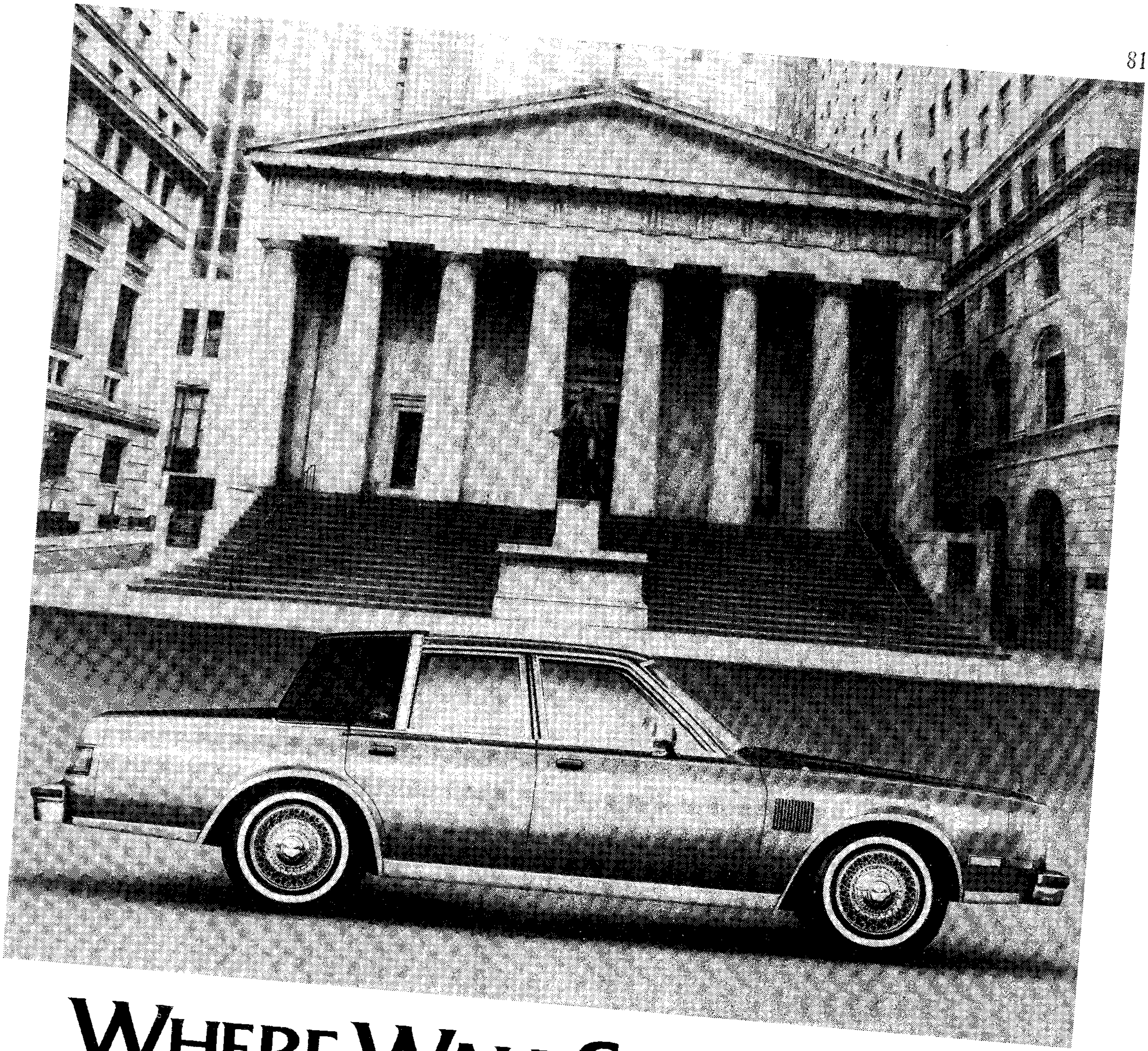
We should note two small exceptions to the statement that the effort of Dr. Stillman and Henry Tryon failed. First, we should note that the money given to Harvard by Dr. Stillman with the forest did not fail. We may now look at a chronology of which money will be the subject.

Dr. Stillman established the endowment of the Black Rock Forest Trust Fund in 1940. During the period from 1940 to 1949, the income from this endowment was added to the principal each year. At the end of fiscal 1948-49, the principal of the endowment stood at $135,003.69. To this amount were added the sum realized from the sale of the Cornwall Press, which came to Harvard in 1949, when Dr. Stillman died, and the proceeds of three life-insurance policies that Dr. Stillman had made payable to Harvard. At the end of fiscal 1949-50, the endowment of the Black Rock Forest Trust Fund stood at $1,154,861.57. During the years that followed, the endowment of the Black Rock Forest Trust Fund was part of the "commingled funds" that formed the General Investment Account at Harvard. The General Investment Account was operated according to principles that have been described as "prudent" and which seemed almost to *shield* old endowment funds from the increase in market value of the overall commingled portfolio. A special intermediate device, a Gain and Loss Account, was employed. A capital gain, when realized, was not credited immediately to the various endowment funds; rather, it was credited to the Gain and Loss Account, which periodically (not every year by any means) disbursed money to the endowment funds. Thus, the funds did not immediately reflect any market gain in stocks or other investment instruments that continued to be held, nor did they reflect any realized gains that had not yet been disbursed from the Gain and Loss Account. Distribution from the Gain and Loss Account was at the discretion of the Harvard Corporation. From 1950 to 1970, there were four such distributions to the Black Rock Forest Trust Fund: in fiscal 1956-57, $121,329.36; in fiscal 1959-60, $133,462.30; in fiscal 1962-63, $146,808.53; in fiscal 1964-65, $161,469.38. There were recorded as well two "capital gains" that reached the fund without going through the Gain and Loss Account: in fiscal 1951-52, $12,476.81; in fiscal 1952-53, $48,733.44. One effect of this system was to keep the stated value of the various funds constant over a number of years. The Black Rock Forest fund, for instance, was constant in the amount of $1,776,163.19 from the end of fiscal 1964-65 through fiscal 1968-69. During fiscal 1969-70, $45,785 was transferred to the fund from income. This was the only time during the twenty years from fiscal 1950-51 to fiscal 1969-70 that there was a transfer of income to capital. On June 30, 1970, the principal of the Black Rock Forest Trust Fund amounted to $1,821,948.57. Thus, during the twenty years from the end of fiscal 1949-50 to the end of fiscal 1969-70 the fund had shown an increase in principal of $667,087. Or, to show this figure as a percentage of the June, 1950, figure, the fund had grown in twenty years by just under fifty-eight per cent.



On July 1, 1970, Harvard adopted the market-value method of accounting. By this method, Harvard's endowment was transformed into something resembling a mutual fund, in which each endowment held a number of shares, or units. The crucial point, of course, was how many units would be issued to each existing fund. The Financial Report to the Board of Overseers for fiscal 1979-80 said:

> At that time [July 1, 1970], each endowment fund and each other holder of a share of these investments was assigned a num-



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> ber of units equal to its proportional share of the market value of those investments.

The difficulty was that it was not obvious how the "proportional share of the market value" of the over-all portfolio should be determined for the old endowment funds, since during the years of the Gain and Loss Account system the various endowment funds had not been allowed to reflect market value. For instance, the figure of $1,821,948.57, which was the stated value of the Black Rock Forest fund as of June 30, 1970, could not be used as the sole means of determining the Black Rock Forest fund's "proportional share of the market value" of the over-all portfolio, since the system that generated the figure produced a *book-value* figure that reflected capital gains actually realized and distributed only, and was *not allowed* to reflect the increase in the "market value" of the whole endowment.

On July 1, 1970, the Harvard Black Rock Forest fund was assigned Participating Units in the number of 21,712.1019. This figure, as a result of gifts and other changes, had risen to 23,907.3505 as of June 30, 1983, when the principal of the fund was listed as having a worth of $2,490,964. This amount Harvard proposes to keep when it disposes of the forest.

EACH year, the Corporation arrived at a figure, given as a percentage, that, when it was applied to the stated value of the principal of the various endowment funds, yielded the "investment income" credited to each of the funds. The Black Rock Forest Trust Fund "earned" income at a rate of around five per cent during most years. Over all, about thirty per cent of this income was spent at the Black Rock Forest and seventy per cent at the Harvard Forest, in Petersham. In establishing the Black Rock Forest fund, Dr. Stillman required that the income be "used to defray the cost of operating, first, the Black Rock Forest, and, then, the Harvard Forest."

I SET out for Cambridge. On the way, I stayed the night in a dead small city in central Massachusetts, and the next day I went to Cambridge. At the center of the dead small city were large buildings around a square that contained certain official buildings symbolic of the life of the city. The official buildings were intact. Then, around the square: what had been a large hotel had shifted uses; what had been a large store had shut up. What was alive? *Embassies:* branches of institutions that collected this or that dollar from people all around the state, all around the country, all around the world, and had decided for this or that reason to continue a physical presence in the old heart of the dead small city. *Banks*. What was dead? The forest.

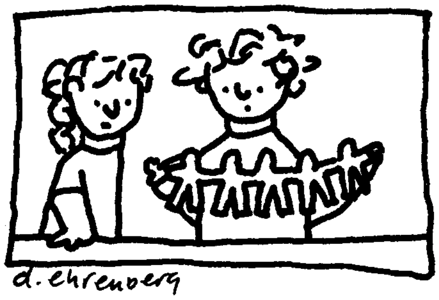
I WANT to return one last time to the symbols established within Biltmore Estate.

First, to *Biltmore House*, the imitation of the château of Blois. It seems to me that a great mainstream of American thought and action washes around Biltmore House. Biltmore House is *everywhere and nowhere*.

Within Biltmore House we may place Calvin Stillman's statement "We can be sure of almost nothing. . . . We don't know what cost and price relationships will be in the future. . . . We don't know what will happen to taxes, labor costs, and costs of forest protection. . . . I submit that . . . the Forest should adjust to these uncertainties as data of its problem, and devote its energies to the one factor most surely fixed—pure science."

Within Biltmore House we may place James Stillman's description of his daughter's Presentation gown, E. H. Harriman's assessment of the incoming Taft Administration, and President-elect Taft's remark "There is one difficulty about the conservation of natural resources. It is that the imagination of those who are pressing it may outrun the practical facts." That is, we may place within Biltmore House, on the one hand, the science and the technology that underlie the economic life of this country and the *practical facts* that are consequences of that economic life and, on the other hand, the unconvincing and dreamlike visions of *national life* which the national economic life has encouraged, and which decorate the national economic life and intertwine with it.

We may wish, for a moment, to take apart the *everywhere-and-nowhere* construction; that is, to separate the one from the other. The *everywhere*, we now see, is where the money is raised; the *nowhere* is where it is spent.

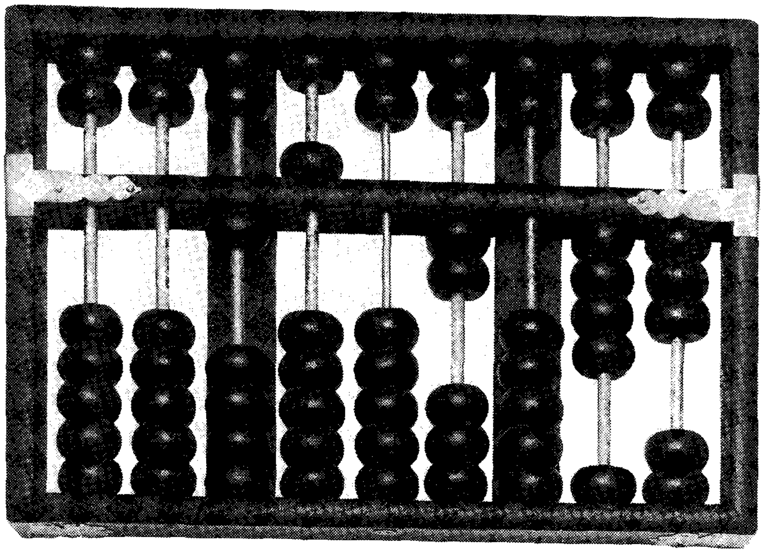


And now we are in a position to see the relationship between *everywhere* and *nowhere*. If one is living *nowhere* (in an imitation of the château of Blois?), the only pleasure is to be reminded that one is a part of something (even something as abstract as an economic system) that is going on *everywhere*. *Nowhere* monuments (like Biltmore House) are a rarity, and hold a fascination, since in our day the connections between *everywhere* and *nowhere* have been evanescent images. The idea that people once lived (or tried to live) in *houses* that were *everywhere and nowhere* must necessarily be very interesting to us—as interesting as the idea that a person might actually live *in* television.

Men and women who are content to live in Biltmore House are content not because they have found a way to live there happily but because they know something about how it was constructed; that is, they know something about what rules are in operation *everywhere*. *Nowhere* is *nowhere* for these people, too, but the contemplation of the rules at work is satisfying to them. Within Biltmore House, there is a sense of satisfaction that one is not, at any rate, bucking the tide. And if, by some chance, a person has been held back by circumstances from living in Biltmore House, there is a pleasant sensation of *joining* when that person enters at last. Some of this sensation is implicit, I think, in Dr. Ernest Gould's remark that the fifty-year experiment with sustained-yield management at the Harvard Forest "has cost the Forest nearly $500,000 of additional financial gain;" and also, of course, in President-elect Taft's statement "There is one difficulty about the conservation of natural resources. It is that the imagination of those who are pressing it may outrun the practical facts."

In recent times, to be *somewhere* has meant *not to be everywhere;* it is annoying to ambitious people now to be *somewhere*. The forest is inevitably *somewhere*, and we have neglected it.

Finally, a word about the *arboretum*. I have said that it is *here and there*. The balance of *here* is *there*—a place that is *here* to somebody else. The artifacts in a museum are, or have been, evocative of other particular places in the world in time. One important aspect of education involves the collision, in the mind of a person



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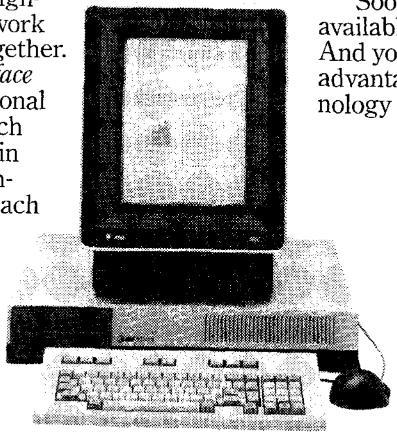

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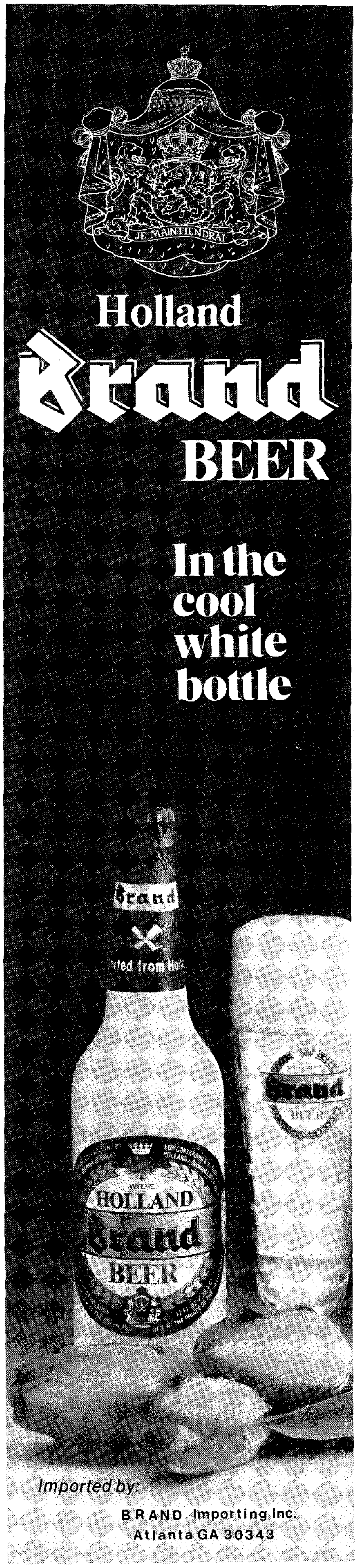

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who has a sense of the place where he is, between his understanding of his own experience and his understanding of the experiences of other men and women, living and dead. Such a collision sends a person back to his *here* with a renewed interest in it. Such a collision is, among other things, a cure for loneliness.

The collision between *everywhere* and *nowhere* is no such benign thing. *Nowhere* threatens to obliterate *everywhere* in the mind of a person. When the sense of connectedness to *everywhere* is broken, even momentarily, the sense of loss to a person living *everywhere and nowhere* is overwhelming. Either a person's small space within Biltmore House is a vantage point from which he can see—everything; or it is nothing at all. Within Biltmore House, an interest in the way the rules work *everywhere* usually becomes obsessive, since there is no other source of nourishment.

IN Cambridge, Massachusetts, I met with Mr. Daniel Steiner, general counsel to Harvard University, and Dean Richard Leahy, who has as one of his special responsibilities the administration of those research properties appended to the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of Harvard University which are not near Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dean Leahy said, "Various enterprises that don't admit students are my responsibility."

Mr. Steiner said, "It is that from our point of view, from the point of view of our scientific community in biology, it does not offer anything unique in comparison to a forest much closer and where we have a large facility. As a consequence, the amount of research at the Black Rock Forest is limited."

Dean Leahy said, "It is a division of the Harvard Forest, at Petersham. It isn't called that, but that's the way it is operated."

Dean Leahy said, "There is no School of Forestry at Harvard. Our work in forestry is limited. It is fully contained within the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. There are four men—two full professors, one assistant professor, and a senior professional, Dr. Ernest Gould, at Petersham. You really must go to Petersham. In addition to the kinds of facilities you'd expect, there is a museum, a dormitory, married-student housing."

I said, "If it has come to seem that, from the point of view of your scientific community in biology, the Black Rock Forest does not offer anything unique in comparison to the Harvard Forest, in Petersham, there must have been a moment when that became clear. Can you tell me how it was in that moment?"

Dean Leahy said, "It is hard to say."

I said, "But there must have been a moment of disappointment. That is to say, at one moment you thought the forest would be useful, and you accepted it. At another moment, then, the forest proved to be a disappointment, leaving you with a belief that it would be better to part with the forest."

Dean Leahy said, "Over time. It would be hard to pick a moment."

I said, "But men at Harvard found that the forest was disappointing to them?"

Dean Leahy said, "Now, I am not an expert in this aspect. My impression is that the soil condition is not very good. I think there was heavy glaciation in the area."

Mr. Steiner said, "Remember, we are a teaching and research institution. We are obligated to use funds for teaching and research."

Mr. Steiner said, "We do not consider that Black Rock Forest is essential."

Mr. Steiner said, "Consequently, we have been considering alternative ownership of the forest."

Mr. Steiner said, "*But* we have no intention of disposing of the forest for development."

Mr. Steiner said, "We have a passive, or neutral, stand, and respond to inquiries."

Dean Leahy said, "Bits of it that were acquired afterward might be sold separately. Where the forest manager lives . . . What we are talking about perhaps selling separately is thirty, forty acres, not integral to the forest. We are not talking about any kind of development. At the same time, there is a question whether we ought to *give* the forest away. It represents, perhaps, the endowment of a professorship."

Mr. Steiner said, "If it can be preserved, and funds can be realized to support teaching and research . . ."

Dean Leahy said, "We would add it to the endowment of the Harvard Forest."

Mr. Steiner said, "Perhaps a professorship in Dr. Stillman's name . . ."

Mr. Steiner said, "One of the questions the law deals with is intent. I feel a little awkward here, as though

I were being asked to be a seer."

Mr. Steiner said, "Who knows most about this? I think it might be Calvin Stillman, Dr. Stillman's son. Our records indicate that Calvin Stillman was very closely involved . . . at the time of the transfer."

Mr. Steiner said, "Another thing is Calvin Stillman's professional training."

Dean Leahy said, "He's at Rutgers."

Mr. Steiner said, "In biology."

Dean Leahy said, "No, it's economics, I think."

Mr. Steiner said, "It was Calvin Stillman who dealt with Harvard on the occasion of transfer."

Mr. Steiner said, "It is clear to us that Harvard is not a conservation organization. Dr. Stillman understood that. The bequest of the forest is absolute. To Harvard, without restriction. There is well-known language to be used in wills if you want to restrict a bequest: alternative dispositions of property if the university does not carry out his wishes. He did not use any language of this kind. It is a simple and outright bequest. No restriction. That says an awful lot to me, as a lawyer. I think it would be wrong to make an assumption that Dr. Stillman had required, or even expected, that Harvard would hold on to it. If I were interested in preserving a forest, I wouldn't give it to a university. At the same time, we've looked at the land, looked at the area, and it seems inappropriate to sell it for development. Although, under the terms of the will, flat out, we legally could. I will send you a copy of the will. My conscience is clear."

I ACKNOWLEDGED that Dr. Ernest Stillman and Henry Tryon had failed in their effort to keep the idea of conservative work alive within the Black Rock Forest, in Cornwall, New York, but we proposed to make two exceptions to the verdict of failure; that is, we proposed to note two successful aspects of their effort. We did note that the money given by Dr. Stillman to Harvard to support the forest and the work he was doing in it, commingled, as it was, with other endowment money of the university, quickly worked its way into the life of the university; and although its rate of growth has always been modest, and almost humble, certainly it has not been forgotten, nor has anyone proposed to do away with it.

There is another aspect of work in

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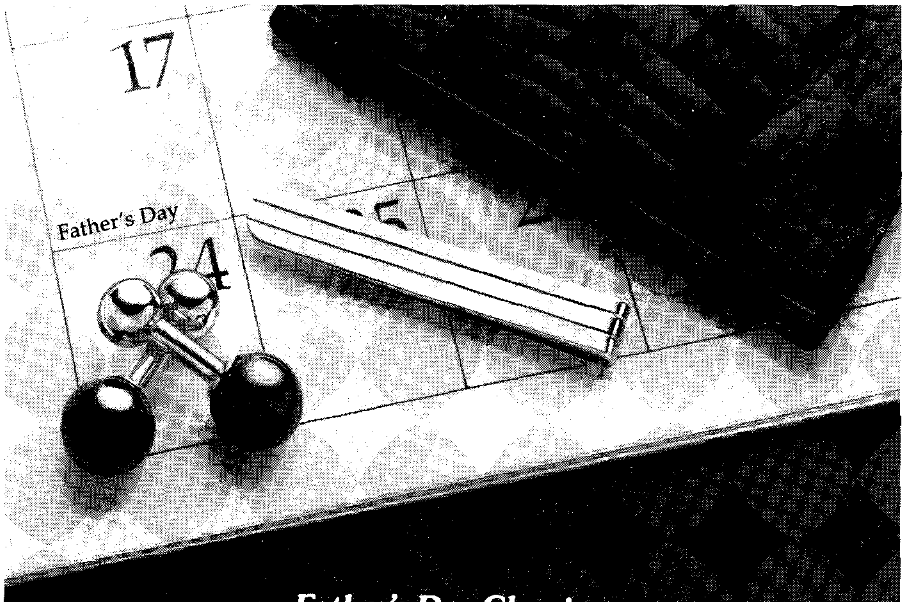

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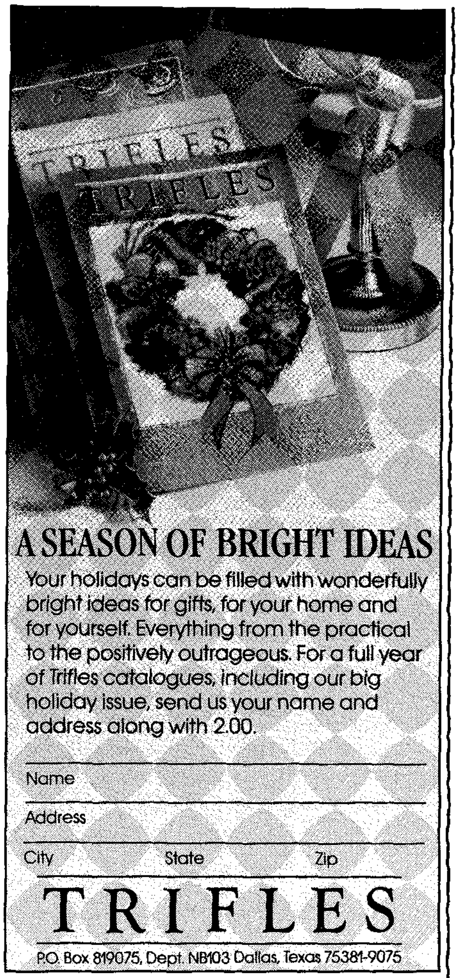
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the Black Rock Forest which was successful. This is found within the *Bulletins.* They are octavo volumes, bound in green paper. They have on the cover the device of the forest: concentric circles enclosing the words "The Black Rock Forest Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York" and then, at the center, a depiction of Black Rock Mountain. They are well made and well printed. Henry Tryon, who wrote many of them, had a clear, unaffected prose style, well matched to the conservative work he was doing.

Bulletin No. 4, "A Portable Charcoal Kiln," was published in 1933. It was written by Henry Tryon. The work it describes is, from a global point of view, *rather pedestrian in nature, competent but with little that is novel or imaginative.*

Aspects of local history are mentioned:

> Even before the Revolutionary War the manufacture of hardwood charcoal was a common thing in the Hudson Highlands, and in the Shawangunk and Catskill Mountains. The open-pit process was the method generally used until about 1875, when the appearance of metal ovens or kilns, designed primarily for the destructive distillation of hardwoods, liberated such quantities of low-priced high-grade charcoal that the operators of open pits were forced to discontinue except where their location afforded an unusually favorable combination of a supply of raw material with a nearby market.

A local condition is discussed; a tool is designed to fit into the local condition; the operation of the tool is described:

> Nearly all of the preliminary cuttings on the Forest have been weedings, improvement cuttings, or light thinnings, yielding fairly large amounts of wood suitable only for fuel. The market for such wood has steadily declined with the increasing use of coal, oil, gas, or electric stoves, combined with coal-burning furnaces in residences. In order to find an outlet for our surplus low-grade wood, the local charcoal market was investigated.
>
> The Black Rock Forest portable kiln is made of light steel, in two sections, with a coned lid. The bottom section is No. 14-gauge sheet metal, the upper section and the lid are No. 16-gauge. This construction was adopted because the lower section has to bear the highest temperatures and also is seldom lifted clear of the ground. The top section and the lid do not have to withstand such heat, and when the kiln is being placed over a charge both of these elements must be lifted at least four feet.
>
> ### PILING THE MAIN CHARGE
>
> Piling is begun with a double circle of dry wood placed vertically around the chimney. All wood is stacked directly on the ground and as tight together as possible. The sticks should be both selected and placed with care to reduce voids to a minimum. Follow this dry circle with the big wood, working steadily around the stack. The entire charge may fall down if the chimney be not kept as near the center of the stack as possible. Use limb-wood in the outer portions of the stack. Do not build the pile out to the full diameter of the cleared circle; it is best to leave it a trifle undersize and complete it after placing the kiln shell.

The failure of the Black Rock Forest was on a small scale; it was more to be compared to the withering away of a limb on the body of an endowment than to a bank failure or the failure of an enormous enterprise in which vast amounts of borrowed money have been sunk. One remembers that Harvard is now entangled in an enormous enterprise. Harvard has pledged its full faith and credit in the amount of some three hundred and fifty million dollars (an amount equal to the final goal of Harvard's recent fund drive) as security for bonds issued to finance an experiment (very novel and imaginative) whose purpose is to supply the power needs of a complex of buildings it runs in Boston. Here we may find the reverse of the coin: money withering on the body of an outlying project.

And success within the Black Rock Forest was small, too. And yet any effort that meets a certain standard of clarity and sense participates in the continuity of clarity and sense which runs like a small channel throughout history.

The writing of Henry Tryon, for instance—what can we say about it? It is *competent* and *pedestrian*—let's begin with that. As we admit that we look in vain for the *novel* and the *imaginative,* let us try to remember that the novel and the imaginative may take us in more than one direction.

HARVARD

THERE is now a publication called *Harvard Magazine.* The issue of May-June, 1981, had on its cover a striking picture of an old Asian man. His face was full of dignity. Half of his face was in shadow, lending a sombre tone to this dignity. There were lines of type in the lower left-hand corner of the cover. The upper lines referred to this picture. They read:

> The *manongs* of California
> They came from the Philippines to American farms. Their harvest was discrimination and poverty

The other lines of type were descriptive of other articles to be found in the magazine. They read:

THE SCIENCE WATCH: William Bennett on new cancer research

"The monstrous diary of a rather monstrous man . . ."

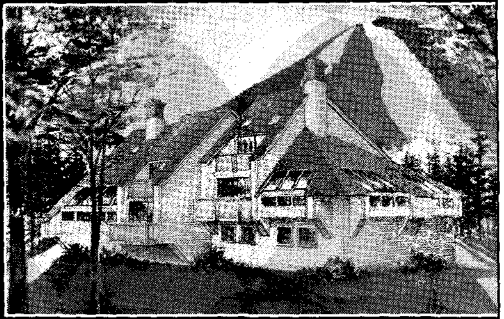
DEREK BOK ON BUSINESS AND THE ACADEMY: The use and abuse of professorial talent

The first page of this issue of *Harvard Magazine* was devoted to a commercial evocation of Harvard. There were illustrations of dinner plates decorated with Harvard scenes. It was remarkable that all the scenes were in the past. A scene of Harvard Yard in 1858 was the closest in time to our own day. Others were much earlier. The place of emphasis was given to the plate enclosing the most distant scene of all: a "Westerly view of Harvard College 1767."

President Bok's article, "Business and the Academy," dealt with a very interesting issue. The issue was: Should Harvard University, for the sake of money, participate in business ventures designed to exploit research done at Harvard in recombinant DNA? The article was written shortly after Harvard decided not to participate in such activities. The decision was not entirely a happy one. When Harvard is asked "Engage in business ventures?" Harvard answers "No." But Harvard looked at the suitor. Harvard noticed that the suitor was rich. Harvard heaved a sigh.

President Bok's article begins with this account:

> On a crisp autumn morning last October, I awoke to find my own likeness staring forth from the front page of the New York *Times* under the caption "Harvard Considers Commercial Role in DNA Research." The story went on to declare that the University was about to decide whether "to play a leading role in founding a genetic-engineering company," in which Harvard biochemists would use the methods of recombinant DNA to develop commercially profitable products. According to the writer, Harvard's deliberations were being closely watched by other institutions considering similar opportunities. A decision to go forward and join in such an enterprise would constitute a new departure in American higher education that could transform the very nature of research universities.
>
> During the weeks that followed, articles appeared in dozens of newspapers and magazines describing the merits and demerits of entering into commercial ventures of this kind. Scientists and editorial writers quickly volunteered their own opinions on the issue. Letters poured in from entrepreneurs eager to learn of our plans and to explore ways in which they might participate. Once again, the *Times* had succeeded in transforming our quiet



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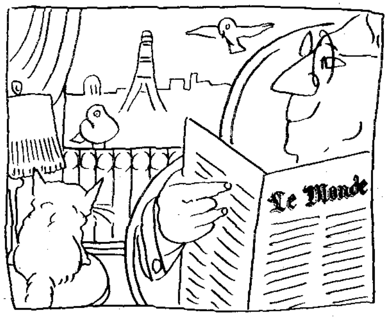

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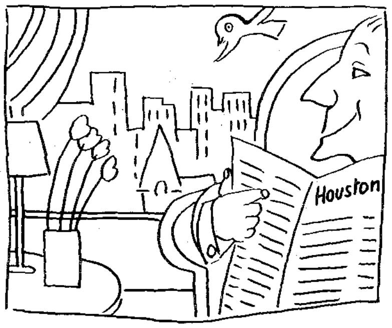

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intramural discussions into a public issue of national proportions.

It may be important to follow the progress of these two paragraphs.

> On a crisp autumn morning last October, I awoke to find my own likeness staring forth from the front page of the New York *Times*.

The pivot is in the crisp autumn morning. In that phrase is all Harvard to people who have been at Harvard.

> I awoke to find my own likeness staring forth from the front page of the New York *Times*.

We have moved, quite efficiently, from the crisp autumn of all Harvards to the crisp autumn of President Bok's Harvard and to the newspaper that President Bok is reading. Notice that Harvard has been established in a certain way, President Bok at Harvard has been established in a certain way. Whatever happens now in the newspaper will appear in juxtaposition with the scene as it has been established: Harvard, autumn, President Bok serenely going about his business.

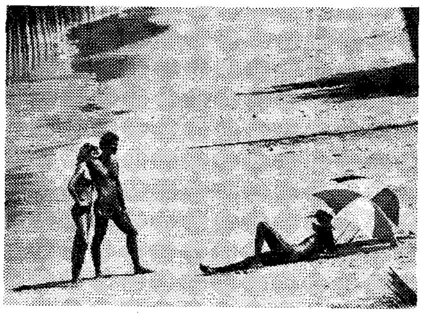
What has been established is: Harvard as a backwater; Harvard as a backwater with its own pretty ways; the world *interested* in Harvard; the world eager (and sometimes *overeager*) to report on events going on at Harvard; the world a little apt to intrude where it doesn't really belong.

Let us go on. For amusement's sake, let us *make up* a story (to compare with President Bok's) in which the great world will intrude on Harvard—with amusing results.

> On a crisp autumn morning last October, I awoke to find my own likeness staring forth from the front page of the New York *Times* under the headline "Harvard to Shorten Parental Visits." *Failing* to understand the fine distinction we make here at Harvard between visits "parietal" and visits "parental," the active news gatherers of the *Times* had raised up rather an unnecessary stir, as I discovered when, ten minutes later, I suffered the angry words of the mother of one of our best oarsmen (stroke to our first eight, in fact), who called by telephone to announce that if it were true that she was no longer to be allowed to visit her son in his rooms she would see to it that he transferred to Yale.

Notice that in this story the world makes a *silly mistake* about what is going on at Harvard. My story describes a certain Harvard context, well known to its graduates. It introduces into this context a *flap*. It introduces people who do not understand Harvard and who may, through their clumsiness, cause trouble to Harvard.

Now we will spend some time with President Bok's paragraphs.



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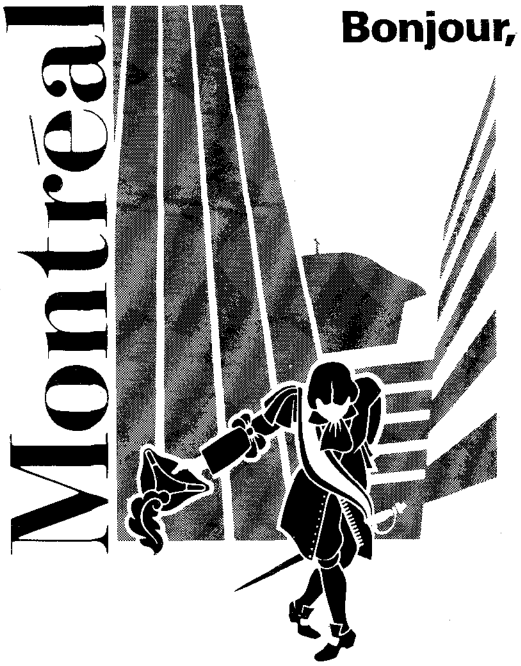
The story went on to declare that the University was about to decide whether "to play a leading role in founding a genetic-engineering company," in which Harvard biochemists would use the methods of recombinant DNA to develop commercially profitable products.

If one reads this sentence marking especially the text and subtext of the phrase "the story went on to declare" and the fact that the article is quoted directly, and not paraphrased, to what conclusion does one find that it moves? I think it is to the conclusion that the university was about to do no such thing. President Bok quotes the *Times* as though the *Times* were in error. And yet the newspaper was not in error. The newspaper had accurately reported important events taking place at Harvard.

Please see how the story is being abused. Which story? The story of Harvard in juxtaposition with the outside world, which I have epitomized in a story in which the outside world makes a silly error. How abused? My sort of story, a story of the old Harvard, is being used as a *trench* from which to fight a battle. The story of *old Harvard* has been wrenched out of shape to accommodate very serious business. Its essence has been removed, and it has been supplied with a new substance, which must pollute it.

At each turn in the story (for stories, however carefully controlled, reveal truth always, in the same way that posed photographs do, which show the aspirations within the pose), President Bok returns to *my* story, the story of Harvard in the age of airs and graces, and he does it for shelter. We watch as we would watch a military exercise—for this is what it is, within the context of public relations.

He begins in the sector of airs and graces. It is autumn, he is reading a newspaper. To his surprise, he sees his own picture. Now he is exposed for a moment. He must deal with the fact that a newspaper has printed an accurate story about an important development taking place at Harvard. He must proceed cautiously here. He may not say that the newspaper is in error, but he may put a distance between himself and the story. He does this by quoting the newspaper article so that the issue of Harvard's experiments with DNA, Harvard's interest in exploiting its research in DNA for profit, is emplaced within another issue, the issue of Harvard stirred up by the press, which, in turn, may be emplaced within still another, older issue



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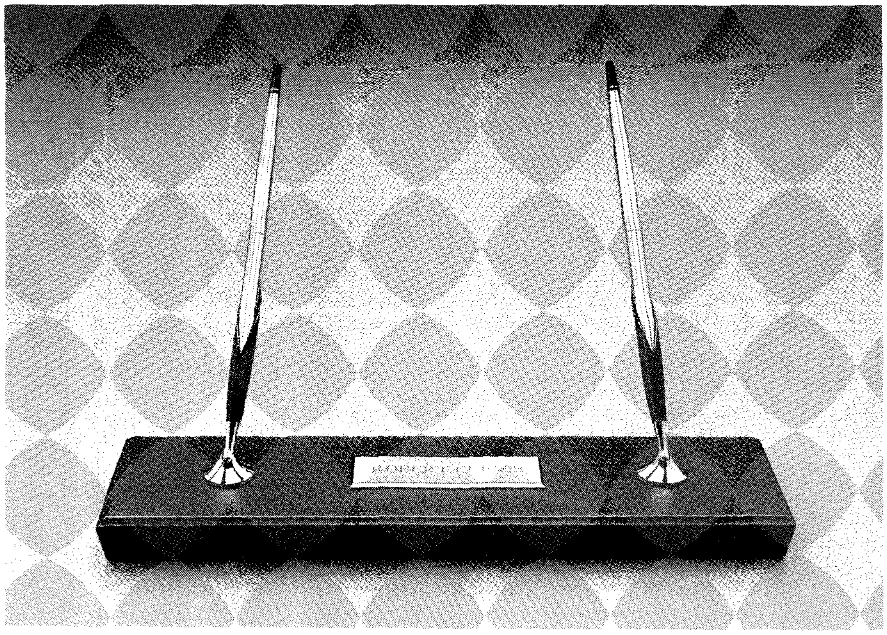

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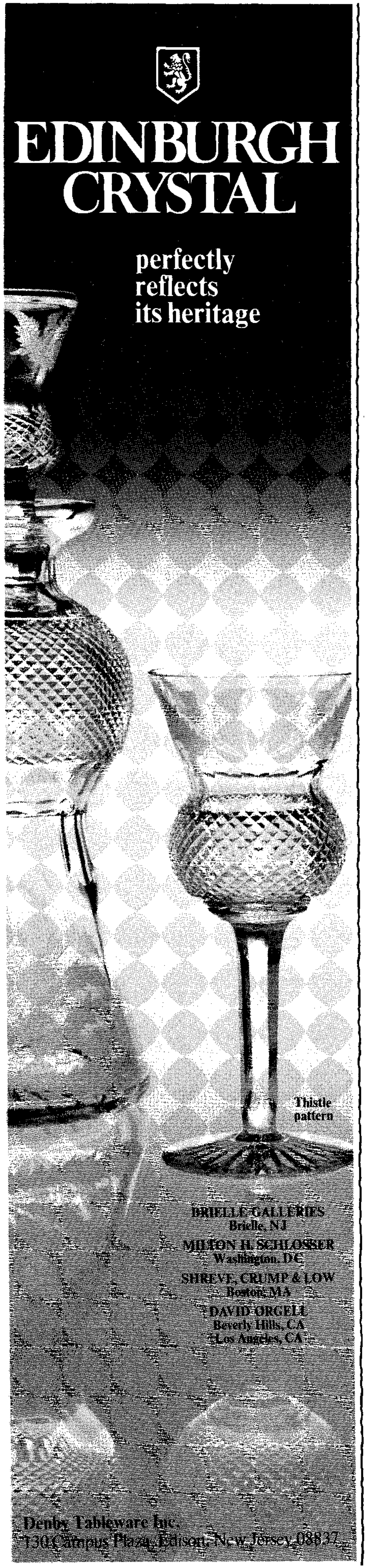

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—of Harvard and the outside world. The no man's land is the quotation of the newspaper article. If a reader is attentive, he will say, "Stop, stop. Was it *correct*, the article? Were you—are you—considering such a thing?" If, however, the reader is inattentive or if he is lost in the crisp autumn morning of his own Harvard, President Bok will succeed in transporting him over the dangerous patch into the *flap*. Here President Bok is on safe ground and may pivot back into the safe Harvard sector from which he began. Note that President Bok's treatment of the *flap* resembles the treatment of the *flap* in my story. He says that "articles appeared in dozens of newspapers and magazines describing the merits and demerits of entering into commercial ventures of this kind," and he seems bemused. He says, "Scientists and editorial writers quickly volunteered their own opinions on the issue," and he makes them sound like ladies in flowered hats.

The real story is the reverse of the Harvard-against-the-outside-world story. The real story is: There is no distance now between Harvard and the outside world; you could not find the boundary. The context of Harvard is the same as the context of the *Times*, which is the large context of the whole country of two hundred million people. The *Times* has understood the story perfectly.

President Bok moves from his discussion of the stir caused by the *Times* to a laying out of the issues:

> Eventually, after Harvard announced its decision not to proceed, the public debate began to subside. But issues had clearly been raised that provoked deep concern in many quarters. Should universities be more aggressive in seeking to participate in the commercial exploitation of the knowledge produced in their laboratories? Might efforts of this kind produce a new source of revenue to counteract the financial pressures facing research institutions? Could universities enter the marketplace without subverting their commitment to learning and discovery? These questions will doubtless remain with us for some time to come. Together, they offer an intriguing opportunity to discuss the state of academic science and explore the proper role of the university in translating scientific discoveries into useful products and innovations.

Follow the movement of this paragraph. First, again, the *flap*, which has subsided. The agitation has ceased. Still, there is deep concern in many quarters. Here President Bok makes room for what must already be in the minds of many readers. Yes, of course, people would be concerned about Harvard's going into business.

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He minimizes this existing impression by placing it "in many quarters"—which is to say, not in any place you and I know or want to name—and then he pivots away from the existing impression to an entirely different concern, which no one has voiced, which is: How should Harvard now approach business? The first "concern" he mentions is:

> Should universities be more aggressive in seeking to participate in the commercial exploitation of the knowledge produced in their laboratories?

This, I'm afraid, is propaganda writing. A person who is upset that Harvard might plan to go into business feels in reading it that his concern is being addressed. And yet his concern has been placed in a context he would not have foreseen. Let us say that the uppermost edge of his concern has been placed within President Bok's sentence, so that President Bok may say, "Yes, here it is," and yet one cannot help noticing that this concern is at the very bottom of the new context that President Bok is creating. Such is the ambiguity of the sentence that it would be possible for a person to derive from it the sense that people in some quarters were upset that Harvard had failed to be sufficiently aggressive in marketing the results of its scientific research and now the president of the university was being called upon to defend his backwardness. The next sentence does nothing to undo this impression; in fact, in introducing "the financial pressures facing research institutions" it makes a person think, Yes, really, President Bok must be urged to be more forceful in this matter. Finally, we come to what might be a concern of a certain group of people: "Could universities enter the marketplace without subverting their commitment to learning and discovery?" But that group of people is here a group that has decided "Yes, of course, do consider an alliance with the world of commerce, but make sure you don't subvert your commitment to learning and discovery." Anyone saying "No, don't do it" has to find a home in this group.

"No, don't do it!" people shout from some quarters.

"I know just what you mean," President Bok says.

"No, don't *ever* do it."

"Quite right. Without the proper safeguards . . ."

"No, I mean you shouldn't even *consider* . . ."

"Doing it without the proper safe-

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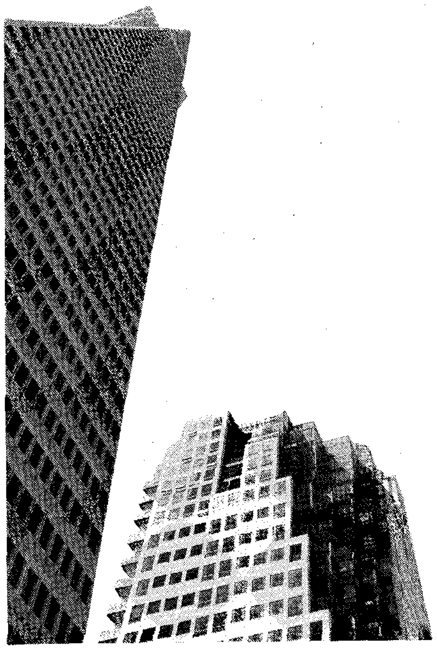

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guards, certainly not," President Bok says, and he walks to his conclusion, which is that he finds he has an "intriguing opportunity to discuss the state of academic science," and that he now finds, after this good, healthy, frank exchange, that he wants to "explore the proper role of the university in translating scientific discoveries into useful products and innovations."

I WANT to mention the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company here. Recently, advertisements for Morgan Guaranty have begun to identify the company as "The Morgan Bank." This used to be a *private* name for the company, employed by people who identified it with the financial patriarchy of New York. I think the name is being used *magically*. That is, I think that as institutions bearing old names go out into the world now they hope that by speaking their old names they will be safer. I don't think that President Bok of Harvard wants, any more than the officers of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company want, actually to transform the world of impersonal forces and trends into a world of men (whose stories we may know); I think he only wants the forces to halt on command, to stop still at the mention of a certain name. The power of the impersonal world can be seen in President Bok's prose. When the world of men-whose-stories-we-may-know is not being specifically invoked, it vanishes from around him. His article "Business and the Academy" is peopled with men and women, but sparsely.

I want to discuss now a reference he makes to Pyotr Kapitsa, the eminent Soviet physicist. President Bok knows Kapitsa through an article in *Science* which gave a brief account, in 1966, of an address that Kapitsa made to the Royal Society. Kapitsa spoke, on that occasion, about his friend Lord Rutherford, the great British physicist, and about his association with him. *Science* quoted a little of his speech in an article just over two pages long. One of the paragraphs of direct quotation is quoted, in turn, by President Bok, as relevant to his own concern that the *morale* of scientists may be damaged if "the ideal of the disinterested scientist begins to be replaced by that of the wealthy professor-entrepreneur." Notice that Kapitsa's statements are as clear as glass but that to President Bok they are puzzling.

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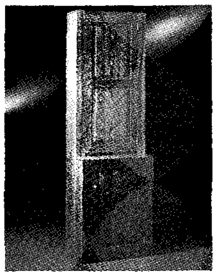

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President Bok says:

> Notwithstanding these outward signs of strength, one senses an unease in many scientific circles, a fear that the sheer size, complexity, and expense of modern science may have a corrupting effect on quality. As the Soviet physicist Pyotr Kapitsa once declared, "the year Rutherford died [1937] there disappeared forever the happy days of free scientific work which gave us such delight in our youth. Science has lost her freedom. Science has become a productive force. She has become rich but she has become enslaved and part of her is veiled in secrecy." The causes of this anxiety are not entirely clear. Perhaps there is concern that "big science" can bring undue rewards to people who seem more noted for their entrepreneurial talents than for the quality of their minds. Perhaps scientists fear that there is no longer enough time for referees to read papers with sufficient care or for senior investigators to exercise close supervision over younger associates. Perhaps professors feel that the direction of their work is imperceptibly passing from their hands and that research will increasingly be shaped to conform with restrictions imposed by those who control the funds. Whatever the reason, the concerns do exist and must be watched with the greatest care.

Notice. Notice. Kapitsa says, "She has become rich but she has become enslaved."

Bok says, "Perhaps scientists fear that there is no longer enough time for referees to read papers with sufficient care."

IT is possible to understand events taking place now by getting to know the history of the work of which they are a result. The large impersonal forces that rule the world now were set in motion by persons-at-work. But it is hard. It is as though at a certain point records ceased to be kept. But that is not true. Records were kept, and in most cases we can get at them. The history of recent work has somehow failed to stick in people's minds. This has to do, I think, with the fact that the results of successful work are now dispersed throughout the world in such a way that they disappear; that is, they are not linked to any place. What will happen, for instance, when the financial life of the nation is no longer associated with *Wall Street* is very hard to predict. When the financial life of the nation is a matter of events taking place in the air (retrieved for a moment on this or that screen), will it be possible to raise a child to believe in it? It is difficult to tell the story of any particular event now because the old backgrounds against which a particular event would have meaning (Harvard and Wall Street, for example) are unreliable,

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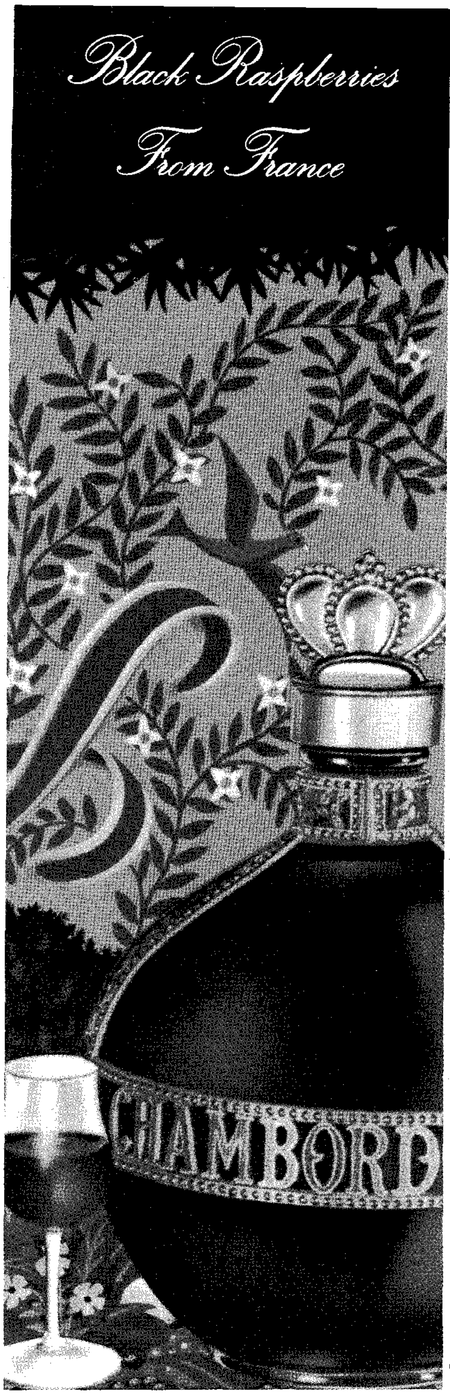

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and yet they are all we have. That is why entertainment stories are set in the past, or are absurd and not meant to be taken seriously, or deal with some person's personal problems. To construct, through diligent thought, a true background against which events of this moment might be juxtaposed is the work of art now.

Since this short history of the Harvard Black Rock Forest has been difficult to construct (because the foreground and the background were being constructed at the same time), I should, perhaps, include a summary of what I think is important in what I have written.

First in importance is the *image* I put forward at the beginning. Two men, one a forester, the other a very rich man, stand on a tract of land. They first look at the land, which has been damaged and exploited. Then they look at an incomplete limestone palace.

Second in importance is the history of the men in the image: Gifford Pinchot and George Washington Vanderbilt. I mention George Washington Vanderbilt here especially because his idea—*to build a palace in America*—will always be a part of American life and should be accepted by Americans. But: he needs Gifford Pinchot at his side. In my image, he has him.

Thirdly, the various symbols within the Biltmore Estate: corresponding to what is *everywhere and nowhere; here and there;* and *mostly here.* I particularly want to direct the reader's attention to the difference between the qualities of the science of silviculture, which is embedded in a context (the forest), and the qualities of what Calvin Stillman called "pure science," and to suggest that "pure science" must learn from silviculture how to behave *as though it were* embedded in a context. The job, it seems to me, is to transform "the scientific method," which is free in a way that human beings never can be free, into "science," a collegial system that would recognize, as silviculture does, that life goes on in particular places and that "the longest time" is in fact the span of time we want to consider.

At last, the history of the Black Rock Forest, ending in the history of Harvard's unsatisfactory stewardship. Here, first of all, I would like to pay my respects to Ernest Stillman. In America, it is very often out of the work of men like Dr. Stillman that good developments are allowed to take place. Dr. Stillman held to the ideal of the *constantly flourishing* forest long after its *vogue* had ended. A specific proposal of mine would be that Harvard be asked to transfer the forest and its endowment to an independent foundation that would continue to pursue the silvicultural work begun by Ernest Stillman and Henry Tryon. No hasty action will do justice to what Dr. Stillman began—we remember that he rejected the idea of a private foundation because its plan of work would be "too narrow"—but I am convinced that the integrity of his ideal will be better protected now by a dedicated private group than by any large institution.

As to the *usefulness* of the forest: this is of two kinds—usefulness that was foreseen by Dr. Stillman and usefulness that was not foreseen by him. Dr. Stillman was right: the farmer's woodlot is important now. He was right: large numbers of people have moved to the country. What he did not foresee was that the scientific data collected within the forest might be useful as a base against which to measure levels of toxicity (in measuring acidity due to acid rain, for instance). And yet he did foresee it; that is, he foresaw that *patient work within the forest* would produce benefits he could not foresee.

As to Harvard's unsatisfactory stewardship of the forest: the weight of all evidence I have seen is against Daniel Steiner's statement that "it would be wrong to make an assumption that Dr. Stillman had required, or even expected, that Harvard would hold on to" the forest. There is a concept in conservative forestry called the Permanent Association. The Permanent Association for a given piece of forest land is that mixture of trees toward which all the various *successions* of dominance are tending. It is also called the climax forest. Such a forest, when handled with respect, will yield a handsome profit, and will return to health of itself: it is the constantly useful, constantly flourishing forest. In human affairs, it would be: a stable civilization. In America, this would be: a stable American civilization. It is my conviction that Ernest Stillman was one of those American men (Gifford Pinchot was another;

Theodore Roosevelt was another) who believed that it was important to work toward that ideal however much the (so-called) "practical facts" spoke of its impracticability, however much promises of vast wealth spoke of its irrelevance, however much cataclysmic world events spoke of its smallness. Dr. Stillman, I know, thought of Harvard University as the strong home in American life of those persons who were working toward a *discovery* of what a Permanent Association for America might be. And, of course, it has been that (Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt, and John Kennedy are among its graduates), and it might be again.

FRIENDS

FINALLY, I would like to return to some of the questions to which President Bok of Harvard said he had no very good answers. Why is there "unease" in "many scientific circles"? What is the proper relationship between a scientist working at a university and the world of business? We turn to Pyotr Kapitsa's address to the Royal Society—to which President Bok has himself referred. Let this be symbolic of what I want to say to President Bok: You have good information close to hand, and you may still decide to use it. Kapitsa's address to the Royal Society, briefly reported in *Science*, appears in his "Collected Papers," under the title "Recollections of Lord Rutherford."

It is an affectionate work—we notice that. We notice that a man is speaking to other men, simply. It has great force. Events are not shapeless. It is a question of men at work. Notice the *pencil* of Lord Rutherford—how it has stayed in the mind of the great Russian physicist—and notice how the words of a Ukrainian philosopher have stayed in the mind of the great Soviet physicist, and how simplicity is not ignored. Mr. Kapitsa says:

> Rutherford also liked talking about his own experiments. When he was explaining something he usually made drawings. For this purpose he kept small bits of pencil in his waistcoat pocket. He held them in a peculiar way—it always seemed to me a very inconvenient one—with the tips of his fingers and thumb. He drew with a slightly shaky hand, his drawings were always simple and consisted of a few thickly drawn lines, made by pressing hard on the pencil. More often than not the point of the pencil broke and then he would take another bit from his pocket.
>
> A number of physicists, especially theoreticians, like to discuss science and apparently the process of argument is a way of thinking. I never heard Rutherford argue

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about science. Usually he gave his views on the subject very briefly, with the maximum of clarity and very directly. If anybody contradicted him he listened to the argument with interest but would not answer it and then the discussion ended.

I greatly enjoyed Rutherford's lectures. I followed the course of general physics which he gave to the undergraduates as Cavendish Professor. I did not learn much physics from this course since by that time I already possessed a fair knowledge of the subject, but from Rutherford's approach to it I learned a great deal. Rutherford delivered his lectures with great enthusiasm. He used hardly any mathematical formulae, he used diagrams widely and accompanied his lectures with very precise but restrained gestures from which it could be seen how vividly and picturesquely Rutherford thought. I found it interesting that during the lecture he changed the topic as his thoughts, probably following some analogy, turned to a different phenomenon. This was usually connected with some new experiments made in the field of radioactivity which fascinated him and he then proceeded to speak with enthusiasm on the new subject. In this case he usually put his assistant in a difficult position by asking him to give a demonstration which was not part of the original planned version. . . .

When I came to Cambridge Rutherford did no more experimental work by himself; he worked chiefly either with Chadwick or with Ellis. But in both cases he took an active part in experiments. The setting up of the apparatus was done mainly by his laboratory assistant, Crow, whom he treated rather severely. But I sometimes saw how Rutherford himself, despite his slightly shaking hands, dealt quite skillfully with the finewalled glass tubes filled with radium emanation. Although Rutherford's experiments are well known, I cannot refrain from saying a few words about them. The most attractive thing about these experiments was the clarity of setting the problem. The simplicity and directness of approach to the solution of the problem were most remarkable. From my long experience as an experimenter I have learned that the best way of correctly evaluating the capacity of a beginner as well as of a mature scientist is by his natural inclination and ability to find a simple way of solving problems. There is an excellent saying by an unknown French author which applies perfectly to Rutherford: "*La simplicité c'est la plus grande sagesse.*" I should also like to quote the profound saying of a Ukrainian philosopher, Gregory Skovoroda. He was by origin a peasant and lived in the second half of the eighteenth century. His writings are most interesting but probably quite unknown in England. He said "We must be grateful to God that He created the world in such a way that everything simple is true and everything complicated is untrue." Rutherford's finest and simplest experiments concerned the phenomena of scattering by nuclear collisions. The methods of observation of scintillations by counters were worked out by Rutherford in collaboration with Geiger in 1908. Since then more than half a century has passed and this method and the Wilson chamber invented about the same time remain the fundamental methods for studying nuclear phenomena,

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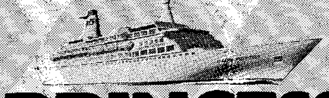

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and only the optical and resonance methods for determining nuclear moments have since been added. And up to now all nuclear physics possesses no experimental possibilities other than those used by Rutherford and his collaborators. The present development of nuclear physics is proceeding not by the invention of new experimental possibilities of investigating nuclear phenomena but thanks to the possibility of investigating nuclear collisions of a *larger* number of elements; and these collisions are studied in the domain of larger energies which are reached mainly by the use of powerful modern accelerators. But even now the way which leads us to the knowledge of the nucleus is still the method discovered by Rutherford, and he was the first to appreciate its fundamental value. I am referring here to the investigation of the collision of nuclei. Rutherford always liked to say "Smash the atom!" . . .

Finally, I should like to discuss a question I have come across several times in descriptions of Rutherford's activities. The question is: did Rutherford foresee the great practical consequences which would emerge from his scientific discoveries and investigations into radioactivity?

The immense reserves of energy which are hidden in matter were understood by physicists a long time ago. The development of his view took place side by side with the development of the theory of relativity. The question which was not clear at that time was: would it eventually be possible to find technical means of making practical use of these reserves? We know now that the actual possibility of obtaining energy from nuclear collisions was becoming more and more real as nuclear phenomena were better understood. But up to the last moment it was not certain whether it would be technically possible to produce nuclear reactions with a great yield of energy. I remember only rare occasions on which I discussed this question with Rutherford and in all these conversations he expressed no interest in it. From the beginning of my acquaintance with Rutherford I noticed that he never took any interest in technical problems and I even had the impression that he was prejudiced about applied problems. Possibly this was because such problems were connected with business interests.

I am by training a chartered engineer and naturally I always took an interest in solving technical problems. During my stay in Cambridge I was approached several times to help in solving technical problems in industry. In these cases I used to take advice from Rutherford and he always said to me: "You cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time." Of course he was right. Once I remember Rutherford telling me about Pupin who as an able young physicist had come to Cambridge and done successful scientific work in the Cavendish Laboratory. Pupin was somewhat senior to Rutherford so they met only occasionally. Eventually Pupin turned to commercial activity in the U.S.A. and made a lot of money. Rutherford spoke disapprovingly of Pupin's activities. So I think that Rutherford's opinions on the practical applications of nuclear physics had no real value as they lay outside the scope of his interests and tastes.

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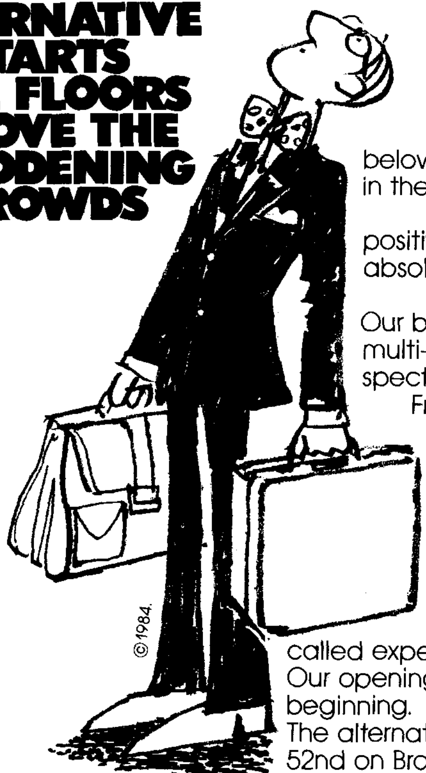

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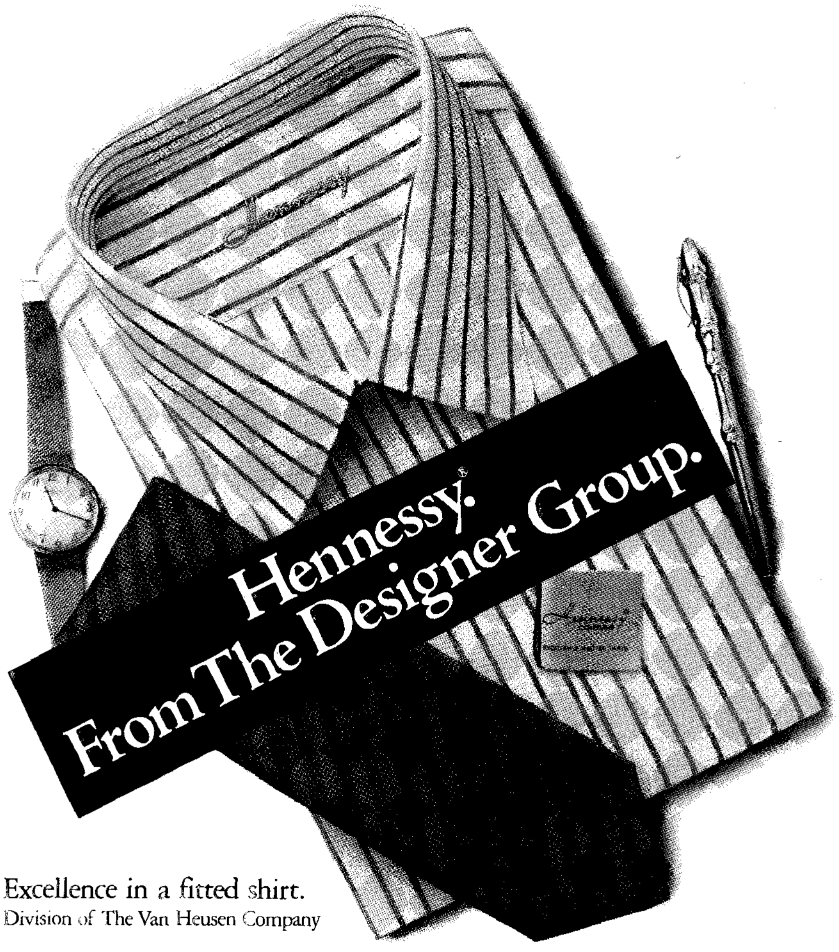

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on industry I remember a conversation I had with him during a high table dinner at Trinity College. I do not remember how the conversation started, maybe it was under the influence of Lombroso's book "Genius and Madness." I was telling my neighbor that every great scientist must be to some extent a madman. Rutherford overheard this conversation and asked me, "In your opinion, Kapitsa, am I mad too?"

"Yes, Professor," I replied.

"How will you prove it?" he asked.

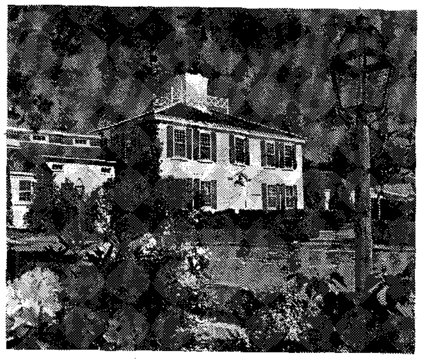
"Very simply," I replied. "Maybe you remember a few days ago you mentioned to me that you had had a letter from the U.S.A., from a big American company. (I do not remember now which one it was, possibly General Electric Co.) In this letter they offered to build you a colossal laboratory in America and to pay you a fabulous salary. You only laughed at the offer and would not consider it seriously. I think you will agree with me that from the point of view of an ordinary man you acted like a madman!" Rutherford laughed and said that in all probability I was right.

The last time I saw Rutherford was in the autumn of 1934 when I went as usual to the Soviet Union to see my mother and my friends and unexpectedly was deprived of the possibility of returning to Cambridge. I did not hear his voice again, nor hear him laugh. For the next three years I had no laboratory to work in and was unable to continue my scientific work and the only scientist with whom I freely corresponded outside Russia was Rutherford. At least once every two months he wrote me long letters which I greatly valued. In these letters he gave me an account of life in Cambridge, spoke about the scientific achievements of himself and his pupils, wrote about himself, made jokes, gave good advice and invariably cheered me up in my difficult position. He understood that the important thing for me was to start my scientific work which had been interrupted for several years. It is no secret *that it was only due to his intervention* and help that I was able to obtain the scientific installation and apparatus of the Mond Laboratory and in three years time I was able to renew my work in the domain of low-temperature physics.

I am sure that in the course of time all Rutherford's letters will be published, but even so I should like here and now to quote three short extracts which require no comment.

On 21 November 1935 he wrote:

"... I am inclined to give you a little advice, even though it may not be necessary. I think it will be important for you to get down to work on the installation of the laboratory as soon as possible, and try to train your assistants to be useful. I think you will find many of your troubles will fall from you when you are hard at work again, and I am confident that your relations with the authorities will improve at once when they see that you are working wholeheartedly to get your show going. I would not worry too much about the attitude or opinions of individuals, provided they do not interfere with your work. I daresay you will think I do not understand the situation, but I am sure that chances of your happiness in the future depend on your keeping your nose down to the grind-



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stone in the laboratory. Too much introspection is bad for anybody! . . ."

On 15 May 1936 he wrote:

". . . This term I have been busier than I have ever been, but as you know my temper has improved during recent years, and I am not aware that anyone has suffered from it for the last few weeks! . . .

". . . Get down to some research even though it may not be of an epoch-making kind as soon as you can and you will feel happier. The harder the work the less time you will have for other troubles. As you know, 'a reasonable number of fleas is good for a dog'—but I expect you feel you have more than the average number!"

You see what short and clear and fatherly advice he gave me. The last letter is dated 9 October 1937. He wrote in great detail about his proposed journey to India. In the last part of the letter he said: ". . . I am glad to say that I am feeling physically pretty fit, but I wish that life was not quite so strenuous in term time. . . ." Ten days before his death he did not feel that it was so near.

For me the death of Rutherford meant not only the loss of a great teacher and friend; for me, as for a number of scientists, it was also the end of a whole epoch in science.

Obviously we should attribute to those years the beginning of the new period in the history of human culture which is now called the scientific-technical revolution. One of the greatest events in this revolution has been the use of atomic energy. We all know that the consequences of this revolution may be very terrible—it may destroy mankind. In 1921 Rutherford warned me not to make any Communist propaganda in his laboratory, but it now appears that just at that time he himself, together with his pupils, was laying the foundations for a scientific-technical revolution.

We all hope that in the end people will have sufficient wisdom to direct this scientific revolution to the benefit of humanity.

But nevertheless the year that Rutherford died there disappeared forever the happy days of free scientific work which gave us such delight in our youth. Science has lost her freedom. Science has become a productive force. She has become rich but she has become enslaved and part of her is veiled in secrecy.

I do not know whether Rutherford would continue nowadays to joke and laugh as he used to do.

—George W. S. Trow

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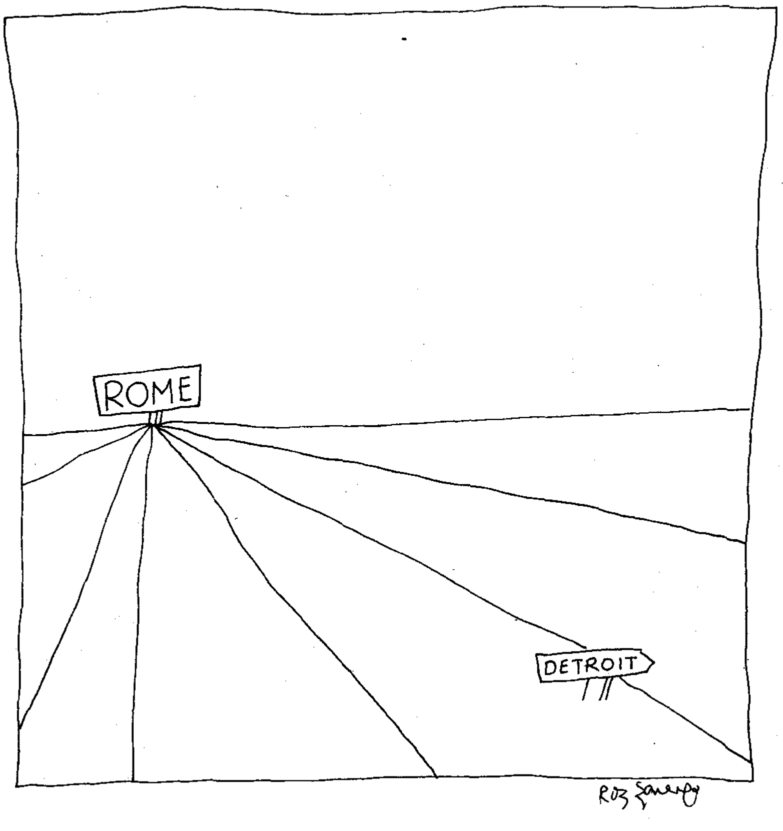
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Breeze, a Bawd, a Bounty

THE great thing about a tall tale on the screen is that you can be shown the preposterous and the implausible. In "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom," the director Steven Spielberg is like a magician whose tricks are so daring they make you laugh. He creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. He starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. A friend of mine denounced the picture as "heartless;" another friend called it "overbearing." In a sense, they're right, but they're also off the beam. This kind of storytelling doesn't have to be heartfelt; it just has to hold your interest (and delight you). "Indiana Jones" is a series of whoppers—it depends on verve and imagination to concoct the next big fib. And it leaps from one visual exaggeration to another—overbearingness is part of its breakneck style. (If it were modest and unassuming, it would fall apart.)

Set in 1935, "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" probably has to be called a pre-sequel, or prequel, to "Raiders of the Lost Ark," which was set in 1936, but it isn't pulpy in the way that "Raiders" was. It doesn't have the serious undercurrents that "Raiders" had; it's less "sincere"—and that's what is so good about it. The two films have the same adventurer-archeologist hero, Dr. Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), who wears a brown fedora and carries specs and a bullwhip. Indy seems more assured now, and more formidable physically—he's a professor with the chest of a horse. The plot is minimal this time: the action starts in Shanghai, at the Obi Wan night club, where the lusty blond Willie (Kate Capshaw), in a spangled crimson gown, struts in front of a line of tap-dancing chorus girls and belts out the film's keynote song, "Anything Goes," in English and Chinese. After a scramble at the club that features a diamond, a dose of poison, a vial of antidote, a lazy Susan, a pack of Oriental gangsters, and a rickshaw, and turns into a full-blown masterpiece of cheerful slapstick, Willie and Indy and his tiny, daredevil sidekick, the Chinese orphan Short Round (Ke Huy Quan), make a fast getaway by plane and drop off (literally) in India. There they are greeted by an elderly tribal chieftain who believes they have come in response to his prayers to Siva. He takes them to his blighted village; the land is arid, and the starving villagers are in mourning. The sacred stone that they believe conferred blessings on them has been stolen, and their children have disappeared. The three agree to go on a mission to retrieve the stone and the children, and the chieftain provides them with elephants to ride, and guides. The quest takes the three to the sumptuous palace of an odious boy maharajah (where the gold-digger Willie breathes the atmosphere of wealth and is momentarily in ecstasy), and from there, by underground passageway, to the temple where the villainous high priest Mola Ram (Amrish Puri), the leader of the Thugs, presides over human sacrifices to the goddess Kali. (The name Mola Ram is an anagram for Malomar; the Thugs—expert stranglers and sneaks—and the evil cult of Kali will be familiar to people who have seen the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din.")



The subject of a movie can be momentum. It has often been the true—even if not fully acknowledged—subject of movies. In "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom," it's not merely acknowledged, it's gloried in. The picture has an exuberant, hurtling-along spirit. Spielberg tried kinetic comic-strip routines in his "1941" and couldn't quite make them work; here comparable routines come off just about perfectly. Spielberg uses old wheezes like the lazy Susan and you're charmed by it, remembering how, as a kid, you were nuts about these spinning discs. "Indiana Jones" is the kind of comedy in which the hero, in the middle of terrifying circumstances, and with his foot smoking, yells for water, and a deluge comes at him. The film sets the comic-book context for the hyperbolic perils that the three central characters get into, and keeps us laughing at the very fact that they don't get a chance to catch their breath. The whole movie is designed as a shoot-the-chutes, and toward the end, when the heroic trio, having found the sacred stone and freed the stolen children from the maharajah's mines, are trying to escape in a tiny mine car, and a shift in camera angles places us with them on a literal roller-coaster ride, the audience laughs in recognition that that's what we've been on all along. Yet Spielberg seems relaxed, and he doesn't push things to frighten us. The movie relates to Americans' love of getting in the car and just taking off—it's a breeze.

Sometimes when a director gets a chance to do a sequel, he starts with the knowledge that he gained on the first film. Coppola and

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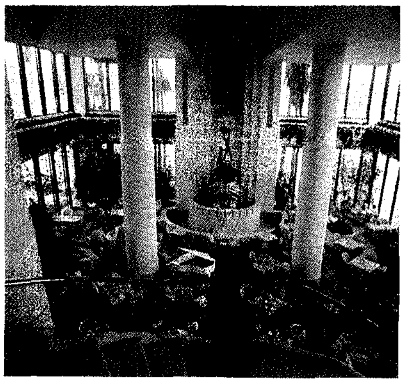

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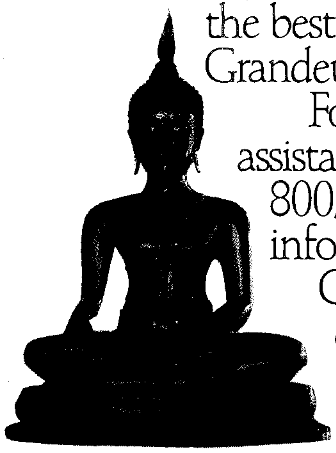

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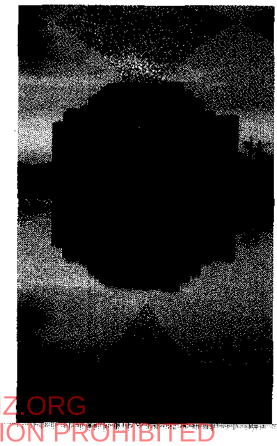

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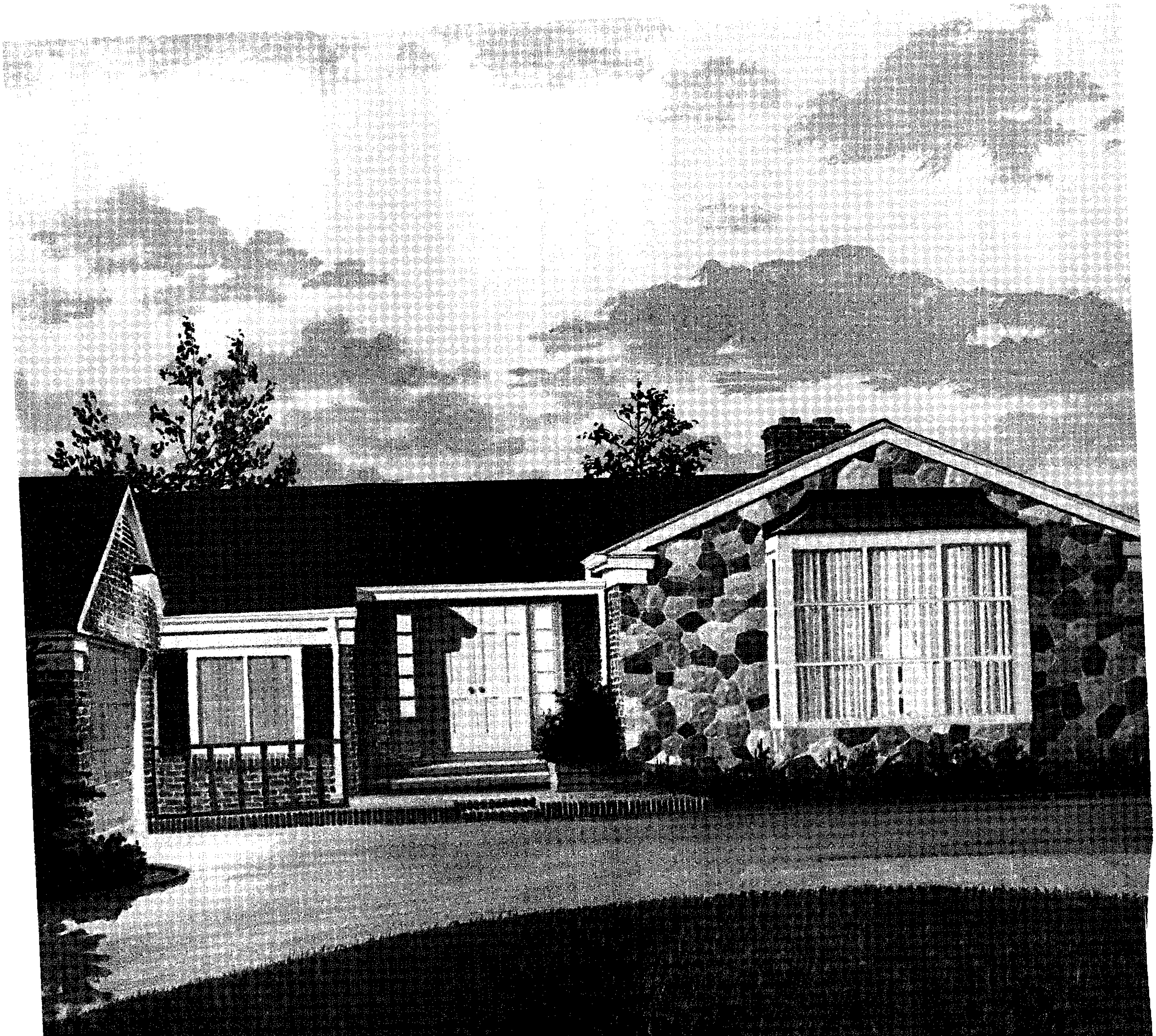

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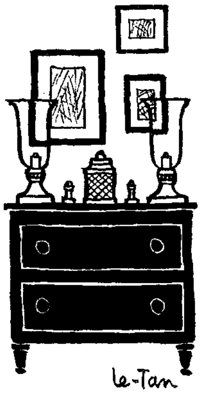
"The Godfather, Part II" are the classic example. In its own, very different way, "Indiana Jones" stands in relation to "Raiders of the Lost Ark" as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Though the picture is a Lucasfilm production, and the story idea is by George Lucas (with a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz), it doesn't resemble the "Star Wars" movies the way that "Raiders" did. It's more cohesive, and it's much more clearly and confidently a Spielberg movie, with parody links to "The Wizard of Oz" and "Gunga Din," and also to Saturday-afternoon serials and the Hope-Crosby "Road" movies and more recent screen adventures such as the cliffhanger stunt in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." The jokiness about the Mysterious East has something of S. J. Perelman's waggery; to an American kid a man in a turban is automatically not to be trusted.



Spielberg and his team come up with sequences that have an elusive mixture of comedy and wonder. At night in the jungle, the three travellers pause on the way to the palace; Indy and Short Round sit on the ground playing cards, squabbling amicably, and ignoring Willie, who has thus far been nothing but a shrill, complaining nuisance to them. It's like a nostalgic American campfire scene or picnic on a *Saturday Evening Post* cover, but Willie, in the background, is being attacked by vampire bats and menaced by baboons, iguanas, snakes, and even an owl. She rushes around shrieking; the man and the boy are oblivious. This gag may have seemed terrific even on paper, but the look of it—the American small-town-boys'-world images it recalls—is inspired. Kate Capshaw's Willie is the clown on the team; she has routines right out of burlesque. There's a classic cockeyed-comedy bit involving her and her elephant, who treats her as derisively as the others do—the elephant likes to come up behind her, nudge her, and spray her with water. Willie gets so fed up that she grabs at what she thinks is its trunk, and throws a python at Indy. (She's too exhausted to marvel at how she managed to detach it.) And there are sequences that are like what children dream up when they're having a gross-out and trying to top each other: the three hungry travellers sit down to a banquet, with the boy maharajah at the head of the huge table and the high-ranking members of his court in evening dress, and the servants bring platters of delicacies—slippery, squirming baby eels, baked beetles, eyeball soup, and, for dessert, chilled monkeys' brains to be scooped out of the skulls.

Later that night, Willie and Indy separate, but before he goes across the hall to his room she bets him that he'll miss her so much that in five minutes he'll be back at her door, and he bets her that she'll come to him. With each of them pacing, hoping for the other's arrival, this is the one relatively quiet interlude in the movie. Indy's pacing is interrupted by a gigantic Thug who's determined to strangle him. It's a long, terrifying fight, won only with Short Round's help. When it's all over with, Indy rushes to Willie's room to make sure she, too, hasn't been attacked, and she's triumphant. It feels like just five minutes.

Kate Capshaw had me laughing rig[illegible]art, but she—and her ro[illegible]ncomfortable in the first [illegible]or so. You could see that she was trying to be funny—she squealed like Betty Hutton and she acted like a cross between Ginger Rogers and Bette Midler. She was playing a self-centered brat who was useless in emergencies; Willie's only response was to scream. And since Willie doesn't contribute much to the visual heroics, she could have used wittier lines—or at least a moment of intelligence—so that when she and Indy kiss there's a reason for it. (It seems as if they're getting together just because they're male and female.) But Kate Capshaw won me over: her low-comedy brazenness and the whole conception of Willie as uncouth give the picture an additional layer of parody. Instead of being a pallid little darling in distress, she's a broad in distress, and the situations gain from her noisy wholesomeness.

This entire flying-carpet movie, with its comic-strip frames, is a pastel tourist paradise, as if a kid had filled in the numbered spaces to show what colored pencils can do. The look of it is itself funny. (Older kids may think the picture is a demonstration of what mattes can do.) Part of the fun of moviegoing for children is in getting wise to what's fake and what

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(or, the lady or the Sambuca Romana)

Once a reputation reaches legendary proportions, fact and fiction tend to blur. In the case of George Gordon Noel Byron, a great deal is known but details are shadowy. He did move to Venice permanently in 1817. He was young and lame and handsome, and already notorious. The details of his infatuation with Sambuca Romana are harder to pin down.

It is said he first encountered this suave and elegant liqueur on an earlier visit to Rome, where it was, and still is, concocted from the berries of the wild elderbush. Smooth and mellow, with a fiery heart and an undercurrent of wildness, it soon became a passion. A passion equal to or surpassing an earlier love for coffee. If these things are so, we can be certain he indulged both pleasures while in Venice. The opportunities were there.

The story is told that it was in a Venetian cafe, early for a rendezvous, that he first ordered the two drinks at one time. His coffee arrived and, just as he saw his contessa stepping from her gondola, the liqueur. As he started to his feet, somehow jostling the waiter, the Sambuca Romana spilled, into the coffee. There was time for only one sip. He sipped, considered a moment, then sat down to finish the cup at his leisure.

It was plain the lady would have to wait. The attraction of this sensuous new taste was greater even than hers.

For the rest, we know Byron left Italy soon afterwards for Greece and his ultimate destiny. As for Sambuca Romana and coffee, the taste is history.

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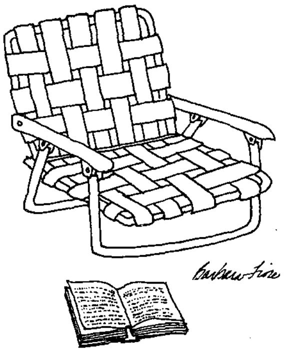
isn't. There are so many degrees of "reality" and fakery involved here that it could almost have been designed to keep them guessing; the stunt work and the laboratory special effects seem inseparable, and at the close of the Shanghai night-club sequence there's a fall through several canopies which evokes the lineage of modern movie trickery—the Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., pictures, and the famous opera-house shot in "Citizen Kane," and every cowboy movie in which the hero jumped from a building into a wagon or onto his horse. "Indiana Jones" plays with the whole idea of movie magic. This spirit of play (which I felt was present only intermittently in "Raiders") makes possible some glimmering storybook effects that probably weren't planned at all and were achieved only half-consciously. When our three find their route from the palace to the temple, they go through a passageway carpeted with creepy, crawly things. But this isn't a gross-out. Our reaction is a mixture of horror and awe, because the shining, symmetrical insects look like crawling jewels. They're—perhaps inadvertently—beautiful. And when some of them fall from the walls and are tangled in Willie's frizzy reddish-gold hair they're like the precious gems she has always wanted. The picture has fun-house skeletons and a night scene with a shooting star (a Spielberg signature); it has startling twists and sometimes small poetic curves. When Short Round wants to get into the speeding, out-of-control little mine car that Willie is in and a huge villain is clinging to, he uses the man's body as a staircase and climbs right up. It's pure Buster Keaton; that's real magic.

The stunts are brought off with incredible precision. (The way the editor, Michael Kahn, clips shots, you can almost hear him chuckling.) But plot points are occasionally fuzzy. There's a bit of information planted early on: Willie tells Indy that her father made his living as a magician, and so when the three are hiding in the temple (they're posed so that the scene is an homage to a shot in "Gunga Din") and they look down into the vast cave where Mola Ram is conducting the rituals of Kali-worship and plucking the heart out of a man's chest—and as the man is consigned to fire, his heart, held high in Mola Ram's hand, bursts into flame—everything is prepared for Willie to spot Mola Ram as a con man who had a heart up his sleeve. But that revelation never comes, and since Lucas's special-effects company, Industrial Light & Magic, has become virtuosic about simulating the look of flesh being torn into, the poetic flourish of the burning heart may be too "real" for some viewers. The movie is set in a make-believe world, with cross-references to both Lucas's and Spielberg's other films, but this sequence is said to frighten some people, and there has been talk on television and in the press of making the film's PG classification more restrictive.



It's my impression that almost invariably the media stir up a fuss about the wrong movies. If you take a child to Disney's "Dumbo," this is what the child sees: Dumbo's mother—a circus elephant—is so angry at kids who taunt Dumbo and pull his ears that she attacks them, and as a result she is beaten and locked in a cage for mad elephants. Dumbo is left on his own, and the other elephants humiliate him constantly. He's made into an elephant clown, and during a routine he's left at the top of a fireman's ladder in a burning house, crying elephant tears, because the human clowns fail to rescue him. His only friend is another outcast—the mouse Timothy. Each sequence is brought up to its maximum psychological resonance, and when a child projects himself into this vat of bathos and moroseness it's agony: the situations on the screen have immediate correlations with his own terrors. But what correlatives could there be in "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom"? It doesn't take advantage of childhood traumas. With its "Road to Morocco" sensibility, it constantly makes fun of itself, and it's as remote from children's real-life fears as Sabu's escapades in "The Thief of Bagdad." The emotional mechanism of "Dumbo" is to make what happens to the cartoon animals real to kids; the emotional mechanism in "Indiana Jones" is to make what happens to the human characters unreal. And the hero carries you through—you know Indy won't die. Grownups who are upset by the menu at the banquet must be forgetting how cheerfully kids have

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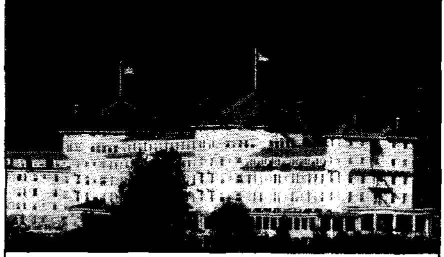

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traditionally sung such macabre ditties as "The worms crawl in, The worms crawl out, The worms play pinochle on your snout, And one little worm, Who's not too shy, Climbs into your ear, And out your eye" and "Great green globs of greasy grimy gophers' guts, Mutilated monkeys' meat, Little birdies' dirty feet, Great green globs of greasy grimy gophers' guts, And I forgot my spoon, Aw shucks."

The fuss in the media may be caused simply by the fact that there's something slightly off in the tone and the timing of the cult-of-Kali sequence. All through the picture, the comedy dominates the thrills, but here, when, at Mola Ram's instigation, Willie is put inside a contraption that looks like a deep-fat fryer, lowered partway down toward a pit of red-hot molten lava, and raised and lowered several times, Spielberg's control seems to slacken. The sequence is tense but flat; Willie has no wisecracks to deliver, and even her shrieks (which we've learned to laugh at affectionately) aren't very funny.

Spielberg's work in this movie is being called mechanical, but there are machines and then there are Rube Goldberg machines. Just because the slapstick requires brilliant timing (and the director's genius for composition) doesn't mean it's cold or impersonal. Possibly some people have got that idea because Spielberg shies away from giving the audience full, clear satisfaction. When the rotten Mola Ram pours some horrible guck down Indy's throat, Indy fights it but is held down; the scene suggests a child's fear of a dose of medicine. The guck—a "potion"—puts Indy in Mola Ram's power; he's in a trance, and we wait to see what will get him to snap out of it, but Spielberg doesn't point up the instant of awakening (though it appears to be the result of Short Round's quick thinking). And although Ke Huy Quan's Short Round is a nifty conception—this grasshopper-size kid is smarter and more resourceful than Indy, and a good case could be made for his being the true (and invulnerable) hero of the adventure—his victory over the boy maharajah isn't given the rush of feeling that the moment seems to call for. The name Short Round is an homage to Samuel Fuller, who used that nickname for the Korean kid in his 1950 movie "The Steel Helmet;" for Fuller, action is everything—and that's the acknowledgment being given here—but

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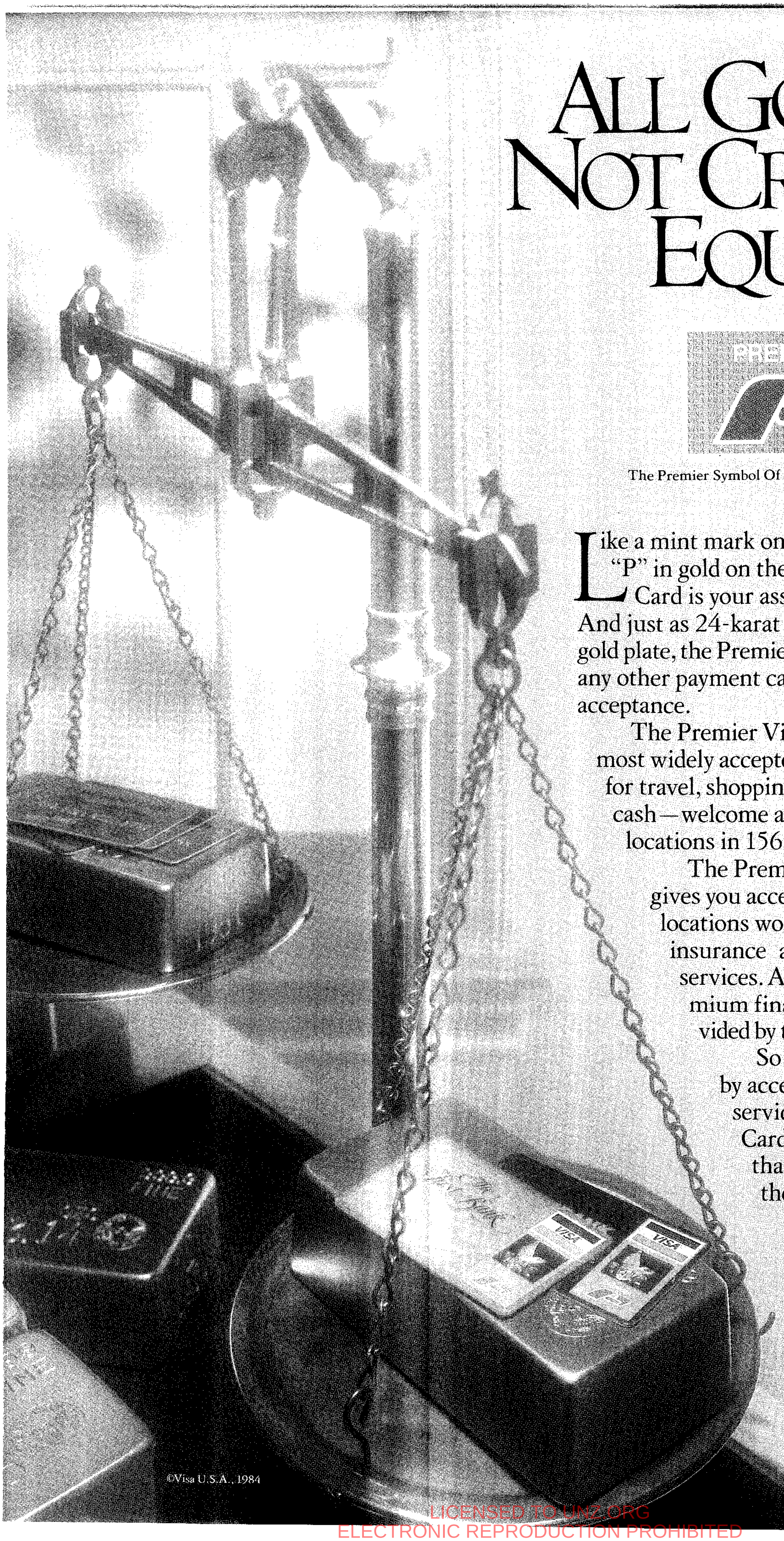
Fuller also piles on moral sentiment. Spielberg doesn't, and although that's part of his elegance as a moviemaker, he slights the emotional resolution of the plot. Having made the visual point that after the children were stolen from their village the land became a desert where nothing grew, he almost owes us a drenching downpour and lush vegetation to signify the children's return. It isn't quite satisfying to see them united with their families on land that looks only a little greener. Spielberg's not providing a formal closure makes the film's structure seem weaker than it is. He polishes off routines like that five-minute gag perfectly, but he may be a little embarrassed about giving us the same kind of pleasure on the larger plot points. He just comes to the end of the story and stops. Still, this is the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedy I've seen in years. And I'm grateful that Spielberg doesn't give the audience a chance to revel in how noble Indy is.

The only thing that really bothered me about the movie was the John Williams score, which is always selling excitement; it's too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's set too loud. Although there isn't much talk, the film gives you such a lot to respond to that the non-stop music produces overload; you feel as if you'd been listening to a crowd roar for two hours. (And for almost the full time you are: the audience's enthusiasm is uncontainable.) Away from the discomfort of the sound, the movie plays even better, in memory. But that sound level isn't anything as simple as a miscalculation; it's more like a guarantee. There is still the question of why a director as skillful as Steven Spielberg should make a succession of "ultimate" roller-coaster movies. (He has indicated that he may do a third in the Indiana Jones series.) It can't just be that he wants the money. It must go deeper. What I think makes this movie so overwhelming that some people recoil from it is that there is an emotional drive in it. The picture's momentum may be congruent with Spielberg's own impetus. Having had the most meteoric rise of any young director in the history of movies, he may feel that he has to push on to ever more inventive fantasies. He has made the most successful movie of all time ("E.T.") and three of the runners-up ("Jaws," "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," and "Raiders of the Lost Ark"). His own career is a roller coaster. How can he make a picture about "normal" life? He has only his childhood to draw upon. As an adult, he rides a fantasy wilder than anything in his movies.

"ERÉNDIRA," which was written by Gabriel García Márquez, seems like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. There's a stir in the audience each time one of his "touches" appears—a profusion of paper flowers in planters and hanging pots, paper birds and butterflies that fly. But the touches have no hallucinatory tingle here; they may fly, but they're not winged. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra calmly and systematically puts them in place—"Eréndira" is like a museum exhibition of García Márquez artifacts. The only resonance these touches have is that they remind us of García Márquez's other writing. Though the material was apparently written first as a screenplay—and then (when no film seemed likely) summed up in a single paragraph in "One Hundred Years of Solitude," and later turned into both a novella and a short story—it doesn't have the feeling of something freshly conceived. The original screenplay is said to have been lost, and García Márquez is supposed to have rewritten it from memory (and from his other versions). That, combined with Guerra's directing, may help to explain why this fantasy, which is about a mad old witch (Irene Papas) who forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore, is in the author's surreal-picaresque mode yet has almost none of the shocking beauty of his writing. The movie suggests the work of a gray-bearded professor having his little tease.

The picture is a moderately amusing nothing; despite its attempts to be magical, it doesn't take hold of a viewer's imagination. But Papas is having a good time, and she's out to give us one, too. Papas isn't fake anything; she's an original, and in this role she has a tattoo on her back and she wears the ensembles of a regal ragpicker. She goes in for the layered look: quilts and tablecloths, and drapes—preferably black and purple—with ball fringe. She's carried in a sedan chair as she and Eréndira travel through the desert (the film was made in Mexico), setting up shop wherever they go. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely,



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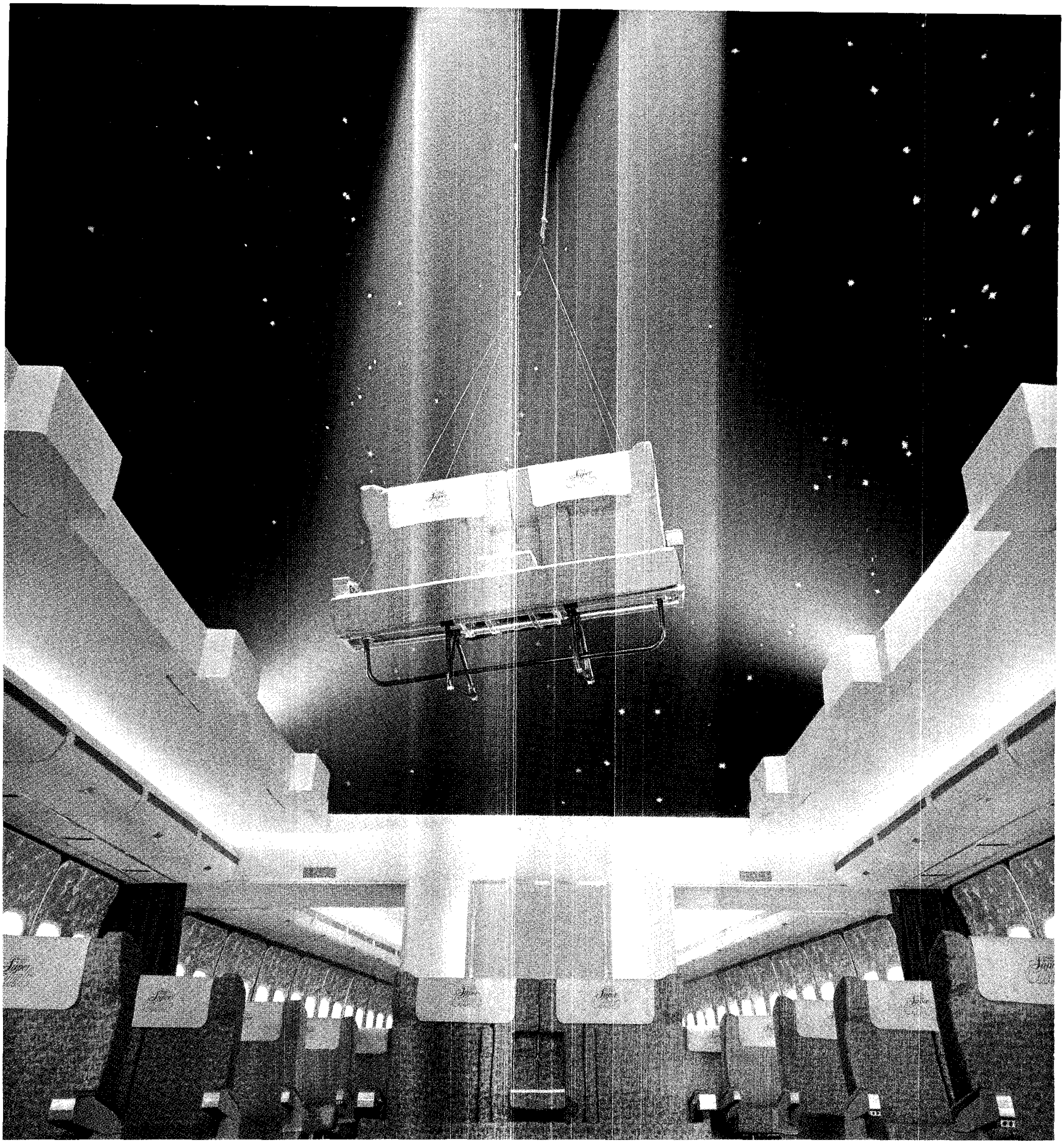

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and the scene of Eréndira's sexual initiation—by rape—is affecting in a semi-prurient way; the actress is very convincingly just a budding young girl. But Eréndira's mechanism for dealing with her customers is to turn catatonic and feel nothing while they do what they want with her, so Ohana—who, to judge by this performance, isn't a very distinctive actress—doesn't need to do much but suffer blankly. She's Sleeping Beauty as a whore, and she's O.K. to watch, but it's Papas who puts on a show.

When the old bawd sits at her baby grand and sings in French, she sounds a bit like Jeanne Moreau in "Jules and Jim," and there's a suggestion of better days in her past. And when she sits up in her bed at night, talking out all her life's dramas in her sleep, the power in her voice is scary. Her voice is more than an instrument—it's a club. You know why people do what she tells them to. She also laughs in her sleep—a laugh that can turn into a snore. (It's too bad that her nocturnal raving doesn't have anything to do with the events Eréndira is involved in; the moviemakers miss a chance to tie things together for us. They miss many a chance.) Papas is marvellous in the scene where she blows out the candles on her birthday cake in one quick, impatient gust, sinks her hand into the cake (which is full of rat poison), eats it gluttonously, and burps with pleasure. In the morning, she says she hasn't slept so well since she was fifteen. And when her hair starts falling out in tufts she cackles as she lifts it off. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, the witch survives one attempt on her life after another; she may be the hardest-to-kill movie monster since Rasputin. I can't think of another actress whose merriment can be this gargantuan. Papas could play a female Falstaff. (This is not a suggestion.)

IN "The Bounty," the new version of the famous story of the mutiny aboard the British naval vessel in 1789, Captain Bligh (Anthony Hopkins) is not a sadistic despot; he is a disciplinarian who sticks to regulations, but he's a fair man. In this account, based on Richard Hough's 1972 book, "Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian," Fletcher Christian (Mel Gibson), the second-in-command, who leads the men in taking over the ship, signed on because Bligh, his friend, wanted him to. The ship is to transport breadfruit trees from Tahiti to Jamaica, on the theory that the starchy fruit will provide cheap fodder for the slaves there. Christian, who comes from an aristocratic background, calls it "a green-grocery trip." Bligh, who comes from the middle class and whose rank is still lieutenant, hopes that the trip—he plans to go around Cape Horn and circumnavigate the world—will make his reputation, and get him a better command. (The Bounty is a small vessel—too small for the task ahead.)

Directed by Roger Donaldson, who made "Smash Palace," this film originated with David Lean, who, with backing by Warner Brothers, commissioned Robert Bolt to write two scripts from the Hough material. After the replica of the Bounty had been built, Warners learned that the budget for the two films would be prohibitive; the project was sold to Dino De Laurentiis, who gave the go-ahead to Donaldson to make this twenty-five-million-dollar movie from a condensed version of the scripts. Donaldson has made a passable, tense action film out of something that needed to be bigger. This "Bounty" is shot very close in for dynamic power—you're thrust right in among the men on the crowded ship—and it's certainly not boring. But it doesn't work as an epic: it doesn't have the scope or the emotional surge of epic storytelling—or the clarity, either. Bligh narrates the film; presumably what we see is the account he gives at his court-martial. But the movie violates that point of view almost immediately, showing us events he didn't know about. And, probably because of the condensation, the story is misshapen.

We want more background and narrative detail to give meaning to the action, and we want more characterization; we need it, since the simple explanation that the earlier movies provided for the mutiny—Bligh's sadism—has been quashed. The reasons are now somewhat fuzzier: they seem to lie mostly in Fletcher Christian's and the other men's response to the sexual freedom of Tahiti. (The movie might be called "Blame It on Tahiti.") The story is now about the conflict of two cultures, and that's where the picture falls short. Donaldson doesn't seem to have much feeling for the period. We need to see at the start what the background of the sailors is—what kind of society they came out of. There's not much point in suggesting the class distinctions among the officers if we get no clue to

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where the men come from. We don't even know if they are conscripts or voluntary seamen. We also need to see what the basis of Bligh and Christian's friendship is, so we can understand what sort of men they are and why they react so differently to the people on the island. And if we are to experience what the hedonism of the Tahitians might mean to repressed, inhibited Englishmen of the eighteenth century we need something more than shots of giggling bare-breasted beauties with flowers in their hair coming out in canoes to meet the Bounty, and more than orgiastic dancing and sex, too. Donaldson doesn't provide the kind of sensuous imagery (and editing) that would have made us feel what it was like for Englishmen of that time to be among people who lived without backbreaking labor and threats and punishments.

We do get reasonably exciting shots of the men on the Bounty during a tempest, with lightning crackling and a seaman set on fire, but the sequence comes too early, before we're involved in how this event changes Bligh's plans and affects the crew's view of him. We also get a compelling, show-offy performance by Hopkins—especially during the five months in Tahiti, as he becomes more tormented and more isolated in his attempts to enforce discipline. There's a strong suggestion of sexual jealousy in Bligh's attitude toward Christian during this period, with Bligh almost hiding on the ship, as if to keep pleasure from corrupting him. He orders Christian to stop "mixing with the damned degenerate natives." When the trees are on board and the ship leaves Tahiti, it's apparent that some of the men are having a hard time readjusting to authority and to their cramped quarters. Bligh suddenly changes; he reacts to the men's hostility by becoming an angry, unforgiving martinet—he keeps complaining that "the ship is filthy." (Is he flipping because he didn't permit himself any sexual indulgence?) Hopkins wears his hair close-cropped, so his features look larger and pudgier, and he gives his vocal cords a workout. At times, he carries on a bit like Bette Davis; what he's doing in this part of the film doesn't make a lot of sense, but his obsessive busyness is magnetic. Mel Gibson's performance is considerably spottier. There doesn't seem to be any character written into the role of Christian, and Gibson is made faintly absurd when he's posed romantically

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against the wind in shots that look like inserts. He's playing the open-shirted man of impulse and instinct versus Hopkins' man of order and restraint, but beyond the indication of his upper-class background there are no clues to why he goes native so quickly or what he's giving up when he decides to spend the rest of his life with a lovely Tahitian princess (Tevaite Vernette). It really doesn't mean much to see a man go native if we don't know what he was before. And whether because of the condensing or cuts in the editing room or just plain miscalculation, in his big scene—his emotional outburst during the mutiny—he seems to be having a nervous breakdown.

With Bligh as no worse than ambitious, repressed, and somewhat harsh, and Christian as a moody flower child who's drugged on love, we have no particular interest in either. As I watched this film, which doesn't have much narrative pull, my mind kept drifting to what wasn't there, mainly because what *was* there seemed less vital to the story. We observe a prolonged fight belowdecks that's provoked by a powerfully built brute who beats up a much smaller man, but nothing follows from it. We don't find out what happened to the little guy, and though the big fellow is in many subsequent scenes, we never see anything in his character that links with the viciousness he displayed. There's a burial at sea, but we can't put a face to the dead man's name, so the melancholy music doesn't mean much to us. We get no more than glimpses of the Tahitians who go with the mutineers to Pitcairn Island, though the relations on the ship between the British and the Tahitians might give us some insight into what's going to happen to their new society.

The picture might be more pleasing without the hype of Vangelis's pulsing, important-movie music during the credits, and without the ominous boom-booms that he provides when Christian first touches the Tahitian princess's hair. Much of Gibson's screen time is given over to his going in the water with this girl to kiss and play and to his being ceremonially tattooed. In one scene, which could have been played as a sad love-sick joke, he gives her his only treasure: his gold watch. (What's she going to do with it—listen to it tick?) Meanwhile, back at the ship, Hopkins frets and worries. This "Bounty" isn't different enough from its predecessors; it's the same old breadfruit story. —PAULINE KAEL

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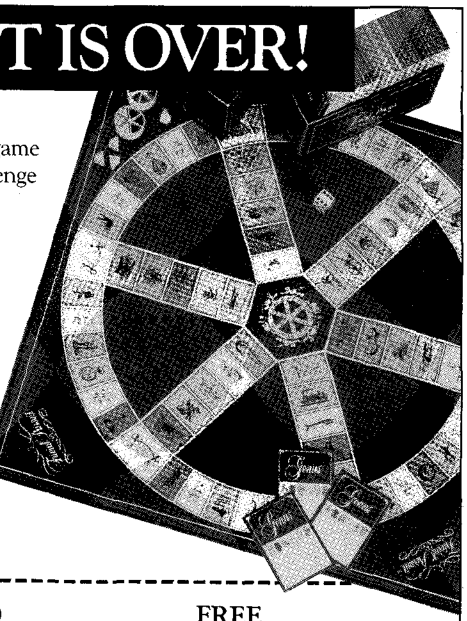

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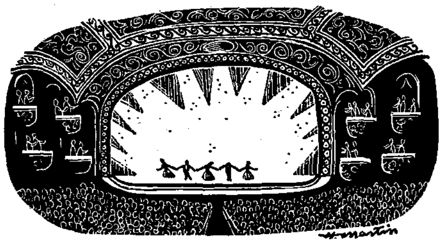
BETH HENLEY'S Mississippi is not a region of the United States but another planet, inhabited by people whose eccentricities touch the bizarre. Her "Miss Firecracker Contest," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is more chaotic than her "Crimes of the Heart," which was one of the glories of Off Broadway (and On) a couple of years ago, and at times it seems forced, but it is just as original. Again, she has given us a comedy about sad or grisly events, past and present, and about people who have suffered or are suffering right now. Carnelle Scott is a young woman (perhaps not as young as she would like us to think she is) in a small Mississippi town who decides to enter the annual July Fourth Miss Firecracker beauty contest. After a number of wipe-out bereavements, she lives alone in the peculiar house of her late aunt. (The aunt has died of cancer after undergoing a pituitary transplant that resulted in her body's being covered with long black fur—that's Beth Henley for you.) At the opening, Carnelle, her hair dyed crimson, is practicing her routine for the contest—cartwheels and backbends and taps and some frisky business with the flag. She is joined by a sweet, comical seamstress justly called Popeye and by her two grown cousins—Elain, a former contest winner herself, who has decided to leave her rich husband and two children for some unspecified reason or whim, and Delmount, a self-described romantic, recently sprung from an insane asylum. The first act takes place in Carnelle's living room, and is concerned with whether Carnelle, whose reputation has earned her the nickname Miss Hot Tamale, will be acceptable as a contestant, and it ends with a phone call and cheers all around. The second act is set backstage at the contest itself, in Carnelle's tent dressing room and the grounds outside it. The other characters are a balloon man who is a former lover of Carnelle's, and who is dying of tuberculosis, and the bustling coördinator of the contest. There are offstage shouts of excitement and rather personal boos for the erstwhile Miss Hot Tamale—by far the most attractive contestant around—and then tears and consoling hugs and kisses and a lyric ending. The play meets all the formal requirements, I suppose—there is a story, with suspense and conflict—but where it shines is in the imagination of the playwright, in the characters she has created, in the strangeness and depth and validity of their emotions, in the lines she has written for them to speak, and in her own astonishing, humorous vision. Above all, it is in the life she brings to the little stage at the sweltering Manhattan Theatre Club.

Holly Hunter gives a fine, subtle performance as Carnelle, a role that demands both psychological and physical agility; Belita Moreno is the adorable Popeye; Mark Linn-Baker, good as ever, is tempestuous Cousin Delmount; Budge Threlkeld is the smitten balloon man; Patricia Richardson is Elain; and Margo Martindale is the contest coördinator. Everybody does well, under Stephen Toblowsky's direction. Distinguished sets, costumes, and lighting are by John Lee Beatty, Jennifer von Mayrhauser, and Dennis Parichy, respectively.

THE revival of Lanford Wilson's "Balm in Gilead," at Circle Rep (it ran for a week or so back in 1965), is a joint effort of the Circle Repertory Company, of New York, and the Steppenwolf Theatre Company, of Chicago. Steppenwolf has taken this city by storm: its mounting of "True West" has had a long run at the Cherry Lane, and its "And a Nightingale Sang . . ." a respectable one at Lincoln Center. "Balm in Gilead" was directed by John Malkovitch (Steppenwolf), who is currently appearing in "Death of a Salesman" on Broadway; Gary Sinise (Steppenwolf; the director of "True West") has the leading role of Dopey, a man half destroyed by drugs, who acts as a kind of combined stage manager and master of the revels, raising his arms or lowering them or snapping his fingers to cue lights and music, and motioning characters on and off the stage. The setting is an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. There are twenty-nine characters, many of them junkies and drunks and derelicts and whores and transvestites, and most of them busy and on the set most of the time. At the opening, a few of the bums talk to members of the audience seated in the first few rows, hustling them in a number of ways: Giancarlo Esposito takes photographs of willing spectators at a dollar a shot, a couple of other actors set up for three-card monte, and there is much drifting around. The house lights go down, and the action begins. Most of the interest here is in the performance: Mr. Wilson (Circle Rep) was just getting started as a dramatist when he wrote this play, and the script is a cluster of monologues and snatches of conversation and brief scenes; the physicality of the show—the constant movement and scuffling and falling to the floor and bouncing up—was presumably the work of the director. There is a story, of sorts, about a girl named Darlene (Laurie Metcalf, Steppenwolf) who has just come to New York from Chicago and meets Joe (Danton Stone, Circle Rep), a pusher with a very dangerous connection. He cannot pay what he owes to his new boss, decides to quit after a few hours in Darlene's bed, and must be killed. Monologue follows monologue—on the indestructibility of cockroaches through the ages, on prostitutes and their johns, on getting a marriage license in Chicago, to name a few. I am not your ideal source on monologues, most of which give me the pip, but one long, almost unintelligible one by a junkie is so well delivered by Terry Kinney (Steppenwolf; the director of "And A Nightingale Sang . . .") that it becomes hypnotic. All the acting is good, especially that of Glenne Headly (Steppenwolf), as a prosperous whore, and of Jonathan Hogan (Circle Rep), as a shaky, stammering young man in desperate need of a fix. The theatricality of "Balm in Gilead" (I cannot explain the title) is always engaging and, much of the time, masks the weaknesses of the script—the chunks of exposition, the banality of the story of Joe and Darlene, and a sporadic suspicion on my part that the dramatist is slumming. It also, of course, enhances the play's strengths—its humor and its sympathy. The script does indicate, time after time, the various directions in which Mr. Wilson would be moving in the years to come, and that is the most interesting thing about it. The dynamic production, again, is another matter entirely.



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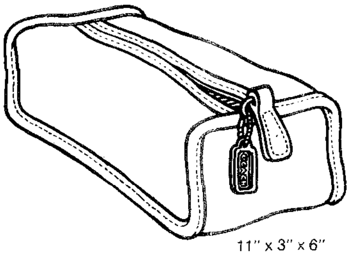

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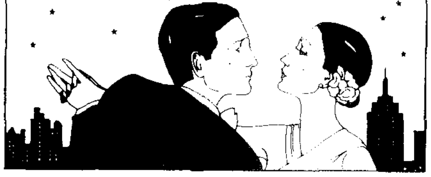

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The effective setting—the squalid restaurant and Darlene's tiny bedroom, upstage right—was designed and lighted by Kevin Rigdon (Steppenwolf), and the appropriately ragged costumes were supervised by Miss Headly.

KEVIN WADE, whose "Key Exchange" was one of the delights of Off Broadway in 1981, has now written a brisk little romantic farce called "Mr. & Mrs.," which will run at the invaluable WPA only through June 10th. Mr. is a painter named Sam, and Mrs. is a television commentator and interviewer with the idiotic name of Blake, and the play is about the love between a private person and a public person. The first act, which shuttles back and forth in time, opens with a scene in which we see Sam and his closest friend, Jake, listening to a sexy, highly compromising tape. The woman on the tape is Blake. The time is the evening before the wedding, and Jake suggests that Sam should hang on to the tape as a kind of ace in the hole, in case of trouble ahead, but Sam, shocked and angry, destroys it as soon as Jake leaves. The setting is Sam's house on some beach or other. Then back we go to His and Her first meeting, at a Yankees ballgame. There is a scene in Sam's studio, where he is painting a prominent woman lawyer in the midst of an important case—a woman lawyer who refuses to be interviewed on television and hence would be a great catch for Blake. There is a lot of plot, and no little plotting, too, by ill-wishing Jake and bossy lady lawyer, before Mr. and Mrs. walk hand in hand off the set to live happily ever after.

It must be said, first thing, that "Mr. & Mrs." is no "Key Exchange;" its situations often seem contrived and its characters a hairbreadth from stereotypes. But these are afterthoughts. Mr. Wade has such a light touch and such a true ear that his play, while not always convincing even as farce, is always enjoyable. That this should be so is due in large part to its engaging performance, under the capable, sensitive direction of David Trainer. The actors are Peter Friedman, as Sam; Polly Draper, as Blake; Mark Metcalf, as Jake; and Pamela Brook, as the lawyer. Settings, lighting, and costumes, all perfectly in key, are by David Gropman, Paul Gallo, and David Murin, respectively.

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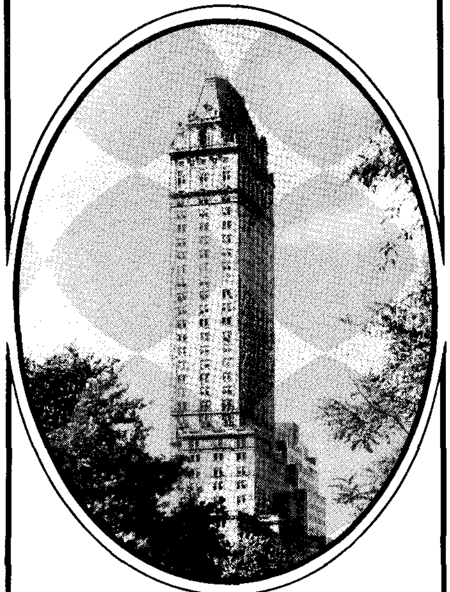

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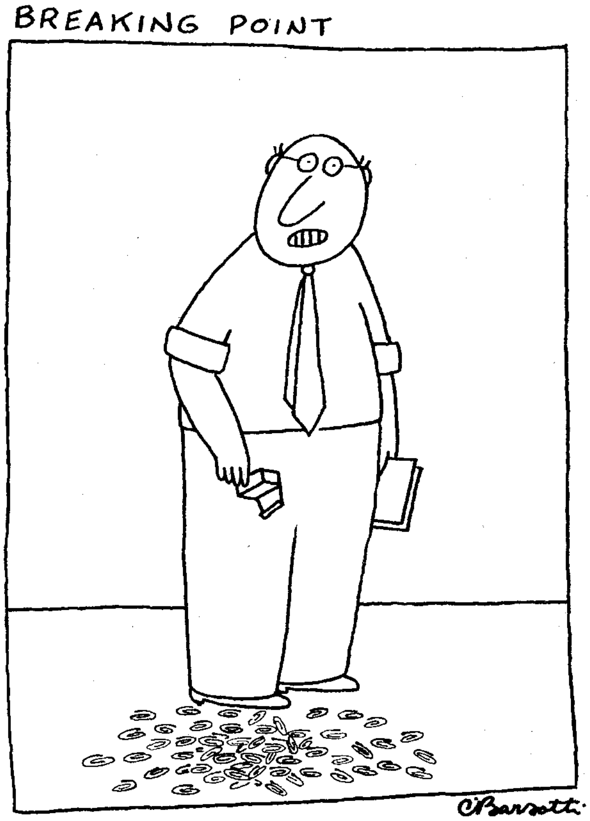
A REPORT FOR MR. BRYANT

I AM not one of those people who judge a place by its barbecue. Those people exist. I grew up with some of them, in Kansas City. Naturally, if you ran into one of them just after you returned from Cairo he wouldn't come right out and say, "They got any decent barbecue there?" Barbecue people are not ignoramuses. They know enough to ask about the pyramids first. Sooner or later, though, they slide around to barbecue. Under ordinary circumstances, the barbecue people I know are not likely to run into somebody who has just returned from Cairo. They are much more likely to come across somebody who has just returned from, say, the Ozarks. He can be asked right away if there is any decent barbecue there. The answer is usually no. Barbecue differs a lot from place to place—the differences have become the sort of thing that congressmen stage mock debates about in order to demonstrate their sense of fun—and an outlander is rarely satisfied with the local version. Some of the differences are so pronounced that the visitor finds himself astonished that what he is eating goes under the name of barbecue. That is why barbecue people wouldn't hesitate to ask someone who has just returned from Sri Lanka if he found any barbecue worth talking about: a Texan who has eaten what is labelled barbecue in the Carolinas or a native of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, who has eaten barbecue in Alabama wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that people in Sri Lanka use the word to describe whatever they happen to be fond of eating. Even so, the word alone is usually enough to attract a travelling barbecue person; there is always a chance that he will run into a foreigner who has got the hang of it. Kansas City's most renowned barbecue man was Arthur Bryant—a quiet, self-assured black man from Texas, who died in his restaurant a couple of years ago, at the age of eighty. Some years back, he told me that once, on a trip to Hawaii, he had allowed himself to be taken to a luau where the barbecue was supposed to be particularly succulent.



"What was it like?" I asked.

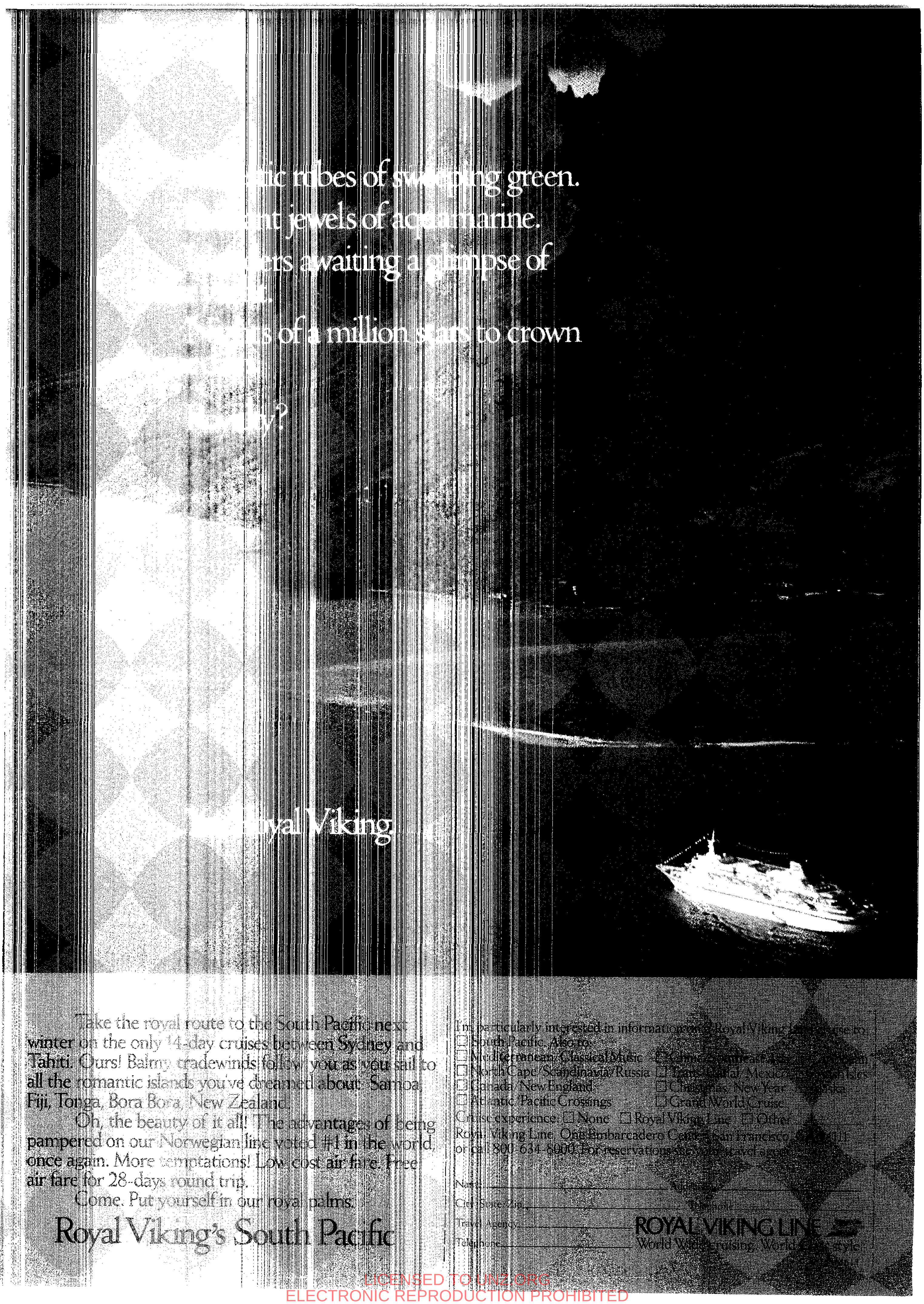
"Well, it was all right," he said, without enthusiasm. "But of course it wasn't barbecue."

When I left recently for a brief trip to South America, I didn't leave with the expectation of running into a lot of barbecue people upon my return. I live in New York now, and New York is not a natural habitat for the spareribs fancy. Someone told me once that serving authentic barbecue is literally against the law in New York—that maintaining the sort of hickory fire necessary for the real article is in contravention of some misguided environmental ordinance. Even if that's not true, it might as well be. Eating barbecue in New York is an experience that can be compared to eating bouillabaisse in Little Rock. Someone who couldn't get by without a steady supply of quality barbecue would soon drift away from Manhattan for lack of grazing opportunities.

I do get back to Kansas City now and then. I used to take advantage of those visits to drop in on Arthur Bryant, and sometimes I would report on barbecue I had tried in exotic places—Rocky Mount, maybe, or western Kentucky, or even California. As I left for South America, I thought about those reports, even though Mr. Bryant is gone and it is said that Bryant's Restaurant is going to be franchised. (I've tried to be restrained about my response to that prospect. When one of the barbecue people I know asked me how I would feel about it, I said I wouldn't feel any worse than a Muslim would feel if someone figured out how to set up neighborhood branch offices of Mecca.) Mr. Bryant had some experience South of the Border himself. Once, he told me that for a period of years he sometimes went straight to the Kansas City airport after he closed up on Saturday night, caught a late flight to Dallas, connected with a flight to Mexico City, and took in a bullfight on Sunday afternoon. Bryant's was always closed on Sundays. I have often pictured him in Mexico City, sitting quietly in the great arena as the band played and the fans around him shouted their approval or disapproval of the matador. Lately, I've been regretting that I never remembered to ask him what he found decent to eat down there.

I know it sounds unlikely, but I had heard that all three of the countries I was planning to visit—Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina—had noteworthy barbecue. I don't mean to imply that I was looking for a new Mecca. I long ago resigned myself to the fact that the art of barbecue reached its height with a meal I had at Bryant's old location, at Eighteenth and Euclid, just before a Lionel Hampton concert in the spring of 1953. I am not one to torment myself by roaming the world in an attempt to duplicate that experience. I simply took it for granted that I would be looking around in South America, as if Mr. Bryant were still here to report to. It was perfectly possible, in fact, that I might run into some barbecue people on a trip to Kansas City. If they heard that I had been in South America, they would ask a question or two about Eva Perón or the tango. Then they'd say, "Is there any decent barbecue down there?"

THE seriousness of South American barbecue was impressed upon me by an exchange that took place several weeks before I left. In New York, I had spoken to someone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who'd worked in Brazil for a few years, and he let on that Brazilian barbecue, known as *churrasco*, was one of the principal attractions of the entire continent. When I mentioned that in a letter to Gavin Scott—a friend who now lives in Rio but who apparently developed a taste for what the Argentines call *parrilla* while he was living in Buenos Aires—I got in return what the diplomats call a stiff note. According to Scott, the fan of Brazilian barbecue I spoke to had done "a disservice to the understanding of emerging nations" if he implied that there was anything in the world comparable to Argentine beef prepared on an Argentine grill. "It is the repository of the meaning of life, the sun around which all activity turns, the symbol of hope in a degenerate world," Scott wrote. "The Argentine *parrilla* is to the Brazilian *churrasco* as Chartres is to the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church." The use of architectural imagery is not ordinarily the mark of a serious barbecue person, but I have to say that I liked Scott's tone.

Scott happened to be away on business while I was in Rio. The people who accompanied me to a well-known *churrascaria* in Ipanema acknowledged, though, that what we were about to eat reflected a Rio twist on a type of cooking that had crept in from Argentina—or, at least, from the part of southern Brazil that shares the pampa-and-gaucho culture usually associated with Argentina. The gaucho method of preparing meat is to stretch large chunks of it on metal skewers that are stuck in the ground around an open fire—while nearby a bed of coals under a flat grill works on sausages and a variety of interior delicacies. The Ipanema *churrascaria* served in the style known as *rodízio*, which an out-of-towner with no Portuguese might as well translate as "all you can eat." The meat is cooked on revolving skewers. In a process sometimes called "the running sword," waiters remove the skewers from the fire and enter the dining room—in one hand a swordlike skewer and in the other hand a huge butcher knife. I wouldn't be surprised to hear that some diners on their first visit to a *rodízio* react to that sight by bolting for the door. The waiters pass among the tables planting the tip of the sword on the diner's plate and either slicing off or shoving off part of its contents. A *churrascaria* that serves in the *rodízio* style is not the sort of restaurant where it is difficult to catch a waiter's eye. They seem to be

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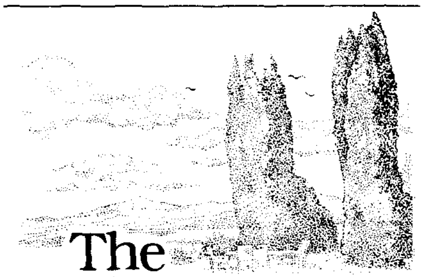

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at the table constantly—with sausage, with chicken, with half a dozen different cuts of beef, with pieces of turkey wrapped in bacon, with pork loin. Eventually, the diner is forced to retire from the field, laid low not by the sword but by what's on it.

At that first *churrascaria*, I realized that South Americans who have a fire going have a broader notion than most Yankees do about what might be appropriate to cook on it. That realization came at about the time the waiter planted the point of the sword on my plate, placed his butcher knife up near the hilt, and, as if he were unloading an ordinary shish kebab, deposited a good-sized pile of chicken hearts in front of me. In years gone by, that was the sort of experience I would have filed away for my next visit with Arthur Bryant. I could imagine myself chatting with him near the cash register, at the end of the long window where customers line up to get their ribs and their barbecued beef and their barbecued ham from Richie, the counterman: Mr. Bryant looks down to make certain I have enough burned edges on my tray. The burned edges of barbecued brisket were always my favorite food at Bryant's, and, by happy coincidence, it was Mr. Bryant's policy to give them away, free. Someone else is putting a beer on my tray—a beer that was just drawn into a frozen mug and is so cold that slivers of ice form on the surface. "What's it like down there?" Mr. Bryant says.

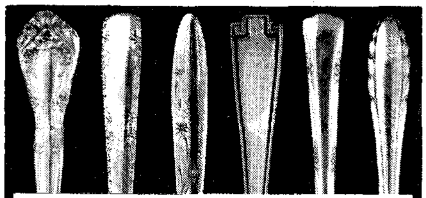
"They serve chicken hearts in barbecue joints in Brazil, Mr. Bryant," I report.

He doesn't say anything for a while. He just smiles and nods. Then he says, "We don't get much call for chicken hearts."

I FOUND a lot of things in South American barbecue restaurants that Mr. Bryant never got much call for. In Uruguay, a luncheon companion who speaks Spanish well enough to do simultaneous interpreting attempted to provide me with an English equivalent for each of the twenty or thirty items listed on the menu but was finally reduced to distinguishing between two of them as "intestines" and "particularly awful intestines." The mention of Uruguay would have stirred Mr. Bryant's curiosity—another South of the Border country that he had never visited.

"What was Uruguay like?" he says.

"Well, they have a first-rate sandwich in Uruguay, Mr. Bryant," I say.



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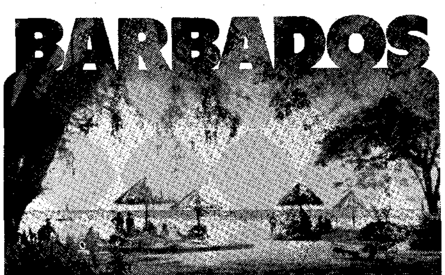

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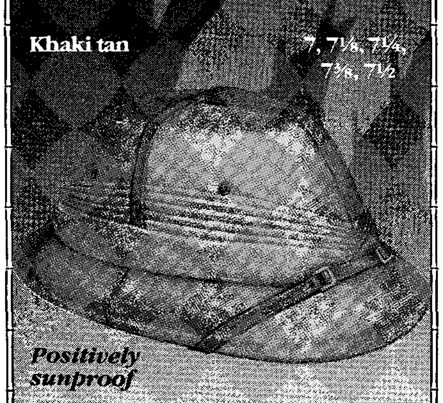

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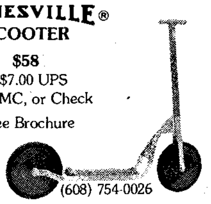

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I go on to describe what it's like to eat in the market building of the port in Montevideo—a vast building that has a couple of dozen open-air *parrilla* restaurants. Most of them amount to a grill nearly surrounded by a counter. Up against a wall on the end of the grill, four or five feet off the ground, is a roaring fire in a sort of ironwork crib. The coals from the fire drop onto a flat bed, and the barbecue man—the *asador*—reaches over with a long steel crook every once in a while to pull the coals under a long crosshatched grill, which is used for the actual cooking. The grill is at a slight incline, and the customers sitting at the counter have a good enough view of their cooking meat to say "Now! Now!" if they think the *asador* has not moved quickly enough to snatch it off the fire at the perfect moment. I tell Mr. Bryant that the *asador* tossed a pretty good combination of things onto the grill for me the day I ate at the port—chorizo, blood sausage, red pepper, *matambre* (a kind of rolled flank steak with vegetables in it), veal wrapped in bacon, and a thick slice of provolone with oregano on it. I express my admiration for the Uruguayan method of producing hot coals.

Mr. Bryant nods politely. He is not looking for a new method of producing heat for barbecuing. He is committed to the old method. "Are there any bullfights down there in Uruguay?" he asks me.

I tell him that there are no bullfights. He recalls those Saturday-night trips to Dallas and on to Mexico City for the bullfights. I remember to ask him what he had to eat while he was down there watching the bullfights. He tells me.

IN Argentina, it was obvious right away that Scott had not exaggerated the national obsession with beef. In an Argentine market, there seem to be a dozen stalls selling meat for every stall selling anything else. Beef is often cheaper than chicken. It is said that an Argentine entering a restaurant al-

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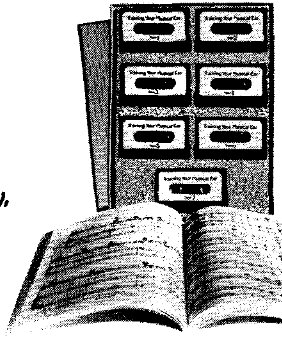

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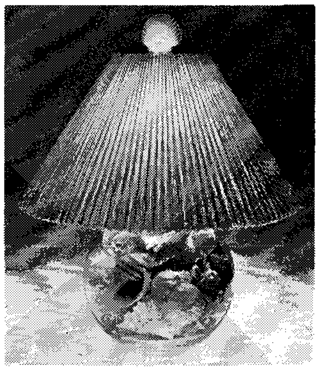

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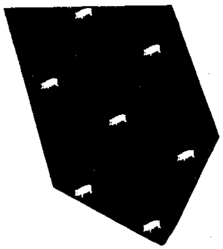

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ways studies the menu very carefully and then says "Steak." One woman I met in Buenos Aires assured me that her in-laws, whom she described as "very Argentine," sincerely believe that all fish is poison. In an Argentine *parrilla*, it is not unusual to have a mixed plate of chorizo, blood sausage, and sweetbreads as an appetizer, and then go on to the main course of meat. As if the feeling for meat were not pervasive enough, the school uniform in Argentina consists of a white cotton coat, so a visitor who walks by a school just as the children have been dismissed can get the impression that he is walking down the street among hundreds of tiny butchers.

"Well, was it decent barbecue?" Mr. Bryant is saying.

I have to think about that. South American barbecue is done without sauce; the meat is usually just salted and tossed onto the grill. It is also done without any appreciation of the wonders of smoke. The meat is cooked relatively quickly on an open grill instead of slowly in a barbecue pit. In some of the more elaborate restaurants along the river in Buenos Aires, in fact, I began to wonder where the line is drawn between barbecue restaurants and steak restaurants—a thought that never occurred to me at Bryant's. "Well, it was all right," I finally say. "But of course it wasn't barbecue."

Mr. Bryant nods in understanding. He expected as much. He signals Richie, the counterman, to bring me some more burned ends.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Could you imagine anyone suggesting there could be a replacement for the african violet as the indoor gardener's favorite flowering plant?

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—*"The Weekend Gardener" in Newsday.*

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BOOKS

Le Morte d'Arthur

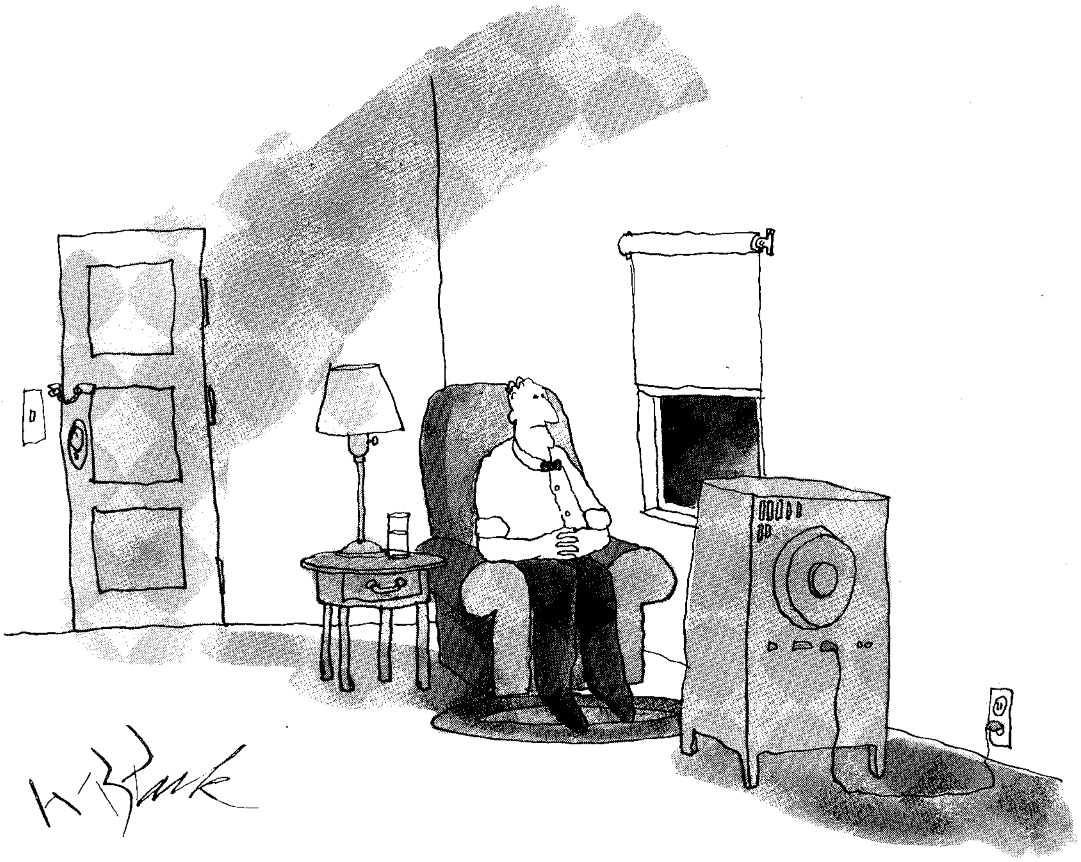
Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" is one of the classics of the century. It educated generations to their terrors. "The Spanish Testament" (also known as "Dialogue with Death") comes close to being of this same stature. "The Sleepwalkers"—particularly the chapters on Kepler—is one of the rare feats of convincing imaginative re-creation of great science, of the poetic logic of discovery. I do not share the certitudes of Koestler's "Reflections on Hanging," but it endures as one of the great polemic tracts of our time and a pivotal moment in the debate on capital punishment. There are classic chapters in such autobiographical works as "Arrow in the Blue." But there is a sense in which Arthur Koestler is more than the sum of his writings. There are in epochs and societies men and women who bear essential witness, in whose private sensibility and individual existence the larger meanings of the age are concentrated and made visible. In this black century, the Central European Jew has, more perhaps than any other tribe, borne the enormity of enforced vision and experience. Koestler, who was born in Budapest in 1905, stood on the exact terrain where the nerve ends of twentieth-century history, politics, language, and science touch. Their bitter and bracing currents passed through him. Catalogue the major presences in modernity—the politics of Marxism and of Fascist terror; psychoanalysis and the investigations of the anatomies of the mind; the forward surge of the biological sciences; the conflicts of ideology and the arts—and you will come upon not only Koestler's many books but the man himself. He knew exile and prison, divorce and the bullying solace of alcohol, the ambiguous struggle for privacy in the world of the media. Koestler's cards of identity, genuine and forged, the stamps and visas in his passports, his address books and desk diaries make up the map and itinerary of the hunted in our century.

This is why Arthur and Cynthia Koestler's double suicide, on or immediately before March 3, 1983, reverberates still. This is why it took on so compelling a force of suggestion. Here again, the particular message was writ large. Austerely but poignantly recounted in George Mikes' brief memoir, "Arthur Koestler: The Story of a Friendship" (André Deutsch; $12.95), the suicide had immediate motives. A progressive, terminal illness would before too long have reduced Koestler to servile pain. But, as always in Koestler's existence, the personal act was prepared for and underwritten by a deliberate and public reflection. Koestler had voiced strong sympathy with the views of a group seeking to clarify the legal and moral issues of freely chosen death. Having faced so much of death in its cruellest and most involuntary forms, having fought so hard against the cold-blooded infliction of judicial death on convicted men and women, Koestler attached enormous value to human freedom, to human dignity in respect of death. A sane man should be allowed the chance to make of his end an act consonant with the crucial worth of liberty of mind and conscience. The legal punishment of failed suicide, as it stands on so many statute books, seemed to Arthur Koestler a barbaric impertinence.

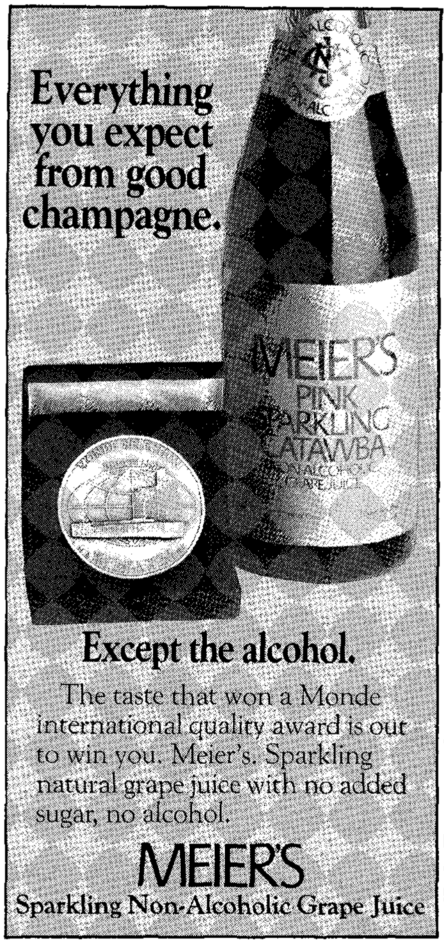
The actual suicide note was written as early as June, 1982. It includes the following passage:

> I wish my friends to know that I am leaving their company in a peaceful frame of mind, with some timid hopes for a de-personalised after-life beyond due confines of space, time and matter and beyond the limits of our comprehension. This "oceanic feeling" has often sustained me at difficult moments, and does so now, while I am writing this.

In fact, and as is well known, Koestler's hopes—or, rather, wishful speculations—were far from "timid." His "oceanic feeling" (the phrase stems from Freud) focussed on the deepening conviction that there were, "out there," psychic presences, ordering energies of a transcendent kind—in-



"The local weather? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Listen, folks, you don't want to hear about the local weather tonight. Go on into the kitchen and get a glass of warm milk. Back to you, Paula."



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accessible as yet in their occult force, but approachable, or in some ways discernible at the edges of our empirical notice and awareness. Hence Koestler's urgent, often publicly defiant interest in parapsychology, in extrasensory perception, in phenomena extending from spoon-bending to poltergeists. Hence his ardent assembling of "inexplicable" cases of coincidence. Had not Lincoln's secretary, called Kennedy, implored the President not to go to the theatre; had not Kennedy's secretary, called Lincoln, begged the President not to go to Dallas; had Booth not shot Lincoln in a theatre and fled to a warehouse; had Oswald not shot Kennedy from a warehouse and then fled to a theatre? (When Koestler first put this concatenation to me, a wonderfully teasing, ironic, but also obsessed intensity seemed to vibrate in him. And as I hesitated, that smoldering, ironically insistent voice added, "And were they not both succeeded by Presidents named Johnson?") Koestler left a substantial part of his estate for the underwriting of a university chair in parapsychological studies.

Friends, acquaintances who would not follow him along this murky road were more or less gently excluded from intimacy. Koestler knew full well that his belief in telekinesis and the extrasensory was making him an outlaw in the world of the exact and natural sciences. He would never be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Together with the Nobel Prize, for which he was indeed nominated, that fellowship was his supreme wish. Interestingly, these same two honors also eluded H. G. Wells, who is in some regards Koestler's only true predecessor. Yet both writers had done far more than the great majority of professional scientists to make the stringent beauty and political importance of the sciences available to the literate community.

Another password in Koestler's choice of his intimates was drink. Mikes is affectionately blunt on this matter. It soon became clear to both my wife and me that we could not keep up with the whiskeys before dinner, the wine at dinner, and the numerous brandies thereafter which paced Koestler's evenings. This meant that an acquaintance, an exchange of views, a frequent round of mutual visits extended over the years could not ripen into unguarded closeness. A further obstacle, not alluded to by Mikes, was chess. Koestler played rapidly and sharply. But rather than lose to some-

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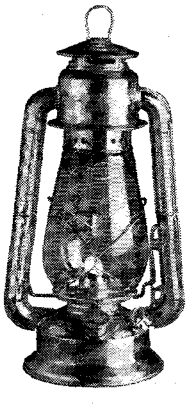
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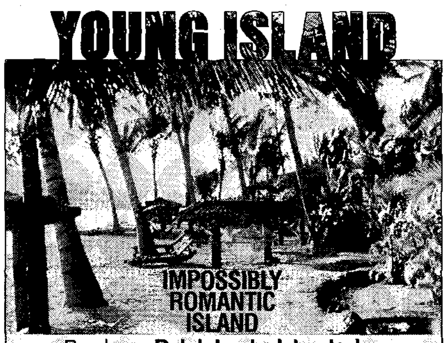

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one patently his inferior in intelligence, in talent, in knowledge of life, he would break off the game or refuse to play. This also came to be an undeclared cloud on our reciprocal trust, on the simple ease of being together. I ran up against exactly the same inhibition with Jacob Bronowski, that other master from Central Europe, whose death, together with Koestler's, does seem to have reduced palpably the sum of general, of polymathic, intelligence in our affairs. And *he* was a brilliant player.

Koestler's brandies, the spasms of irritation and of exasperated sarcasm which could chill and humiliate those nearest to him had their legitimate source. "A happy man," remarks Mikes, "was a strange curiosity, almost a mystery for him." How could a thinking, a feeling man or woman be happy amid the bestial follies, the waste, the suicidal blindness of contemporary history? To Arthur Koestler, official rationalism was complacency and an unacceptable pose. Was it really possible to found liberal politics on some fiction of reason, to pursue science on some unexamined basis of positivism, when the real world was so manifestly in the grip of inhuman, inexplicable impulses? If after the early nineteen-fifties Koestler ceased from intervening publicly in political debates (he abstained even at the moment of the Soviet invasion of Hungary), it was out of bleakness. Where they spoke out, the voices of reason were mocked.

Yet on good days Koestler radiated a rare passion for life, a deep merriment in the face of the unknown. He seemed to exemplify Nietzsche's insight that there is in men and women a motivation stronger even than love or hatred or fear. It is that of *being interested*—in a body of knowledge, in a problem, in a hobby, in tomorrow's newspaper. Koestler was supremely interested. I imagine that he arranged his appointment with death with that same watchful, challenging art of attention which he had lavished on literature and the sciences, on politics and psychology, on the lost tribes of Israel and French cooking.

George Mikes, himself a Hungarian exile, is too modest about his own many skills and achievements. He is the author of that classic tract "How to Be an Alien" and of a whole number of delightful books on the perils of modern times. This is a wise and a witty portrait of one to whom he meant much. Let me, just for the

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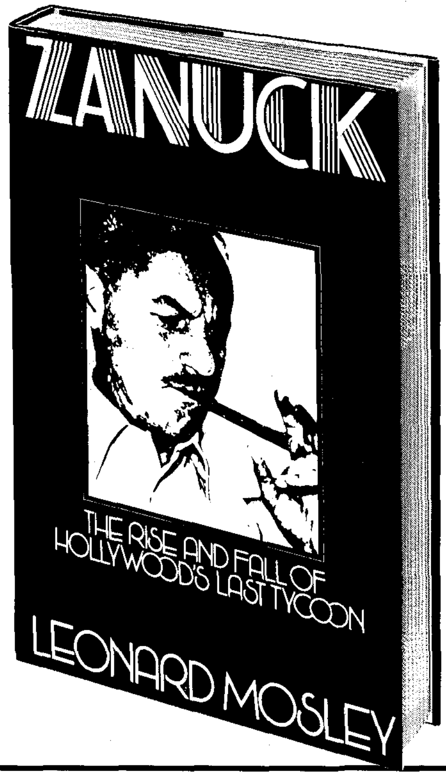

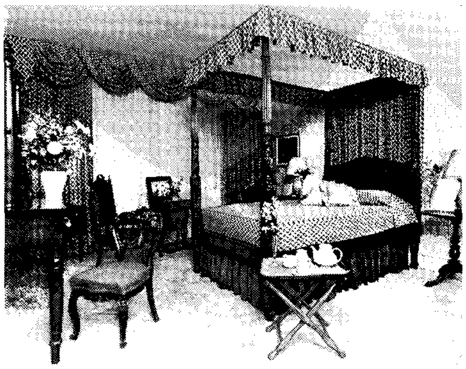

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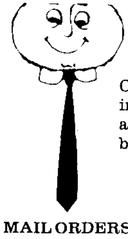

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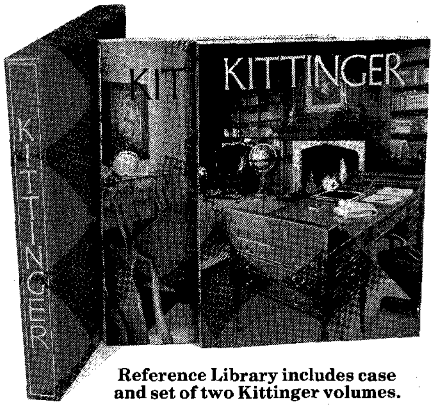

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record, amend a story as Mikes tells it. Koestler had an eagle's aerie of a house at Alpbach, in the Austrian mountains. During a summer colloquium there, he asked me to bring him into contact with a minor Hungarian official who was taking part in the proceedings. The three of us met at nightfall across a café table. Rather abruptly, Koestler asked if it would be possible for him to revisit Budapest and stand once more on native ground. After some thought, the Hungarian said that such a homecoming would be a veritable triumph for Koestler, and that the regime would give him discreet welcome. But he also said that Koestler's name stood high on a very short list (it also included Silone) of those whom the Soviet authorities so loathed that they might come after them even in Budapest. His safety could not be absolutely guaranteed. The K.G.B. had a way of crossing borders. As Koestler and I walked back to his house, under a tumult of stars and in the clear mountain air, I said to him that to be on that list seemed to me a greater distinction than either a Nobel or a Fellowship of the Royal Society. He stopped short, gave me a characteristic side glance, and said nothing. But he seemed, momentarily, at peace.

—GEORGE STEINER

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Chicago Flash, a graphic-arts magazine*]

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—*Louise Lague in the Washington Post.*

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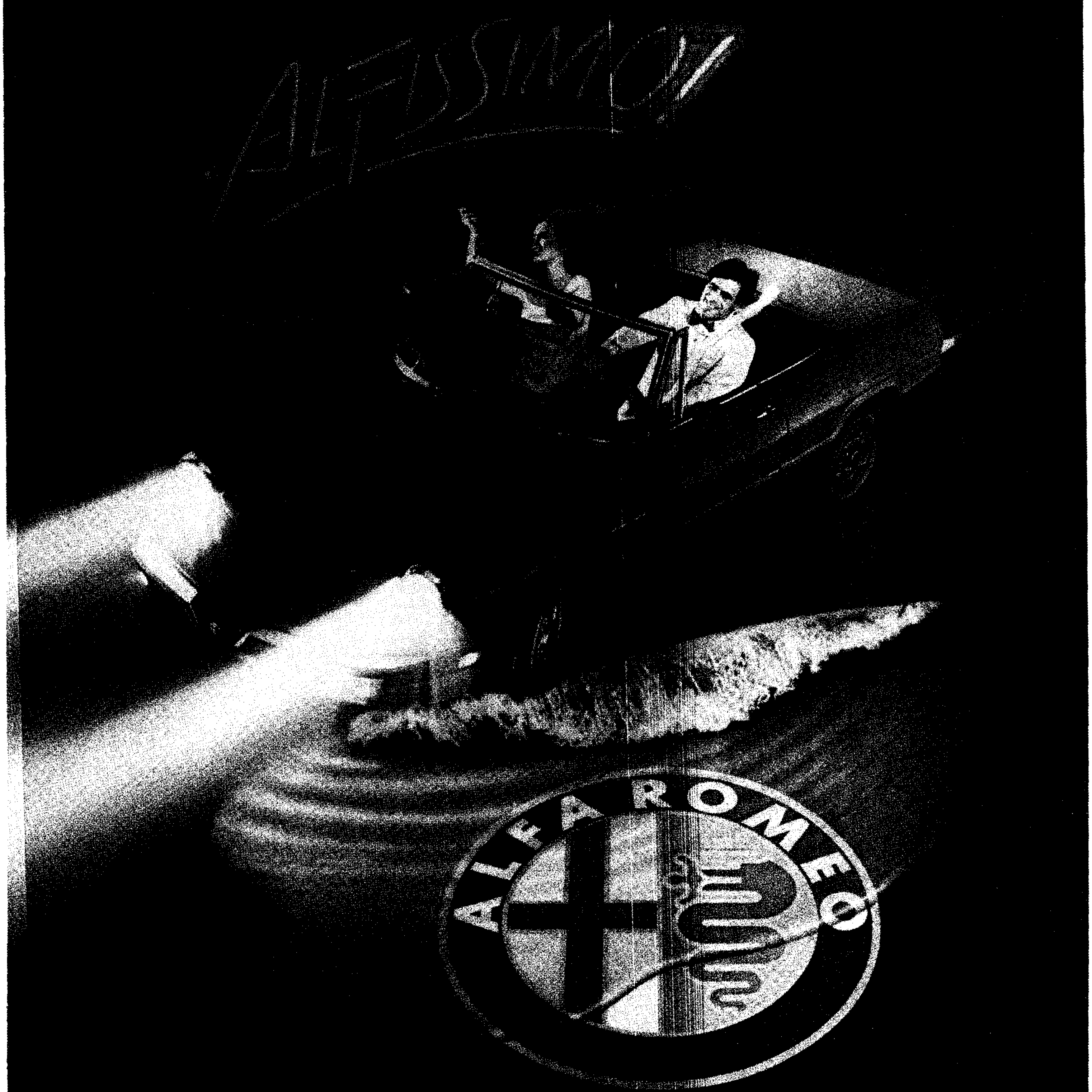

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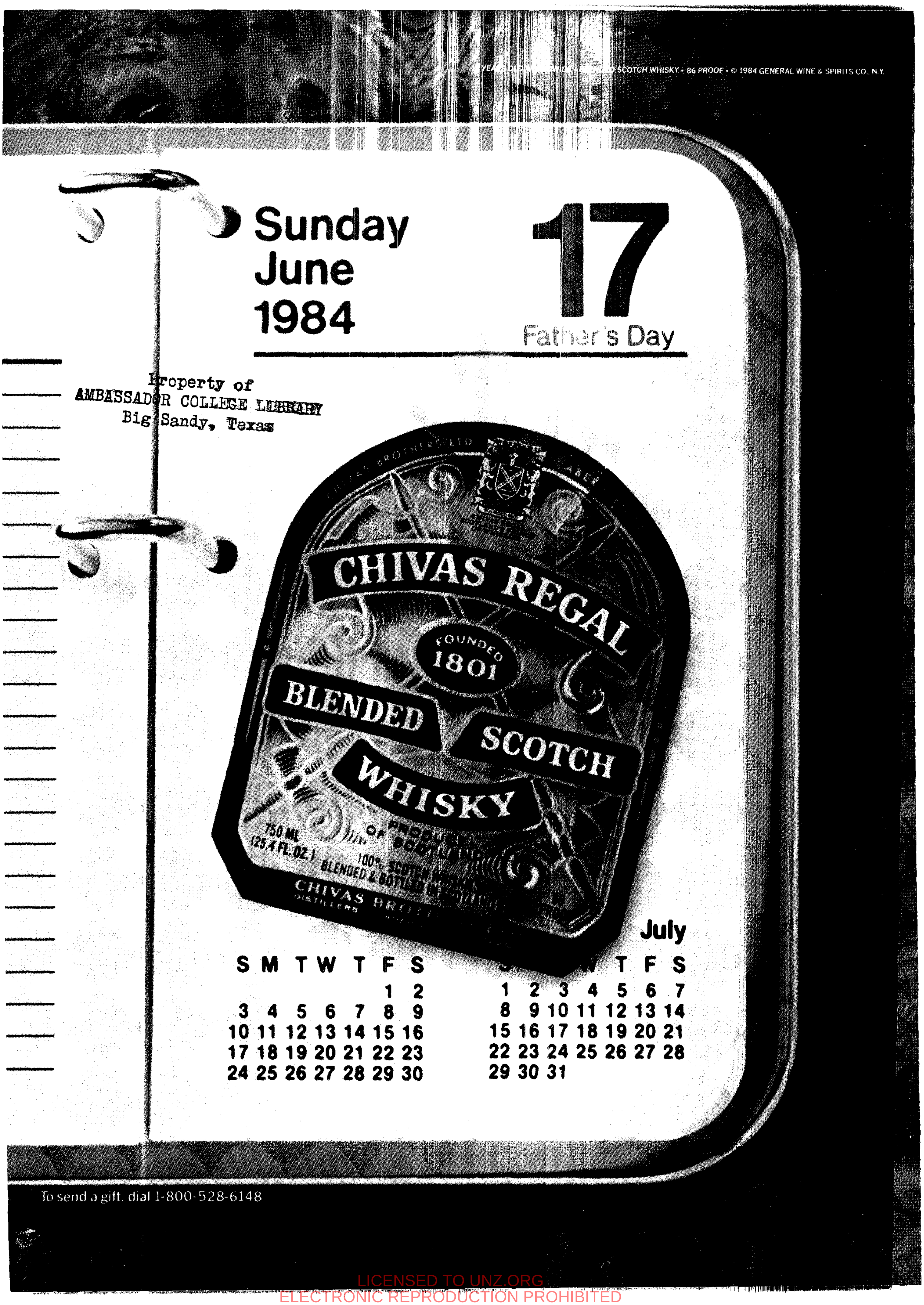
Sunday
June
1984
17
Father's Day
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
750 ML
(25.4 FL. OZ.)
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
CHIVAS BROTHERS
DISTILLERS
S M T W T F S
1 2
3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
17 18 19 20 21 22 23
24 25 26 27 28 29 30
July
T F S
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28
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